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OVER ON THE T'OTHER MOUNTING.

STRETCHING out laterally from a long oblique line of the Southern Alleghanies are two parallel ranges, following the same course through several leagues, and separated by a narrow strip of valley hardly half a mile in width. As they fare along arm in arm, so to speak, sundry differences between the close companions are distinctly apparent. One is much the higher, and leads the way through this elevated plateau; it strikes out all the bold curves and angles of the course, meekly attended by the lesser ridge; its shadowy coves and sharp ravines are repeated in miniature as its comrade falls into the line of march; it seems to have its companion in charge, and to conduct it away from the majestic procession of mountains that traverses the State.

But, despite its more imposing appearance, all the tangible advantages are possessed by its humble neighbor. When Old Rocky-Top, as the lower range is called, is fresh and green with the tender verdure of spring, the snow still lies on the summit of the T'other Mounting, and drifts deep into treacherous rifts and chasms, and muffles the voice of the singing pines; and all the crags are hung with gigantic glittering icicles, and the woods are gloomy and bleak. When the sun shines bright on Old Rocky-Top clouds often hover about the loftier

mountain, and storms brew in that higher atmosphere; the all-pervading winter winds surge wildly among the groaning forests, and wrench the limbs from the trees, and dash huge fragments of cliffs down deep gorges, and spend their fury before they reach the sheltered lower spur. When the kindly shades of evening slip softly down on drowsy Rocky-Top, and the work is laid by in the rough little houses, and the simple home-folks draw around the hearth, day still lingers in a weird, paralytic life among the tree-tops of the T'other Mounting; and for hours the only remnant of the world visible is that stark black line of its summit, stiff and hard against the faint green and saffron tints of the sky. Before the birds are well awake on Old Rocky-Top, and while the shadows are still thick, the T'other Mounting has been called up to a new day. Lonely dawns these: the pale gleam strikes along the October woods, bringing first into uncertain twilight the dead yellow and red of the foliage, presently heightened into royal gold and crimson by the first ray of sunlight; it wakes the timid wild-fowl from their nests; it drives home the plundering fox; it meets, perhaps, some lumbering bear not yet gone into winter quarters; it flecks with light and shade the deer, all gray and antlered; it falls upon no human habitation, for

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the few settlers of the region have a persistent predilection for Old Rocky-Top. Somehow, the T'other Mounting is vaguely in ill repute among its neighbors, — it has a bad name.

"It's the onluckiest place ennywhar nigh about," said Nathan White, as he sat one afternoon upon the porch of his little hut, on the summit of Old Rocky-Top, and gazed up at the heights of the T'other Mounting across the narrow valley. "I hev hearn tell all my days ez how, ef ye go up thar on the T'other Mounting, suthin' will happen ter ye afore ye kin git away. An' I knows myself ez how — 't war ten year ago an' better — I went up thar, one Jan'ry day, a-lookin' fur my cow, ez hed strayed off through not hevin' enny calf ter our house; an' I fund the cow, but jes' tuk an' slipped on a icy rock, an' bruk my ankle-bone. 'T war sech a job a-gittin' off 'n that thar T'other Mounting an' back over hyar, it hev larned me ter stay away from thar."

"Thar war a man," piped out a shrill, quavering voice from within the door, — the voice of Nathan White's father, the oldest inhabitant of Rocky-Top, — "thar war a man hyar, nigh on ter fifty year ago, — he war mightly give ter thievin' horses; an' one time, while he war a-runnin' away with Pete Dilks's dapple-gray mare, — they called her Luce, five year old she war, — Pete, he war a-ridin' a-hint him on his old sorrel mare, *her* name 't war Jane, an' the Jeemes boys, they war a-ridin' arter the horse-thief too. Thar, now! I clar forgits what horses them Jeemes boys war a-ridin' of." He paused for an instant in anxious reflection. "Waal, sir! it do beat all that I can't remember them Jeemes boys' horses! Anyways, they got ter that thar tricky ford through Wild-Duck River, thar on the side o' the T'other Mounting, an' the horse-thief war ahead, an' he hed ter take it fust. An' that thar river, — it rises yander in them pines, nigh about," pointing with a shaking fore-

finger, — "an' that thar river jes' spun him out 'n the saddle like a top, an' he war n't seen no more till he hed floated nigh ter Colbury, ez dead ez a door-nail, nor Pete's dapple-gray mare nuther; she bruk her knees agin them high stone banks. But he war a good swimmer, an' he war drowned. He war witched with the place, ez sure ez ye air born."

A long silence ensued. Then Nathan White raised his pondering eyes with a look of slow curiosity. "What did Tony Britt say he war a-doin' of, when ye kem on him suddint in the woods on the T'other Mounting?" he asked, addressing his son, a stalwart youth, who was sitting upon the step, his hat on the back of his head, and his hands in the pockets of his jeans trousers.

"He said he war a-huntin', but he hed n't hed no sort 'n luck. It 'pears ter me ez all the game thar is witched somehow, an' ye can't git no good shot at nothin'. Tony tole me to-day that he got up three deer, an' hed toler'ble aim; an' he missed two, an' the t'other jes' trotted off with a rifle-ball in his flank, ez onconsigned ez ef he hed hit him with an acorn."

"I hev always hearn ez everything that belongs on that thar T'other Mounting air witched, an' ef ye brings away so much ez a leaf, or a stone, or a stick, ye fatches a curse with it," chimed in the old man, "'kase thar hev been sech a many folks killed on the T'other Mounting."

"I tole Tony Britt that thar word," said the young fellow, "an' 'lowed ter him ez how he hed tuk a mighty bad spot ter go a-huntin'."

"What did he say?" demanded Nathan White.

"He say he never knowed ez thar war murders commit on T'other Mounting, an' ef thar war he 'spects 't war nothin' but Injuns, long time ago. But he 'lowed the place war powerful on-lucky, an' he believed the mounting war witched."

"Ef Tony Britt's arter enny harm," said the octogenarian, "he'll never come off'n that thar T'other Mounting. It's a mighty place fur bad folks ter make thar eend. Thar's that thar horse-thief I war a-tellin' 'bout, an' that dapple-gray mare, — her name 't war Luce. An' folks ez is a-runnin' from the sheriff jes' takes ter the T'other Mounting ez nateral ez ef it war home; an' ef they don't git cotched, they is never hearn on no more." He paused impressively. "The rocks falls on 'em, an' kills 'em; an' I'll tell ye jes' how I knows," he resumed, oracularly. "'T war sixty year ago, nigh about, an' me an' them Jeemes boys war a-burnin' of lime ter-gether over on the T'other Mounting. We hed a lime-kiln over thar, jes' under Piney Notch, an' never hed no luck, but jes' stuck ter it like fools, till Hiram Jeemes got one of his eyes put out. So we quit buruin' of lime on the T'other Mounting, 'count of the place bein' witched, an' kem over hyar ter Old Rocky-Top, an' got along toler'ble well, cornsiderin'. But one day, whilst we war a-workin' on the T'other Mounting, what d'ye think I fund in the rock? The print of a man's bare foot in the solid stone, ez plain an' ez nateral ez ef he hed lef' his track in the clay yestiddy. Waal, I knowed it war the track o' Jeremiah Stubbs, what shot his step-brother, an' gin the sheriff the slip, an' war las' seen on the T'other Mounting, 'kase his old shoe jes' fit the track, fur we tried it. An' a good while arterward I fund on that same T'other Mounting — in the solid stone, mind ye — a fish, what he had done briled fur supper, jes' turned ter a stone."

"So thar's the Bible made true," said an elderly woman, who had come to the door to hear this reminiscence, and stood mechanically stirring a hoe-cake batter in a shallow wooden bowl. "Ax fur a fish, an' ye'll git a stone."

The secret history of the hills among

which they lived was indeed as a sealed book to these simple mountaineers.

"The las' time I war ter Colbury," said Nathan White, "I hearn the sheriff a-talkin' 'bout how them evil-doers an' sech runs fur the T'other Mounting fust thing; though he'lowed ez it war powerful foxy in 'em ter try ter hide thar, 'kase he said, ef they wunst reaches it, he mought ez well look fur a needle in a hay-stack. He'lowed ef he hed a posse a thousand men strong he could n't git 'em out."

"He can't find 'em, 'kase the rocks falls on 'em, or swallers 'em in," said the old man. "Ef Tony Britt is up ter mischief he'll never come back no more. He'll git into worser trouble than ever he see afore."

"He hev done seen a powerful lot of trouble, fust one way an' another, 'thout foolin' round the T'other Mounting," said Nathan White. "They tells me ez he got hisself indicted, I believes they calls it, or suthin', down yander ter the court at Colbury, — that war year afore las', — an' he had ter pay twenty dollars fine; 'kase when he war overseer of the road he jes' war constant in lettin' his friends, an' folks gin-erally, off 'thout hevin' 'em fined, when they did n't come an' work on the road, — though that air the way ez the overseers hev always done, without nobody a-tellin' on 'em an' sech. But them ez war n't Tony Britt's friends seen a mighty differ. He war dead sure ter fine Caleb Hoxie seventy-five cents, 'cordin' ter the law, fur every day that he war summonsed ter work an' never come; 'kase Tony an' Caleb hed some sort'n grudge agin one another 'count of a spavined horse what Caleb sold ter Tony, makin' him out ter be a sound critter, — though Caleb swears he never knowed the horse war spavined when he sold him ter Tony, no more'n nothin'. Caleb war mightily worked up 'bout this hyar finin' business, an' him an' Tony hed a tussle 'bout it every

time they come tergether. But Caleb war always sure ter git the worst of it, 'kase Tony, though he air toler'ble spindling sort o' build, he air somehow or other sorter stringy an' tough, an' makes a right smart show in a reg'lar knock-down an' drag-out fight. So Caleb he war beat every time, an' fined too. An' he tried wunst ter shoot Tony Britt, but he missed his aim. An' when he war a-layin' off how ter fix Tony, fur treatin' him that way, he war a-stoppin', one day, at Jacob Green's blacksmith's shop, yander, a mile down the valley, an' he war a-talkin' 'bout it ter a passel o' folks thar. An' Lawyer Rood from Colbury war thar, an' Jacob war a-shoein' of his mare; an' he hearn the tale, an' axed Caleb why n't he report Tony ter the court, an' git him fined fur neglect of his duty, bein' overseer of the road. An' Caleb never knowed before that it war the law that everybody what war summonsed an' did n't come must be fined, or the overseer must be fined hisself; but he knowed that Tony hed been a-lettin' of his friends off, an' folks ginerally, an' he jes' 'greed fur Lawyer Rood ter stir up trouble fur Tony. An' he done it. An' the court fined Tony twenty dollars fur them ways o' his'n. An' it kept him so busy a-scutflin' ter raise the twenty dollars that he never hed a chance ter give Caleb Hoxie more'n one or two beatin's the whole time he war a-scrapin' up the money."

This story was by no means unknown to the little circle, nor did its narrator labor under the delusion that he was telling a new thing. It was merely a verbal act of recollection, and an attentive silence reigned as he related the familiar facts. To people who live in lonely regions this habit of retrospection (especially noticeable in them) and an enduring interest in the past may be something of a compensation for the scanty happenings of the present. When the recital was concluded the hush for

a time was unbroken, save by the rush of the winds, bringing upon their breath the fragrant woodland odors of balsams and pungent herbs, and a fresh and exhilarating suggestion of sweeping over a volume of falling water. They stirred the fringed shadow of a great pine that stood, like a sentinel, before Nathan White's door and threw its colorless simulacrum, a boastful lie twice its size, far down the sunset road. Now and then the faint clangor of a cow-bell came from out the tangled woods about the little hut, and the low of homeward-bound cattle sounded upon the air, mellowed and softened by the distance. The haze that rested above the long, narrow valley was hardly visible, save in the illusive beauty with which it invested the scene,—the tender azure of the far-away ranges; the exquisite tones of the gray and purple shadows that hovered about the darkening coves and along the deep lines marking the gorges; the burnished brilliance of the sunlight, which, despite its splendor, seemed lonely enough, lying motionless upon the lonely landscape and on the still figures clustered about the porch. Their eyes were turned toward the opposite steep, gorgeous with scarlet oak and sumac, all in autumnal array, and their thoughts were busy with the hunter on the T'other Mounting and vague speculations concerning his evil intent.

"It 'pears ter me powerful strange ez Tony goes a-foolin' round that thar T'other Mounting, cornsiderin' what happened yander in its shadow," said the woman, coming again to the door, and leaning idly against the frame; the bread was baking over the coals. "That thar wife o' his'n, afore she died, war always frettin' 'kase way down thar on the backbone, whar her house war, the shadow of the T'other Mounting laid on it fur an hour an' better every day of the worl'. She 'lowed ez it always put her in mind o' the shadow of death. An' I thought 'bout that thar

sayin' o' hern the day when I see her a-lyin' stiff an' cold on the bed, an' the shadow of the T'other Mounting draping in at the open door, an' a-creepin' an a-creepin' over her face. An' I war plumb glad when they got that woman under ground, whar, ef the sunshine can't git ter her, neither kin the shadow. Ef ever thar war a murdered woman, she war one. Arter all that had come an' gone with Caleb Hoxie, fur Tony Britt ter go arter him, 'kase he war a yerb-doctor, ter git him ter physic his wife, who war nigh about dead with the lung fever, an' gin up by old Dr. Marsh ! it looks ter me like he war plumb crazy, — though him an' Caleb hed sorter made friends 'bout the spavined horse an' sech afore then. Jes' ez soon ez she drunk the stuff that Caleb fixed fur her she laid her head back an' shet her eyes, an' never opened 'em no more in this worl'. She war a murdered woman, an' Caleb Hoxie done it through the yerbs he fixed fur her."

A subtle amethystine mist had gradually overlaid the slopes of the T'other Mounting, mellowing the brilliant tints of the variegated foliage to a delicious hazy sheen of mosaics ; but about the base the air seemed dun-colored, though transparent ; seen through it, even the red of the crowded trees was but a sombre sort of magnificence, and the great masses of gray rocks, jutting out among them here and there, wore a darkly frowning aspect. Along the summit there was a blaze of scarlet and gold in the full glory of the sunshine ; the top-most cliffs caught its rays, and gave them back in unexpected gleams of green or grayish-yellow, as of mosses, or lichen, or huckleberry bushes, nourished in the heart of the deep fissures.

"Waal," said Nathan White, "I never did believe ez Caleb gin her ennythink ter hurt, — though I knows thar is them ez does. Caleb is the bes' yerb-doctor I ever see. The rheumatiz would nigh on ter hev killed me, ef it war n't

fur him, that spell I hed las' winter. An' Dr. Marsh, what they hed up afore the gran' jury, swore that the yerbs what Caleb gin her war nothin' ter hurt ; *he* said, though, they could n't help nor hender. An' but fur Dr. Marsh they would hev jailed Caleb ter stand his trial, like Tony wanted 'em ter do. But Dr. Marsh said she died with the consumption, jes' the same, an' Caleb's yerbs war wholesome, though they war n't no 'count at all."

"I knows I ain't a-goin' never ter tech nothin' he fixes fur me no more," said his wife, "an' I'll be bound nobody else in these hyar mountings will, nuth'er."

"Waal," drawled her son, "I knows fur true ez he air tendin' now on old Gideon Croft, what lives over yander in the valley on the t'other side of the T'other Mounting, an' is down with the fever. He went over thar yestiddy evening, late ; I met him when he war goin', an' he tole me."

"He hed better look out how he comes across Tony Britt," said Nathan White ; "fur I hearn, the las' time I war ter the Settlemint, how Tony hev swore ter kill him the nex' time he see him, fur a-givin' of pizenous yerbs ter his wife. Tony air mightily outdone 'kase the gran' jury let him off. Caleb had better be sorter keerful how he goes a-foolin' round these hyar dark woods."

The sun had sunk, and the night, long held in abeyance, was coming fast. The glooms gathered in the valley ; a soft gray shadow hung over the landscape, making familiar things strange. The T'other Mounting was all a dusky, sad purple under the faintly pulsating stars, save that high along the horizontal line of its summit gleamed the strange red radiance of the dead and gone sunset. The outline of the foliage was clearly drawn against the pure lapis lazuli tint of the sky behind it ; here and there the uncanny light streamed through the bare limbs of an early leaf-

less tree, which looked in the distance like some bony hand beckoning, or warning, or raised in horror.

"*Anythink* mought happen thar!" said the woman, as she stood on night-wrapped Rocky-Top and gazed up at the alien light, so red in the midst of the dark landscape. When she turned back to the door of the little hut the meagre comforts within seemed almost luxury, in their cordial contrast to the desolate, dreary mountain yonder and the thought of the forlorn, wandering hunter. A genial glow from the hearth diffused itself over the puncheon floor; the savory odor of broiling venison filled the room as a tall, slim girl knelt before the fire and placed the meat upon the gridiron, her pale cheeks flushing with the heat; there was a happy suggestion of peace and unity when the four generations trooped in to their supper, grandfather on his grandson's arm, and a sedate two-year-old bringing up the rear. Nathan White's wife paused behind the others to bar the door, and once more, as she looked up at the T'other Mounting, the thought of the lonely wanderer smote her heart. The red sunset light had died out at last, but a golden aureola was in the west, and a gleaming thread edged the masses of foliage; there was no faint suggestion now of mist in the valley, and myriads of stars filled a cloudless sky. "He hev done gone home by this time," she said to her daughter-in-law, as she closed the door, "an' ef he ain't, he'll hev a moon ter light him."

"Air ye a-studyin' 'bout Tony Britt yit?" asked Nathan White. "He hev done gone home a good hour by sun, I'll be bound. Jes' ketch Tony Britt a-huntin' till sundown, will ye! He air a mighty pore hand ter work. 'Stonishes me ter hear he air even a-huntin' on the T'other Mounting."

"I don't believe he's up ter enny harm," said the woman; "he hev jes' tuk ter the woods with grief."

"'Pears ter me," said the young girl,

rising from her kneeling posture before the fire, and glancing reproachfully at her husband, — "'pears ter me ez ye mought hev brought him hyar ter eat his supper along of us, stiddier a-leavin' him a-grievin' over his dead wife in them witched woods on the T'other Mounting."

The young fellow looked a trifle abashed at this suggestion. "I never wunst thought of it," he said. "Tony never stopped ter talk more 'n a minit, nohow."

The evening wore away; the octogenarian and the sedate two-year-old fell asleep in their chairs shortly after supper; Nathan White and his son smoked their cob-pipes, and talked fitfully of the few incidents of the day; the women sat in the firelight with their knitting, silent and absorbed, except that now and then the elder, breaking from her reverie, declared that she could n't git Tony Britt out 'n her head nohow in the worl'.

The moon had come grandly up from over the T'other Mounting, casting long silver lights and deep black shadows through all the tangled recesses and yawning chasms of the woods and rocks. In the vast wilderness the bright rays met only one human creature, the belated hunter making his way homeward through the dense forest with an experienced woodman's craft. For no evil intent had brought Tony Britt to the T'other Mounting; he had spent the day in hunting, urged by that strong necessity without which the mountaineer seldom makes any exertion. Dr. Marsh's unavailing skill had cost him dear; his only cow was sold to make up the twenty dollars fine which his revenge on Caleb Hoxie had entailed upon him; without even so much as a spavined horse tillage was impossible, and the bounteous harvest left him empty-handed, for he had no crops to gather. The hardships of extreme poverty had reinforced the sorrows that came upon him in battalions, and had driven him far through long

aisles of the woods, where the sudden night fell upon him unaware. The foliage was all embossed with exquisite silver designs that seemed to stand out some little distance from the dark masses of leaves; now and then there came to his eyes that emerald gleam never seen upon verdure in the day-time,—only shown by some artificial light, or the moon's sweet uncertainty. The wind was strong and fresh, but not cold; here and there was a glimmer of dew. Once, and once only, he thought of the wild traditions which peopled the T'other Mounting with evil spirits. He paused with a sudden chill; he glanced nervously over his shoulder down the illimitable avenues of the lonely woods. The grapevines, hanging in festoons from tree to tree, were slowly swinging back and forth, stirred by the wind. There was a dizzy dance of shadows whirling on every open space where the light lay on the ground. The roar and fret of Wild-Duck River, hidden there somewhere in the pines, came on the breeze like a strange, weird, fitful voice, crying out amid the haunted solitudes of the T'other Mounting. He turned abruptly, with his gun on his shoulder, and pursued his way through the trackless desert in the direction of his home. He had been absorbed in his quest and his gloomy thoughts, and did not realize the distance he had traversed until it lay before him to be retraced; but his superstitious terror urged him to renewed exertions. "Ef ever I gits off 'n this hyar witched mounting," he said to himself, as he tore away the vines and brambles that beset his course, "I 'll never come back agin while I lives." He grew calmer when he paused on a huge projecting crag, and looked across the narrow valley at the great black mass opposite, which he knew was Old Rocky-Top; its very presence gave him a sense of companionship and blunted his fear, and he sat down to rest for a few minutes, gazing at the outline of the range he knew so well, so unfamiliar

from a new stand-point. How low it seemed from the heights of the T'other Mounting! Could that faint gleam be the light in Nathan White's house? Tony Britt glanced further down the indistinct slope, where he knew his own desolate, deserted hut was crouched. "Jes' whar the shadow o' the T'other Mounting can reach it," he thought, with a new infusion of bitterness. He averted his eyes; he would look no longer; he threw himself at full length among the ragged clumps of grass and fragments of rock, and turned his face to the stars. It all came back to him then. Sometimes, in his sordid cares and struggles for his scanty existence, his past troubles were dwarfed by the present. But here on the lonely cliff, with the infinite spaces above him and the boundless forest below, he felt anew his isolation. No light on earth save the far gleam from another man's home, and in heaven only the drowning face of the moon, drifting slowly through the blue floods of the skies. He was only twenty-five; he had youth and health and strength, but he felt that he had lived his life; it seemed long, marked as it was by cares and privation and persistent failure. Little as he knew of life, he knew how hard his had been, even meted by those of the poverty-stricken wretches among whom his lot was cast. "An' sech luck!" he said, as his sad eyes followed the drifting dead face of the moon. "Along o' that thar step-mother o' mine till I war growed; an' then when I war married, an' we hed got the house put up, an' war beginnin' ter git along like other folks kin, an' Car'line's mother gin her that thar calf what growed ter a cow, an' through pinchin' an' savin' we made out ter buy that thar horse from Caleb Hoxie, jes' ez we war a-startin' ter work a crap he lays down an' dies; an' that cussed twenty dollars ez I hed ter pay ter the court; an' Car'line jes' a-gittin' sick, an' a-wastin' an' a-wastin' away, till I, like a fool, brung Caleb thar, an' he pizens

her with his yerbs — God A'mighty! ef I could jes' lay my hands wunst on that scoundrel I would n't leave a mite of him, ef he war pertected by a hundred lyin', thievin' gran' juries! But he can't stay a-hidin' forevermo'. He's got ter 'count ter me, ef he ain't ter the law; an he'll see a mighty differ atwixt us. I swear he'll never draw another breath!"

He rose with a set, stern face, and struck a huge bowlder beside him with his hard clenched hand as he spoke. He had not even an ignorant idea of an impressive dramatic pose; but if the great gaunt cliff had been the stage of a theatre his attitude and manner at that instant would have won him applause. He was all alone with his poverty and his anguished memories, as men with such burdens are apt to be.

The bowlder on which, in his rude fashion, he had registered his oath was harder than his hard hand, and the vehemence of the blow bruised his fingers; but he had scarcely time to think of it. His absorbed reverie was broken by a rustling other than that of the eddying wind. He raised his head and looked about him, half expecting to see the antlers of a deer. Then there came to his ears the echo of the tread of man. His eyes mechanically followed the sound. Forty feet down the face of the crag a broad ledge jutted out, and upon it ran a narrow path, made by stray cattle, or the feet of their searching owners; it was visible from the summit for a distance of a hundred yards or so, and the white glamour of the moonbeams fell full upon it. Before a speculation had suggested itself, a man walked slowly into view along the path, and with starting eyes the hunter recognized his dearest foe. Britt's hand lay upon the bowlder; his oath was in his mind; his unconscious enemy had come within his power. Swifter than a flash the temptation was presented. He remembered the warnings of the lawyers at Colbury last week, when the grand jury had

failed to find a true bill against Caleb Hoxie, — that he was an innocent man, and must go unscathed, that any revenge for fancied wrongs would be dearly rued; he remembered, too, the mountain traditions of the falling rocks burying evil-doers in the heart of the hills. Here was his opportunity. He would have a life for a life, and there would be one more legend of the very stones conspiring to punish malefactors escaped from men added to the terrible "sayin's" of the T'other Mounting. A strong belief in the supernatural influences of the place was rife within him; he knew nothing of Gideon Croft's fever and the errand that had brought the herb-doctor through the "witched mounting;" had he not been transported thither by some invisible agency, that the rocks might fall upon him and crush him?

The temptation and the resolve were simultaneous. With his hand upon the bowlder, his hot heart beating fast, his distended eyes burning upon the approaching figure, he waited for the moment to come. There lay the long, low, black mountain opposite, with only the moonbeams upon it, for the lights in Nathan White's house were extinguished; there was the deep, dark gulf of the valley; there, forty feet below him, was the narrow, moon-flooded path on the ledge, and the man advancing carelessly. The bowlder fell with a frightful crash, the echoes rang with a scream of terror, and the two men — one fleeing from the dreadful danger he had barely escaped, the other from the hideous deed he thought he had done — ran wildly in opposite directions through the tangled autumnal woods.

Was every leaf of the forest endowed with a woful voice, that the echo of that shriek might never die from Tony Britt's ears? Did the storied, retributive rocks still vibrate with this new victim's dying cry? And what was this horror in his heart! Now, so late, was coming a terrible conviction of his ene-

my's innocence, and with it a fathomless remorse.

All through the interminable night he fled frantically along the mountain's summit, scarcely knowing whither, and caring for nothing except to multiply the miles between him and the frightful object that he believed lay under the boulder which he had dashed down the precipice. The moon sank beneath the horizon; the fantastic shadows were merged in the darkest hour of the night; the winds died, and there was no voice in all the woods, save the wail of Wild-Duck River and the forever-resounding screams in the flying wretch's ears. Sometimes he answered them in a wild, hoarse, inarticulate cry; sometimes he flung his hands above his head and wrung them in his agony; never once did he pause in his flight. Panting, breathless, exhausted, he eagerly sped through the darkness; tearing his face upon the brambles; plunging now and then into gullies and unseen quagmires; sometimes falling heavily, but recovering himself in an instant, and once more struggling on; striving to elude the pursuing voices, and to distance forever his conscience and his memory.

And then came that terrible early daylight that was wont to dawn upon the T'other Mounting when all the world besides was lost in slumber, the wan, melancholy light showing dimly the solemn trees and dense undergrowth; the precarious pitfalls about his path; the long deep gorges; the great crags and chasms; the cascades, cold, gray, and white; the huge mass, all hung about with shadows, which he knew was Old Rocky-Top, rising from the impenetrably dark valley below. It seemed wonderful to him, somehow, that a new day should break at all. If, in a revulsion of nature, that utter blackness had continued forever and ever it would not have been strange, after what had happened. He could have borne it better than the sight of the familiar world

gradually growing into day, all unconscious of his secret. He had begun the descent of the T'other Mounting, and he seemed to carry that pale dawn with him; day was breaking when he reached the foot of Old Rocky-Top, and as he climbed up to his own deserted, empty little shanty it, too, stood plainly defined in the morning light. He dragged himself to the door, and impelled by some morbid fascination he glanced over his shoulder at the T'other Mounting. There it was, unchanged, with the golden largess of a gracious season blazing upon every autumnal leaf. He shuddered, and went into the fireless, comfortless house. And then he made an appalling discovery. As he mechanically divested himself of his shot-pouch and powder-horn he was stricken by a sudden consciousness that he did not have his gun! One doubtful moment, and he remembered that he had laid it upon the crag when he had thrown himself down to rest. Beyond question, it was there yet. His conscience was still now,—his remorse had fled. It was only a matter of time when his crime would be known. He recollected his meeting with young White while he was hunting, and then Britt thought of his gun which he had left on the cliff. The discovery of the weapon there would be strong evidence against him, taken in connection with all the other circumstances. True, he could even yet go back and recover it, but he was mastered by the fear of meeting some one on the unfrequented road, or even in the loneliness of the T'other Mounting, and strengthening the chain of evidence against him by the fact of being once more seen in the fateful neighborhood. He resolved that he would wait until night-fall, and then he would retrace his way, secure his gun, and all might yet be well with him. As to the boulder,—were men never before buried under the falling rocks of the T'other Mounting?

Without food, without rest, without sleep, his limbs rigid with the strong tension of his nerves, his eyes bloodshot, haggard, and eager, his brain on fire, he sat through the long morning hours absently gazing across the narrow valley at the solemn, majestic mountain opposite, and that sinister jutting crag with the indistinctly defined ledges of its rugged surface.

After a time, the scene began to grow dim; the sun was still shining, but through a haze becoming momentarily more dense. The brilliantly tinted foliage upon the T'other Mounting was fading; the cliffs showed strangely distorted faces through the semi-transparent blue vapor, and presently they seemed to recede altogether; the valley disappeared, and all the country was filled with the smoke of distant burning woods. He was gasping when he first became sensible of the smoke-laden haze, for he had seen nothing of the changing aspect of the landscape. Before his vision was the changeless picture of a night of mingled moonlight and shadow, the ill-defined black mass where Old Rocky-Top rose into the air, the impenetrable gloom of the valley, the ledge of the crag, and the unconscious figure slowly coming within the power of his murderous hand. His eyes would look on no other scene, no other face, so long as he should live.

He had a momentary sensation of stifling, and then a great weight was lifted. For he had begun to doubt whether the unlucky locality would account satisfactorily for the fall of that boulder and the horrible object beneath it; a more reasonable conclusion might be deduced from the fact that he had been seen in the neighborhood, and the circumstance of the deadly feud. But what wonder would there be if the dry leaves on the T'other Mounting should be ignited and the woods burned! What explanations might not such a catastrophe suggest! — a frantic flight from the flames toward the cliff and an accidental fall. And so

he waited throughout the long day, that was hardly day at all, but an opaque twilight, through which could be discerned only the stony path leading down the slope from his door, only the blurred outlines of the bushes close at hand, only the great gaunt limbs of a lightning-scathed tree, seeming entirely severed from the unseen trunk, and swinging in the air sixty feet above the earth.

Toward night-fall the wind rose and the smoke-curtain lifted, once more revealing to the settlers upon Old Rocky-Top the sombre T'other Mounting, with the belated evening light still lurid upon the trees, — only a strange, faint resemblance of the sunset radiance, rather the ghost of a dead day. And presently this apparition was gone, and the deep purple line of the witched mountain's summit grew darker against the opaline skies, till it was merged in a dusky black, and the shades of the night fell thick on the landscape.

The scenic effects of the drama, that serve to widen the mental vision and cultivate the imagination of even the abjectly poor in cities, were denied these primitive, simple people; but that magnificent pageant of the four seasons, wherein was forever presented the imposing splendor of the T'other Mounting in an ever-changing grandeur of aspect, was a gracious recompense for the spectacular privileges of civilization. And this evening the humble family party on Nathan White's porch beheld a scene of unique impressiveness.

The moon had not yet risen; the winds were awlirl; the darkness draped the earth as with a pall. Out from the impenetrable gloom of the woods on the T'other Mounting there started, suddenly, a scarlet globe of fire; one long moment it was motionless, but near it the spectral outline of a hand appeared beckoning, or warning, or raised in horror, — only a leafless tree, catching in the distance a semblance of humanity. Then from the still ball of fire there

streamed upward a long, slender plume of golden light, waving back and forth against the pale horizon. Across the dark slope of the mountain below flashes of lightning were shooting in zigzag lines, and wherever they gleamed were seen those frantic skeleton hands raised and wrung in anguish. It was cruel sport for the cruel winds; they maddened over gorge and cliff and along the wooded steeps, carrying far upon their wings the sparks of desolation. From the summit myriads of jets of flame reached up to the placid stars; about the base of the mountain lurked a lake of liquid fire, with wreaths of blue smoke hovering over it; ever and anon, athwart the slope darted the sudden lightning, widening into sheets of flame as it conquered new ground.

The astonishment on the faces grouped about Nathan White's door was succeeded by a startled anxiety. After the first incoherent exclamations of surprise came the pertinent inquiry from his wife, "Ef Old Rocky-Top war ter ketch too, whar would we run to?"

Nathan White's countenance had in its expression more of astounded excitement than of bodily fear. "Why, bless my soul!" he said at length, "the woods away over yander, what hev been burnin' all day, ain't nigh enough to the T'other Mounting ter ketch it, — nothin' like it."

"The T'other Mounting would burn, though, ef fire war put to it," said his son.

The two men exchanged a glance of deep significance.

"Do ye mean ter say," exclaimed Mrs. White, her fire-lit face agitated by a sudden superstitious terror, "that that thar T'other Mounting is fired by witches an' sech?"

"Don't talk so loud, Matildy," said her husband. "Them knows best ez done it."

"Thar's one thing sure," quavered the old man: "that thar fire will never

tech a leaf on Old Rocky-Top. Thar's a church on this hyar mounting, — bless the Lord fur it! — an' we lives in the fear o' God."

There was a pause, all watching with distended eyes the progress of the flames.

"It looks like it mought hev been kindled in torment," said the young girl.

"It looks down thar," said her husband, pointing to the lake of fire, "like the pit itself."

The apathetic inhabitants of Old Rocky-Top were stirred into an activity very incongruous with their habits and the hour. During the conflagration they traversed long distances to reach each other's houses and confer concerning the danger and the questions of supernatural agency provoked by the mysterious firing of the woods. Nathan White had few neighbors, but above the crackling of the timber and the roar of the flames there rose the quick beat of running footsteps; the undergrowth of the forest near at hand was in strange commotion; and at last, the figure of a man burst forth, the light of the fire showing the startling pallor of his face as he staggered to the little porch and sank, exhausted, into a chair.

"Waal, Caleb Hoxie!" exclaimed Nathan White, in good-natured raillery; "ye're skeered, fur true! What ails ye, ter think Old Rocky-Top air a-goin' ter ketch too? 'Tain't nigh dry enough, I'm a-thinkin'."

"Fire kindled that thar way can't tech a leaf on Old Rocky-Top," sleepily piped out the old man, nodding in his chair; the glare of the flames which rioted over the T'other Mounting gilding his long white hair and peaceful, slumberous face. "Thar's a church on Old Rocky-Top, — bless the" — The sentence drifted away with his dreams.

"Does yer believe — them — them" — Caleb Hoxie's trembling white lips could not frame the word — "them — done it?"

"Like ez not," said Nathan White. "But that ain't a-troublin' of you an' me. I ain't never hearn o' them witches a-tormentin' of honest folks what ain't done nothin' hurtful ter nobody," he added, in cordial reassurance.

His son was half hidden behind one of the rough cedar posts, that his mirth at the guest's display of cowardice might not be observed. But the women, always quick to suspect, glanced meaningfully at each other with widening eyes, as they stood together in the door-way.

"I dunno, — I dunno," Caleb Hoxie declared huskily. "I ain't never done nothin' ter nobody, an' what do yer s'pose them witches an' sech done ter me las' night, on that T'other Mounting? I war a-goin' over yander ter Gideon Croft's fur ter physic him, ez he air mortal low with the fever; an' ez I war a-comin' alongside o' that thar high bluff" — it was very distinct, with the flames wreathing fantastically about its gray, rigid features — "they throwed a boulder ez big ez this hyar porch down on to me. It jes' grazed me, an' knocked me down, an' kivered me with dirt. An' I run home a-hollerin'; an' it seemed ter me ter-day ez I war a-goin' ter screech an' screech all my life, like some on-settled crazy critter. It 'peared like 't would take a bar'l o' hop tea ter git me quiet. An' now look yander!" and he pointed tremulously to the blazing mountain.

There was an expression of conviction on the women's faces. All their lives afterward it was there whenever Caleb Hoxie's name was mentioned; no more to be moved or changed than the stern, set faces of the crags among the fiery woods.

"Thar's a church on this hyar mounting," said the old man feebly, waking for a moment, and falling asleep the next.

Nathan White was perplexed and doubtful, and a supernatural awe had checked the laughing youngster behind the cedar post.

A great cloud of flame came rolling

through the sky toward them, golden, pellucid, spangled through and through with fiery red stars; poisoning itself for one moment high above the valley, then breaking into myriads of sparks, and showering down upon the dark abysses below.

"Look a hyar!" said the elder woman in a frightened under-tone to her daughter-in-law; "this hyar wicked critter air too onlucky ter be a-sittin' 'longside of us; we'll all be burnt up afore he gits hisself away from hyar. An' who is that a-comin' yander?" For from the encompassing woods another dark figure had emerged, and was slowly approaching the porch. The wary eyes near Caleb Hoxie saw that he fell to trembling, and that he clutched at a post for support. But the hand pointing at him was shaken as with a palsy, and the voice hardly seemed Tony Britt's as it cried out, in an agony of terror, "What air ye a-doin' hyar, a-sittin' 'longside o' livin' folks? Yer bones air under a boulder on the T'other Mounting, an' ye air a dead man!"

They said ever afterward that Tony Britt had lost his mind "through goin' a-huntin' jes' one time on the T'other Mounting. His spirit air all broke, an' he's a mighty tame critter nowadays." Through his persistent endeavor he and Caleb Hoxie became quite friendly, and he was even heard to "'low that he war satisfed that Caleb never gin his wife nothin' ter hurt." "Though," said the gossips of Old Rocky-Top, "them women up ter White's will hev it no other way but that Caleb pizened her, an' they would'n't take no yerbs from him no more'n he war a rattlesnake. But Caleb always 'pears sorter skittish when he an' Tony air tergeth, like he did n't know when Tony war a-goin' ter fotch him a lick. But law! Tony air that changed that ye can't make him mad 'thout ye 'mind him o' the time he called Caleb a ghost."

A dark, gloomy, deserted place was the charred T'other Mounting through all the long winter. And when spring came, and Old Rocky-Top was green with delicate fresh verdure, and melodious with singing birds and chorusing breezes, and bedecked as for some great festival with violets and azaleas and laurel-blooms, the T'other Mounting was stark and wintry and black with its desolate, leafless trees. But after a while the spring came for it, too: the buds swelled and burst; flowering vines festooned the grim gray crags; and the dainty freshness of the vernal season reigned upon its summit, while all the world below was growing into heat and dust. The circuit-rider said it reminded him of a tardy change in a sinner's heart: though it come at the eleventh hour, the glorious summer is before it, and a full fruition; though it work but an hour in

the Lord's vineyard, it receives the same reward as those who labored through all the day.

"An' it always did 'pear ter me ez thar war mighty little jestice in that," was Mrs. White's comment.

But at the meeting when that sermon was preached Tony Britt told his "experience." It seemed a confession, for he "lowed that he hed flung that boulder down on Caleb Hoxie, — what the witches flung, ye know, — 'kase he believed then that Caleb hed killed his wife with pizenous yerbs; an' he went back the nex' night an' fired the woods, ter make folks think when they fund Caleb's bones that he war a-runnin' from the blaze an' fell off 'n the bluff." And everybody on Old Rocky-Top said incredulously, "Pore Tony Britt! He hev los' his mind through goin' a-huntin' jes' one time on the T'other Mounting."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE INDOOR PAUPER: A STUDY.

PAUPERISM with us is not the grim menace which it is in Europe. True, the vagabond pauper — otherwise the tramp — has given us a vast deal of trouble; but he is as much outlaw as pauper, and, such as he is, he is a distinctly novel figure in American life. The normal, quiet, legally supported pauper has never taken enough money from us to startle us out of our apathy. This is peculiarly the case with the pauper whom the State supports entirely, — the "indoor pauper," as the reports style him. Commonly, his misfortunes or his vices are stowed away in a remote farm-house on a muddy road. Politicians do not concern themselves with his fate, for he has no vote; benevolent people have their hands full helping the poor who are not yet sunk into paupers; the very newspapers seek him

out only when his woful lot has acquired the lurid attraction of "a horror." Yet this neglected and repulsive being has claims upon our attention, because upon our fears. Pauperism has increased rapidly within the last decade. Few people realize how much money is spent annually for the support of our almshouses, to say nothing of what we spend upon our other paupers, partially supported outside, or wholly supported in hospitals, insane asylums, and asylums for orphan children. The State of New York spent, during the year ending November 30, 1879, the sum of \$1,618,867.63 for the keeping of 57,925 persons in almshouses and poorhouses.¹ These same almshouses and poorhouses gave temporary aid to 79,852 persons, at

¹ Report of the New York State Board of Charities, 1880, page 17.

an expense of \$692,465.77.¹ Pennsylvania last year supported 20,310 persons in her almshouses, at a net cost of \$1,515,290.² Massachusetts paid \$1,776,778 for pauper support and relief. The whole number entirely supported was 13,989, and the number of the partially supported was 72,881.³ Ohio, which is not especially afflicted with pauperism, pays more than half the money obtained by the state taxation for the welfare of her criminals and paupers; and the estimate does not include the public charities of her cities, or any township aid. She has an almshouse population of 13,599 during the year.⁴ The Michigan paupers, in 1878 (when the last biennial report was published), showed "a rate of increase four times greater than the percentage of increase in the population."⁵ Such statistics could be multiplied indefinitely. It should be stated, however, that there has been a great lessening in the number of "out-door" paupers aided, since the business of the country has improved; the number of almshouse inmates remaining about the same. Undoubtedly, many of the indoor paupers came to the almshouses during the "hard times," but the better times fail to draw them away. Indeed, "once a pauper, always a pauper," has become an almshouse axiom. The pauper being thus expensive and pertinacious, we must needs be interested in our manner of dealing with him, however unpleasant he himself may be. In this article I shall try to describe, as fully as my space will permit, the Indoor Pauper, — what he is, and how we treat him. I shall not discuss here any question of the necessity of poor-laws; whatever their defects, however tragical their unforeseen results, the argument in their favor has been reinforced by the kindly sentiment of generations, until now the

popular heart makes the legal care of the poor a part of our Christianity, and assaults upon such care excite overwhelming opposition. Yet, granting the necessity of poor-laws, their warmest friend will admit that they may be so framed and so administered as to do grievous wrong. To tempt the poor into pauperism is a bad business; but it is the business of every State which is unwisely lavish with its poor-fund. To brutalize men, and ruin women, and corrupt children, are acts usually called by harsh names; but they are the acts of every State which gives over the management of its almshouses to ignorant officials! To load with chains helpless creatures, proven guilty of no crime; to beat them, starve them, shut them up in underground dungeons, cold and damp, with mouldy straw for furniture and rats for company, and there leave them for months and years untended, save for the daily pushing of their coarse food through a hole in the door, — this conduct, when we read of it in the history of the Inquisition or the Bastille, we say is wicked cruelty; but it is cruelty which has been practiced by every State that has abandoned its insane paupers to almshouse tending.

Moreover, it is quite possible to imagine a system which shall combine all these evils; attracting unthrift and vice by its profuse gifts, while it exposes the old and feeble, and all those stricken with disease of mind or body, to intolerable sufferings, — a system, in short, which shall be at once costly, barbarous, and useless. Most intelligent poor men would pronounce such a system worse than none. Is there any resemblance between such a system and our own? This question I shall try to answer by a study of the character of our paupers, and the conditions of their almshouse life. Our almshouse system is not prop-

¹ New York Report pages 17, 18.

² Pennsylvania State Board of Charities Report (1879).

³ Report of Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity (1880); Public Documents, No. 17, page 29.

⁴ Report Ohio Board, 1880, page 85.

⁵ Michigan Report (1877-78), page 26.

erly a system at all; it is a congregation of systems, each State having its own. The oldest States have copied, or rather imitated, the English methods, the new States have imitated the methods of the old States, and all have improvised alterations and additions as circumstances seemed to call for them. Most of the States have what is termed the county system. Each county cares for its own poor in whatsoever manner it may prefer. The counties elect officials having charge of the poor: county supervisors, commissioners, infirmaries directors, directors of the poor, ordinaries, superintendents of the poor, and the like. These send those of the poor who are, or are supposed to be, incapable of supporting themselves to houses built and conducted at the expense of the taxpayers. The houses are variously called poorhouses, almshouses, county infirmaries, and "county homes." The county officials elected to care for the poor generally appoint the almshouse keeper; sometimes, however, he is elected; and sometimes the almshouse is under the control of a superintendent of the poor, who selects the keeper. The keepers are appointed or elected annually; their superiors hold office for periods of from one to three years. In some States the township is the local unit, instead of the county; some States have both the township and the county system. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York make a distinction between state and local poor; the State caring for the former, and the counties or towns for the latter.

A number of the States have no poorhouses. The paupers are "boarded

out," at the expense of the counties, often with their own relatives. Sometimes a number of paupers are cared for by a farmer, whom the counties pay. Usually, they select the farmer willing to take the lowest price per pauper. In Tennessee, there are public auctions held in the counties, at which the poor are set off to the lowest bidder.

Nine of the States have central boards, called Boards of Charities, which inspect and to some extent control their almshouses. The nine are Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kansas.¹ The duties and powers of the boards differ in the different States, but, in the main, their duties are to investigate, and their powers are to advise. Settlement laws, which have played so important a part in England, make but a small figure among us, save in the New England States. New York gives a settlement to any one who has resided in the State for a year; but the owner of the settlement loses it if he leave the State and remain for a period longer than one year. Sixty days' residence in a county gives a county settlement to the citizen of New York.² A year's residence gives a settlement in any Pennsylvania district to any householder, taxpayer, servant, apprentice, holder of public office, or to any "mariner" or "other healthy person coming directly from a foreign country" into the district.³ Married women take their husbands' settlements, and children their parents'. A year's residence, indeed, seems to be the favorite limit, although in the West even a shorter period will secure a settlement.⁴ The New Eng-

¹ The Massachusetts board was organized first in 1863 (the different departments of health, lunacy, and charity were consolidated in 1879); the first New York board was organized in 1867; Illinois, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Ohio organized boards in 1869, Wisconsin and Michigan in 1871, and Kansas in 1875.

² Laws of New York, 1873, chapter 661, contains an act to provide for the support of state paupers. All "blind, lame, old, impotent, or decrepit" per-

sons, who have not resided "sixty days in any county of the State" are "deemed state paupers," and provision is made for their care by the Board of Charities.

³ General Poor-Laws of Pennsylvania. Appendix Report of Board of Charities, 1879, of Settlements.

⁴ Six months is the usual term, but in at least one State thirty days is the time prescribed.

land States are more rigid. Massachusetts requires five years' residence; but a settlement in Massachusetts can never be alienated; once obtained, it belongs to its owner to the end of his days, wherever he may go, however long he may stay away; it is his and his descendants' after him. "Every drop of Massachusetts blood," says a Massachusetts commissioner, with a touch of poetry, "carries a settlement with it. It is never reversed." Massachusetts requires the payment of taxes during these five years, save in a few cases, such as soldiers', unmarried women's, public officers', and the like. Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Delaware, likewise, make the payment of taxes requisite to the acquiring of a settlement; the other States merely ask that the person shall live for so many months or years within their borders.¹

There is as much difference in the views taken by the various States as to what makes a pauper, and as to who shall decide whether or no a poor person shall be considered a pauper, as there is in their settlement laws. Some States leave the local authorities no discretion in the matter. New York, on the one hand, does not recognize any able-bodied person as a pauper; Massachusetts, on the other, expressly holds that "any able-bodied person without visible means of support, when he comes to the local authorities, is entitled to support."² "No matter how strong a man is," says Mr. Wrightington, the Massachusetts superintendent of the outdoor poor, "if he is as strong as Samson, if the authorities of one town send him to us, we must either keep him, or send him beyond the state line."³ Of course, presuming Mr. Samson to have a settlement, he cannot be sent beyond the state line, and the common-

wealth has no choice but to take care of him as long as he may choose. Other States — and they are the majority — leave the whole matter in the hands of the county officials. Generally, the county officials lean to the side of mercy; the quality is not strained, since it costs them nothing; for, be it noted, there are two sets of principals in the business, — the county directors or supervisors, who manage the almshouses, and are responsible for their expenses, and the justices of the peace and poor overseers, who commit paupers to the almshouses, and have nothing more to do with them. It is for the interest of the poor directors and supervisors to have as few paupers in the almshouse as possible; it is for the interest of justices, who are paid for each order they write, and of overseers, who depend for reelection upon the suffrages of the poor but warm-hearted populace, to show a liberal spirit. And, as Sydney Smith has observed, "everybody is full of humanity and good nature when he can relieve misfortune by putting his hand into — his neighbor's pocket. Who can bear to see a fellow-creature suffering pain and poverty, when he can order other fellow-creatures to relieve him?" The result of all this is that, practically, most States give almshouse lodging to any one having a settlement who can bring himself to ask it. What, then, are these almshouse lodgings, and what manner of men desire them?

Perhaps as easy a way as any to answer the question will be to describe a visit made by the writer, a few months ago, to a large rural almshouse in Illinois. I select this particular house because it is not the best, and is a long way from being the worst, within my knowledge. The house stands in the centre of a great coal district, thirteen miles from the county-seat, but only

¹ Six months is the usual term, but in at least one State thirty days is the time prescribed.

² Report of New York Board (1880), Conference

with Massachusetts Commissioners upon Non-Resident and Alien Paupers, page 240.

³ Ibid., page 233.

two from a little mining hamlet. The road is fairly good in dry summers; when the weather is wet, and through most of the winter, it is almost impassable. My companion was a clever young physician, of considerable experience among the insane. After a long drive we stopped before a cluster of buildings, to which a tall windmill gave something of a picturesque and foreign air. There was a neat brown cottage; a large, bare brown house, without blinds, and seeming to have a disproportionate number of windows; a long, two-storied building, shining with new paint; and a number of out-buildings, in appearance much like those to be seen on any large farm, even to the detail of a brick-red barn. The yard in front of the house had a number of trees, and a little to the right was a large garden. We saw no flowers, except the great white "snowballs" weighing down a half dozen huge bushes; but green things were sprouting and springing up all over the garden beds, and the foliage and the short scant grass had the fresh beauty of May. A man opened the gate for us. He was a short, squarely built fellow, in dingy yellowish garments; and he had chains on his feet, making him take queer, short steps. His face was pale and sodden, with bleary eyes and shapeless features; somehow, he seemed all of a color, hair, skin, eyes, and clothes. Several other men, also in chains, and more or less of a color like him, were hobbling about the yard; and one young man, in a long blue jean gown, was sitting chained to a post. "Those must be the insane," said the doctor. Mingling with these men were others without chains, men and women, some of whom were painfully deformed. No one appeared to pay them any attention. The superintendent was away; but his daughter, a rather pretty, slim girl of eighteen, offered to show us through the house. The brown cottage was the keeper's house; this we did not visit, but passed directly into the large frame

building, the home of the sane paupers and of the harmless insane. At the time of our visit the house contained ninety-seven paupers, including some thirty-seven insane people and nine children. The first room we saw was a small store-room. Besides stores, there was a shelf filled with medicine bottles. The almshouse being so far from the county-seat, the almshouse keeper acts as resident physician. "Oh, pa's quite a good doctor!" said the girl; at which my doctor smiled grimly. From the store-room we passed through a chamber crowded with beds and cradles into the women's sitting-room. Both apartments were rather untidy. The bedding in the first was shabby, and made one think of Dandie Dinmont's speech in the Portanferry jail. The sitting-room had a stove, and some pine benches for furniture. On one of these was stretched a hideous old woman, very stout and red, wearing a single blue garment; she seemed to be asleep. "That woman's got the dropsy, and she's crazy, too," said our guide. We asked if any one took care of her. The girl said, "No, she takes care of herself." Entering the next room, we were greeted by a tremendous clamor. We had the curiosity to go out on a small porch, where the quarrelers were. They were two: an old blind woman and a middle-aged man, who were abusing each other at the top of their voices. Two younger women stood by, and flung occasional interjections into the uproar. The first was a broad-faced German, with yellow hair; she held a child in her arms. The second woman must have come from a New England village; no other place on earth could have sent into the world that lank form and long fallow visage. Just as we came upon the scene, the New Englander's shrill voice rose above the others: "Every body as knows me knows that I'd never lay a finger on nobody, except they druv me to it!"

"You tink me got nobody help me!"

screamed the old woman. "Megot God; he give it to you!" We mustered enough German to speak to her. She was not a bad-looking woman: tall and thin, with a mobile dark face of the Bavarian type. Our question met instant response; with vehement gestures and quick-changing expression she told her story. They had come to the almshouse, her husband and she, because he had been ill for years, and she was blind, and they had no living children. They had been decent people in the old country, and they did not take kindly to almshouse ways. Her husband soon died. After his death, she was put in the charge of these two women. They had treated her most cruelly; they had robbed her of her little property of clothes; they beat her and persecuted her; and, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she begged us, for the love of God, to take her away.

"What 's she sayin'?" whispered the New England woman to the German. The latter rapidly translated the charges: "She say we steal her tings, we beat her and blague her" — "Me!" cried the New Englander, — "me tech her! Why, I do her washing!" as though that settled the question. She then gave us to understand, confidentially, that Mrs. Jens (the old woman's name) was "dretful queer," and that nothing she said could be believed. A little money pacified the group, and enabled us to get upstairs.

All the rooms there were sleeping-rooms. They were not scrupulously clean, but the time being Saturday morning, we made allowance for their looking their worst. Many of the inmates were in their rooms; a few sewing, the most doing nothing. They were careless in their dress, and all the faces had a listless, vacant look. Here, also, we saw a number of cradles. We asked our guide what was done with the children. She said they tried to get homes for them among the neighboring farmers, "when the mothers consented."

"But when the mothers don't consent?" said the doctor.

"Well, you know, we would n't want to take them away without," said she.

Then we went into the men's department, which was much like the women's. In one bare chamber, through which we passed (as must every one going upstairs), a man lay on a comfortless bed, turning so white and haggard a face to the wall that at first glance I thought him dead. He had "bad spells," the girl said; at such times he "went on awfully," but most of the time he was quiet enough. There was no one in the room; but a burly Irishman, shaving himself in the hall, was said to "keep an eye on him." In another apartment we came upon a cheerful, clean old man, who was mending a pile of men's clothing, being a tailor by trade. Ill health and partial blindness had brought him to the almshouse. He was the only sane pauper we saw who showed any sign of pleasant animation, either in face or speech. Our guide was warm in his praise. "He's a real nice old man; works all the time," said she, "mends all the men's clothes." We passed from the men's side into the yard. There was a partition separating the two departments, but the yard seemed to be in common. The German woman who took care of Mrs. Jens came up to us while we were looking at the various groups. She was leading a little girl by the hand, and still carrying her baby. "This is my Annie," she said, giving the girl a push forward. "She looks like you," said the doctor. The woman held up the baby for inspection. "Do you tink *he* look like me, too?" We said No; perhaps he resembled her husband. She gave the abrupt giggle which in her class sometimes does duty for a blush and said, "Oh, vell — my husband — You see, I leff my husband. He's not my husband's; he's Irish." She jerked her thumb over her shoulder at a bench where a gray-bearded, moody-looking

Irishman was sitting, with his head sunk on his breast. "*He's his fader,*" said she, with another giggle. The doctor asked her how long she had been in the house. "Oh, so long I can't remember," she answered. "I had little girl born here, but she die; I'm so 'fraid dis one die, too, but I take just so good care of him I can." There was an ugly half-healed scar on this woman's forehead; after some further conversation, the doctor asked her how it came there. She said "a crazy girl got mad," and hit her with a tin cup. "Oh, they're always jawing and fighting," said our guide coolly. "I can't keep count of the rows. Would you like to see the kitchen?" As we passed through the basement, something bumped against us. I turned, and saw a twisted creature who had lost both legs, and was shuffling himself along on his back with his hands. The kitchen was crowded, and not clean; but the bread just going into the oven looked light and white. The dining-room was near the kitchen. It was in better order. Some long pine tables, not covered even with the favorite almshouse oil-cloth, were set with tin cups and the heavy white ware called "stone china." Our guide told us that the paupers had meat twice a day, tea and coffee, and plenty of vegetables and bread; and tobacco was given to the men.

We had time for only a hurried inspection of the insane department. It is a separate building of wood, with a brick basement, and cost the county something over five thousand dollars. It is heated by a furnace in the basement, and water is supplied from a tank in the attic filled by a wind-pump and force-pumps. There are twenty-four cells in the building. The lower story has the cells built back to back, each having a front of wooden bars opening out on the hall, which is well lighted. The upper story has a central hall, with cells on each side. The cells were very small; but they were clean. Only two of the

lunatics were in their cells, and them we did not see; the others were out in their "airing courts" (two small spaces inclosed with a high fence), or in the yard. The girl said that there were but two attendants. They had a comparatively easy time in summer, but when winter came "it was awful!" The doctor inquired what the attendant did when the insane were violent. "I don't know what he does," said the girl, shrugging her shoulders; "knocks 'em down, gives 'em a good thrashing." "That's bad," said the doctor. "What would you have him do?" cried she, — "stand still and be killed? There's hardly a day in winter that some of 'em don't try to do him a mischief. Every once in a while the man comes in with his finger chawed up, or his face scalded with the hot coffee they've throwed at him." Then she showed us the marks on the cells where the insane had beaten their heads against the walls, or gnawed at their bars like wild beasts. Respecting the general condition of the house, the girl said that the men worked in the fields during the warm weather, but there was a lack of work through winter.

We did not see a book or newspaper, nor indeed the slightest means of diverting the mind, not so much as the customary pack of greasy cards. There was no hospital, and the bathing arrangements were most primitive; but, judging from the paupers' aspect, they did not bathe often enough to be troubled by any deficiencies. The keeper, himself, would gladly have had both bath-rooms and a hospital, but the supervisors thought them too expensive. I have no reason to suppose that any cruelty was shown to the sane paupers, or any wanton cruelty to the insane. The keeper's wife and daughters, whom we saw afterward, were neatly dressed, and gave every token of being of a kindly disposition. I believe that they tried hard to make their charges comfortable, and that whatever abuses were apparent were caused in

the main by the construction of the house, which made cleanliness difficult and discipline impossible.

I have entered thus minutely into the details of this picture because it is the picture of the average large rural almshouse through the country; because, moreover, its population is the typical almshouse population everywhere. The popular impression about the pauper class is a queer mixture of indifference and sentimental pity. While not one in a thousand has ever taken the pains to see the inside of an almshouse, there is yet a prevalent idea that almshouses, for the most part, shelter the unhappy and guiltless poor, whom unmerciful disaster has followed fast and followed faster until it has chased them to this last refuge,—people who have come from vine-covered cottages, or tidy rooms up one flight of stairs in tenement houses, with a big Bible on the table and a pot of flowers in the window, or even from luxurious homes desolated by commercial panics. As a matter of fact, the great majority of American indoor paupers belong to what are called the lowest classes, and seek the almshouse not because of unmerciful disaster, but because of very common vices. Between half and two thirds of them are of foreign birth. The best authority, if one wishes to study the habits, ancestry, and history of the indoor pauper, is the report of the New York board upon the subject. Sixty questions, most carefully framed and selected to cover the whole ground, were drawn up for the board, and were (by them or their agents) asked of every adult sane pauper in every almshouse in the State. All possible information, at the same time, was obtained from superintendents, keepers, and records. The report says on this point, "The examination has made it clear that by far the

greater number of paupers have reached that condition by idleness, improvidence, drunkenness, or some form of vicious indulgence. It is equally clear that these vices and weaknesses are very frequently, if not universally, the result of tendencies which are to a greater or less degree hereditary. The number of persons in our poorhouses who have been reduced to poverty by causes outside of their own acts is, contrary to the general impression, surprisingly small."¹

Any one who has visited many almshouses or talked with the men who know most of paupers will recognize the same old story. "Paupers," said a plain-spoken almshouse keeper to a convention of Pennsylvania directors of the poor,— "paupers, though not criminals, are, so far as my knowledge extends, largely from the lower classes of society; most of them being ignorant, and many of them possessed of all the low and mean instincts of human nature, with scarcely a redeeming quality."² The writer once asked the steward of a large city almshouse if he had many persons come to him who had formerly been prosperous, and had, through disease or some other cause not their own fault, been reduced to seek public help. He said, "Never;" then added, "Well, yes, there was one man: he had seven horses, and he was taken sick, and sold one horse after another. And there was another man who was said to have had considerable property, but *he* drank." I asked him if he had many applicants who had been decent, industrious, laboring people, and had come there from any other cause than disease or old age. He answered, emphatically, "Not one." This man spoke from an experience of nineteen years.

Probably, it is a liberal estimate to put down one tenth of the paupers as

to have come (during three generations) 14,901 dependent on public charity, 4968 insane people, 844 idiots, and 8863 drunkards.

² Proceedings of Fourth Convention Directors of the Poor (1873), page 20.

¹ Extract from Report of New York Board relating to Causes of Pauperism, page 196. The meaning of these words may be gathered from a few figures: 2453 of the paupers examined were in families; from these families there were *known*

people deserving of sympathy ; the other nine tenths are in the almshouse because they have not wit enough or energy enough to get into prison. Such people do not have a hard life in the almshouses. The squalor does not disturb men and women who have known nothing else ; the immorality is a temptation ; and even in the worst kept houses there is usually plenty to eat and little to do ; in any case, they have not the heavy and irksome task of thinking for themselves.

The class which suffers at all our almshouses is the class for whom almshouses are presumed to be maintained, the unfortunate and self-respecting poor. A more horrible existence than a modest woman must endure at very many of our almshouses it is impossible to imagine. She lives amid unclean disorder and constant bickering ; she is always hearing oaths and vile talk, the ravings of madmen and the uncouth gibberings of idiots ; she is always seeing scarred and blotched faces and distorted limbs, — hideous shapes such as one encounters in the narrow streets of Italian towns, but which, here, we hide in our almshouses. She is exposed to a hundred petty wrongs ; Mrs. Jens's case, already described, may give the reader an inkling of their nature. Often she is treated with absolute cruelty ; in some almshouses she cannot protect herself from the grossest insults. It is only fair to say that the best almshouses classify their inmates as much as they can, and have hospitals for their sick and infirm. So far as food, lodging, and medical care go, the inmates are comparatively comfortable. Nevertheless, in the best almshouses the worthy poor have to submit to most degrading and irritating associations. Many of the aged have grown old in almshouses, and most of the invalids owe their unhappy fate to their own vices. Such people are neither pleasant nor edifying companions, but they are the companions with whom the inmates

of almshouse hospitals have to live, however spotless their own lives may have been. This difficulty, almshouses being constructed as they are, must baffle the efforts of the wisest and kindest keepers.

Two other classes of paupers were noticeable in the almshouse which I have described, — the insane and the children. With the insane I group the feeble-minded and the epileptic. It is difficult to describe the way in which we treat our insane paupers, because the plainest recital of facts would seem to accuse almshouse officers of revolting barbarity. Yet, in most cases, ignorance and fear are their worst faults. Often the almshouse keeper is forced to use harsh measures, because he has not enough assistants to be gentle. "I don't want to shut them up," is the keeper's indignant plea, "I don't want to chain them ; but I can't have them running round the yard naked, or tearing things to pieces, or pitching into people ! I don't want to be killed, and I don't want anybody else killed ! " Meanwhile, his superiors, the superintendents, or, more often, the county supervisors, have plenty of other work, and take his word for the necessity of chains and dungeons. No public interest spurs the wits of either keeper or superintendent into devising better methods. And thus, within the present century, as almshouses multiplied, there grew up a tradition of torture, — if one may so phrase it, — a belief that the only proper treatment of a lunatic was restraint, and that the one indispensable quality of restraint was completeness ; so clubs, whips, straps, darkness, and starvation supplemented chains and bolts as means to keep lunatics "quiet." The rough-and-ready modes of dealing with the insane practiced in the Illinois almshouse which I have mentioned are but mild expressions of the average almshouse theory. The Boards of Charities, at the outset, found a state of things which belong to the Middle Ages. Let me give a few extracts from

the early reports, dating back, however, no farther than 1873:—

"The condition of those [of the insane] in the county poorhouses and jails," says the first Michigan Report, "is wretched in the extreme. . . . They are generally confined in miserable cells. . . . In many cases they are chained in pens without light or ventilation. In the Eaton County poorhouse we found a woman fastened in a pen of this kind, made in one corner of the cellar. She was put there, not from inhumanity on the part of the officers, but simply because they had no other place to keep her. Inmates are often whipped. In the Lenawee County poorhouse a crazy young man was regularly flogged as a punishment."¹ The sentences which follow, regarding the unprotected condition of insane women, I will not quote; it is enough to say that, at the time of the board's visit, there was in the St. Clair poorhouse an insane woman with two children, both born in the house, the fathers of both being inmates.² Nor was this case uncommon. One miserable woman told the board her shocking story in the presence of the keeper. He merely said, "That's so; but I've no means to separate them."³ Idiots and epileptics fared little better. They seem to have been chained, beaten, imprisoned, and utterly neglected. An epileptic woman in the Lenawee County poorhouse fell into the fire during a fit, and "burned her eyes nearly out." The Ohio board found "the entire system of infirmary management [almshouses are infirmaries in Ohio]"⁴ involved in very general neglect, abuse, and cruelty." The Illinois Reports tell the same repulsive story. Lunatics chained, beaten, starved, shut in dark cells and left there to die, exposed to shameful and

nameless cruelties,—these are the headings of the chapters in the confessions which every State, speaking at all, has made regarding her dealings with the pauper insane. The Wisconsin Board of Charities talk of "boxes" built in the cellar, without light or ventilation;" and say that when the board began their visits the almshouses "were gradually becoming public nuisances and a disgrace to the State."⁵ New York confesses her sins in a score of dreary pamphlets.⁶ Even Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the first States to take pity on their insane poor, could show a large collection of chains, handcuffs, straps, and the like quieting instruments used in their town and city almshouses. I am speaking of a period scarcely more than ten years ago. Since then the different Boards of Charities have wrought a marvelous change in some States, and done good work in all. But they have had to fight against the system itself; and even yet the lot of an insane pauper is a very dismal one.

The last Michigan Report says, "The way the insane are cared for at the county houses, without judgment, without knowledge, . . . is simply shocking." "It would be an act of mercy, in many cases," says the secretary bitterly, "to leave these poor people to starve, rather than keep them alive to drag out an existence which is a living death."⁷ The late Mr. Wines, of the Illinois board, discusses the subject at length: "On this point there is a word to be said on both sides. The amount of personal liberty allowed to insane inmates of most almshouses is worthy of serious attention. . . . They are allowed in all suitable weather to live in the open air; they wander over the farm, unrestricted, and if they are able to work in the field they have useful employment, the want of

¹ Report Michigan Board (1873), pages 60, 61.

² *Ibid.*, page 120.

³ Report Michigan Board (1874), page 46.

⁴ Report Ohio Board (1872) page 50.

⁵ Wisconsin Report (1878).

⁶ See Miss Dix's Report (1847); Report of Com-

mittee appointed by the Legislature, 1867; Address of T. W. Dwight before the American Social Science Association (1870); and early Reports of New York Board.

⁷ Michigan Report (1877-78), page 105.

which is the bane of hospital life. . . . In many almshouses no restraint is employed. . . . So much in favor of the almshouses; but it must now be admitted that these very almshouses are fatally deficient in other conditions, also essential to the treatment of insanity, namely, proper supervision by personal attendants, and proper medical care. It must also be said that many keepers are afraid of insane persons, and this fear begets restraint, often of a cruel sort, — chains, whips, and even the firing of pistols, to intimidate the patients. . . . These extreme measures are not common, but what is common . . . is the building of so-called receptacles for the insane, or insane departments, in which, when there are a number of insane to be cared for, many of them are imprisoned, some even for life, in solitary cells. . . . Many of these insane departments are unfit physically for the occupancy of sane men: imperfectly heated, or not heated at all; not ventilated, often dark, destitute of furniture, sometimes in an outrageously dirty state, filled with foul odors. . . . In a few of the almshouses we have seen cells for the insane in the form of cages, without doors, where the victims are immured beyond the possibility of any entrance of the keeper himself, without tearing down or removing the bars.”¹ Even the best Illinois houses cannot give their insane much personal care. That sentence has a harmless sound; this is what it may imply: In a respectable Illinois almshouse there is a woman “who occupies a large wooden box filled with straw; she will not wear clothes, but is covered with a canvas cloth; is in constant motion; has bruised herself from head to foot, and put out her own eyes.”²

Ohio seems to treat her insane rather worse than Illinois. Looking through her last report, one finds such cases as these:

A man becomes a violent maniac; his neighbors, scared, bind him with cords, put him on a sled, and draw him over the snow to the infirmary. There he is taken to a room without fire, and left through a bitter-cold night; in consequence, he freezes both feet, and one has to be amputated.³ A doctor writes a pathetic letter to the superintendent of an insane asylum, imploring him to admit an epileptic girl, whom her parents dare not send to the infirmary, because of its known immorality. “The family are in a sorrowful condition,” he says, “and if this distress is not alleviated it is my opinion that the mother will be an inmate of an asylum before six months.”⁴ An old man, whose habits are troublesome, falls ill; he is taken to an out-building, and left there; he grows worse, but no doctor is called; at last, one of the paupers informs the county physician, who finds the old man dying; a few hours later he is dead.⁵ A hundred and fifty-six Ohio lunatics and fifty-six epileptics are reported as “secluded,” which rather poetical term means that they are kept in narrow stalls or iron cribs in small outer buildings, usually dark, almost uniformly without drainage or ventilation; and that they are “untended, save as meals are carried to them.”⁶ Others, not in “seclusion,” are “restrained” with handcuffs, chains, and hobbles. But the reader recognizes the old story; there is no need to repeat it. These three States, the most wealthy and populous in the West, may serve as examples of the treatment accorded the pauper insane by the Western States, which have central boards of inspection.

Coming East, one finds a degree of improvement. Yet even Massachusetts cannot show a blameless record. A few hundred crazy people are still kept in her town and city almshouses, and these

¹ Illinois Report (1878), page 217.

² *Ibid.*, page 219.

³ Ohio Report (1879), page 73-75.

⁴ Ohio Report (1879), page 90.

⁵ *Ibid.*, page 80.

⁶ *Ibid.*, page 87.

do not always receive the best of care. Tewksbury almshouse is not without reproach, as the investigation of 1876 showed; and, although improved since then, it has the faults inseparable from large institutions. In comparison with most almshouses it shines like the just. This is the testimony of a man intimately acquainted with Pennsylvania almshouses. "There are some persons," he says, "foolish enough to assert that the insane are just as comfortable and well cared for in an almshouse as in a hospital. Experience proves just the reverse. . . . In some of the very best of institutions there is a lamentable display of ignorance in connection with the management of the insane. . . . Patients are seen confined in narrow corridors, or perhaps exercising in a small yard bounded by high walls. You are struck with the hopeless look which their faces wear. Every now and again you note some poor maniac's face, and wonder how he or she could have inflicted such a variety of cuts and bruises. . . . Patients under restraint are noted everywhere. Upon inquiring, you are told that the bruises, etc., are the result of falls, the patient being subject to fits, and that the restraints are necessary in order to keep the unfortunates from destroying their clothing, injuring themselves or others. All this *may* be true; but how is it that the same things are conspicuous by their absence in hospitals properly arranged?"¹ He speaks of their meagre diet and scant clothing, of the slender attendance, of the gloomy surroundings, but most of all complains of the "almost total absence of employment." The picture is of another sort than those drawn in the Western reports, yet it is hardly less dreary. The Western lunatic is unkempt and neglected, sometimes he is harshly used, but unless he is violent he has the free

air and sunshine one half the year; he has, too, the chance of resting his wandering wits by tiring his muscles. Covert for open abuse, Utica cribs, muffs and strait-jackets for chains, — after all, these are not such great gains. Order and cleanliness *are* great gains, yet they are dearly bought when the patient pays for them with air and sunshine and work. Neither are chains and filthy dungeons quite gone out of fashion in Pennsylvania. Many almshouses still employ them.

What has been said of Pennsylvania applies also to New York. No State has struggled more valorously to provide for her insane poor; but in spite of Willard Asylum, there remain 6456 insane, idiotic, and epileptic paupers, under county and city care. Their condition is often very melancholy. To support this statement I shall not make any quotations from the "horrible disclosures" published periodically in the New York papers; such testimony is always received with suspicion by the sober mind; moreover, it is not needed; official reports, indictments of grand juries, and coroners' verdicts contain proof in plenty. The late reports of the Boards of Charities show that the best county and city almshouses care for their insane in the manner already described; the worst have the familiar dungeon and chain, and the pauper attendants keep order with their whips and their fists. The institutions managed by New York city are as bad as any. Overcrowding; poor food served cold; insufficient clothing; neglect and abuse by the overworked and underpaid attendants; patients dying of scurvy; patients eating rat poison; patients strapped to their beds for days and weeks, until the bones started through the skin, — these are some of the grim facts told of the asylums on Blackwell's, Randall's, and Hart's Island.² The

¹ Letter of R. D. McGonnigle, Clerk of the Directors of the Poor of Allegheny County, Pa., to H. W. Wayland, November 1, 1880.

² New York Report (1880), pages 138-169.

almshouse of Onandago County may serve for an example of the rural ill-treatment of the insane. A newspaper reporter visited the house, and saw and heard enough to furnish materials for a startling article, which roused the public indignation so effectually that the supervisors asked the Board of Charities to help them investigate his charges. I have their report before me. Besides the customary cells, there were some underground dungeons of solid masonry, with concrete floors, without windows, but having a hole in each door large enough for a man to thrust his head through; both cells and dungeons being cold and damp. In summer the supply of water used to give out, although the almshouse authorities wasted very little on the paupers. The keeper of the insane department, O'Connel by name, had been a drunken pauper; he worked very cheap, and was considered a "faithful fellow." To keep his patients quiet he used muffs, chains, dark cells, starvation, blows, and other straightforward arguments of force. His wife was matron. She was accustomed to "mop" the women; once she seized a crazy woman by her hair and flung her to the ground; but the matron of the almshouse testified that she never was "particularly harsh." All the attendants were paupers; they swore at the patients, and talked loudly; it was "a way they had," said the witnesses. Lunatics were shut up in the dark cells for weeks and months at a time. Two men died in these cells; one of them in a dungeon without window or bed. "He wore himself out," said the keeper; "he did n't want to live, and I closed him in there, and he died comfortably."¹ The attendant testified that the man was "a harmless man, not ugly or vicious." The other cell had a window and a bed. Why he was put in the cell at all is not plain; he could not have

excited much fear, since he had lost both arms, and was a mere skeleton, dying of consumption. But, in the language of the attendant, "he was a violent man, did n't appear to know nothing,"² which is the sole explanation given. There is no need of considering the darker charges made against O'Connel; they rest, for the most part, upon the evidence of pauper women, likely enough to avenge his blows by a cunning lie. However, no one who heard the testimony seems to have doubted that the insane suffered cruel hardships. It is only fair to add that the board of supervisors at once discharged the old attendants, and now employ paid attendants and a resident physician. The dungeons have been demolished, the building is heated by steam, and other improvements have been introduced. It is now "the declared policy of the county . . . to retain only the quiet and harmless chronic insane under county care."

Onandago County is not a sinner above all others. In 1878 Washington County poorhouse had a woman chained to a bar. Clinton County kept seventeen lunatics in dark, hot cells, "filthy beyond description;" four of the seventeen being "restrained" further with chains and muffs. Alleghany and Cattaraugus counties used cells very similar; and all over the State chains and handcuffs were found in the almshouses.³ Since then there has been a gradual improvement, or, rather, I should say a gradual abandonment of open violence; but, substantially, the situation remains unchanged.

The foregoing descriptions all apply to the States having Boards of Charities, whose particular vocation is to discover abuses. Naturally, the States where the counties have had their will unchecked do not make so good a showing, — when they make any showing whatever. No

¹ Report on the Insane Asylum of Onandago County (1879), page 27.

² *Ibid.*, page 23.

³ New York Report (1878), pages 243-246, and pages 283-317.

longer ago than 1877, a commission, appointed by the governor of Connecticut to "inquire into the administration of the various charitable appropriations of the State," reported that they had found the insane at Tariffville "in a condition which should shame a savage."¹ At the New Haven almshouse there were fifty-four insane persons, some of them "lying upon loose hay, without much clothing," and sorely in need of care.² I have some local New Hampshire reports, all very complacent in tone, praising the county system, praising the commissioners, praising the almshouse officers, — in fine, praising everything and everybody except the paupers themselves. One finds, however, that the insane are "secluded" and "restrained" in New Hampshire, just as they are in other States. Nor is the attendance more numerous or better trained than elsewhere. When a New Hampshire poorhouse burns down, no one seems to know where the keys to the cells are. This was the case at the Strafford County fire, where thirteen paupers and lunatics perished.

The Middle States, Delaware and New Jersey, have always had a tarnished fame as regards their almshouses. The almshouse at Snake Hill (Hudson County, New Jersey) is periodically abused in the newspapers. The Camden County almshouse is at present being investigated, on charges of cruelty to the insane, resulting in several deaths. A single instance of the barbarities alleged to have been committed will suffice. "One patient became violent, and was strung up in a strait-jacket, and left without any attendant. A patient named Barney got a club, and beat him so terribly that he died."³

The West probably treats her pauper lunatics decently, so far as food and clothing go; otherwise, the States without Boards of Charities seem to be doing

much as the States with boards were doing ten years ago. The South does no better. In the States where the paupers are "boarded out," and auctioned off to the lowest bidder, the insane, as may be supposed, are not desired at any price. Their place is not the almshouse, but the jail. Of their fate I say nothing; but it is sufficiently dreadful. The others "lie and die in corners," tended or untended by the few private families willing to have them about. Where there are almshouses, these miserable beings go to them. What the almshouses are we can only judge from the reports of the State of Maryland, the single Southern State which has systematically investigated the matter. In 1877 John Lee Carroll, then governor, ordered "an inspection of the Maryland public institutions, particularly with reference to their sanitary condition and treatment of the inmates, and the number of the pauper insane who are confined therein at the public expense." The man selected for this arduous and delicate task was the secretary of the Board of Health, Dr. C. W. Chancellor, and he seems to have performed his duties thoroughly and fearlessly. His report revealed a state of things in the almshouses which appalled the very county supervisors. Most of his pages cannot be quoted. I shall try only to give a feeble notion of what he saw, leaving the rest to the reader's imagination. He saw everywhere men and women handcuffed, bound, and chained to the floor; he saw rooms filled with lunatics, weeping, howling, and dancing, unrestrained; he saw the sane and insane men and women all crowded together in the same noisome den; he saw their children deformed in mind and body; he saw, by the light of a candle which, in the broad daylight, he was obliged to use in order to see at all, a haggard, half-clothed woman crouching in the corner of a room so filthy that

¹ Report of Commission, page 20.

² *Ibid.*, page 21.

³ Philadelphia Times, January 8, 1881.

when the door was opened he staggered back, half fainting. Speaking of the almshouses as a whole, Dr. Chancellor said, "In most of these places cleanliness is an unknown luxury ; all is filth and misery, and the most degrading, unrelieved suffering. The inmates, sane and insane, were found, in many instances, huddled together without discrimination of age, sex, or condition, . . . with results shocking to all sense of humanity."¹ And he thus described the condition of the insane: "There are now within the almshouses and jails of our State five hundred insane and idiotic people, who are utterly cast down, neglected, half fed, and ghastly in their wretchedness."² A few figures will speak more plainly than words. Maryland has twenty almshouses. Only six of these, in 1877, appeared to be kept with any regard to cleanliness ; and two of the six had "colored departments," in disgraceful order. More than three fourths of the almshouses were old, dilapidated, and so constructed that any classification of the inmates was out of the question. Thirteen houses kept children whose parents were insane, and whose birth was directly owing to the State's neglect ; indeed, there were only three almshouses quite free from abuses of this shameful character.

The publication of this report was attended with marked results. The supervisors tore down some of their worst almshouses, and built new ones ; they repaired and cleaned the others ; they turned away the old keepers, and gave the new ones stringent instructions ; in short, the almshouses, to use Dr. Chancellor's own words in his last report, became as good as those of any other State "where the same unregenerate system prevails."³ In a few houses the insane are still subject to the same shame and torment ; in none can they receive adequate care. What the Mary-

land almshouses were there is reason to fear most Southern almshouses are. Nor is this unfortunate state of things without great excuse in the poverty of the South, and in the more pressing social problems thrust upon her by the war. North and South alike, our treatment of our pauper insane is open to grave condemnation, quite as much upon economical grounds as any. Even the States having the best public insane asylums send many of their acute cases to the almshouses. The consequence is that they have these patients to support through their lives ; for the vast majority of almshouses have no facilities for curing insanity. Furthermore, only a few almshouses make any account of insane labor, except in the West, and there only during the summer months, and among the milder chronic lunatics. English and French experience shows that insane labor may be used to a much greater extent than most almshouse keepers dream. The difference between the amount of labor which we might and which we do get out of our insane paupers is just so much wasted. The expense of keeping a pauper lunatic is commonly reckoned at a dollar and a half a week, or seventy-eight dollars a year ; it is not a high estimate to call the properly directed labor of a lunatic worth half this sum, and the States not getting this labor lose thirty-nine dollars a year for every lunatic not employed, yet capable of employment. Assume, for instance, that three thousand of New York's six thousand paupers of impaired intellect can work if they may ; the State then pays \$117,000 every year which is worse than thrown away, since it is paid for the deliberate and well-meaning torture of the most miserable class of human beings. A general survey of the whole field makes it appear that our system of caring for the insane is equally cruel, senseless, and wasteful.

¹ Report, page 16.

² Ibid, page 13.

³ Report (1880), page 62.

Another class of paupers was noticeable in the almshouse which I described in the beginning of my article,— I mean the children. They suffer as deeply as the insane, although in a different way. The best institution is a poor home for a child, and most candid men admit that almshouses are among the worst institutions which we have. Rude and blurred as are the foregoing portrayals of almshouse life, I think they show its entire unfitness for any child. None speak more strongly on this subject than the almshouse keepers themselves; and the very mothers of almshouse children realize its degrading influence. I remember the language of a matron of an Iowa almshouse. We were standing together before a feeble-minded girl with her baby in her arms. "Seven of 'em has

been born in this house since I come," said the matron. "I thank God they was all born dead but this one and one other, and I pray God this one may die, too." Then she spoke of a proposed law to take the children out of the almshouses. The girl interrupted her with an eager inquiry: "Will they take my baby away?" "You would n't want him brought up here, yourself, would you?" I asked. She looked up, with a sharp change of expression. "I?" she repeated, passionately. "God knows I would n't! Anywhere else!"

I have thus roughly indicated the general character of the various classes of indoor paupers, and the way in which we treat them. To paint this sorrowful picture in detail would require a wider canvas than I have taken.

Octave Thanet.

A SPRING OPENING.

WHEN does the spring begin? In November, if we credit the witch-hazel; for no sooner has this vernal-hearted creature stripped off her last summer's raiment than she decks herself out in yellow gimps and fringes, seeming to say, through the ominous rustle of falling leaves, "Neighbors, you are all mistaken in giving up and going to sleep. See how thrifty and courageous I am!"

Indeed, throughout the winter, nature's active and crecive principle seems never held wholly in abeyance. From time to time, some precocious member of a dormant family, plant or animal, may be observed awake and stirring, as one who, having much on hand to accomplish, makes an early start by candle-light. The ground-hog is probably not the only cave-dwelling worthy gifted with meteorological second-sight. The sleeping earth divines.

I have always wondered at the remarkable presumption of the almanac-makers in furnishing us with a timetable showing the arrivals and departures of the seasons. They quarter the year by means of equinoxes and solstices, and we good-humoredly accept the arbitrary divisions. The only difficulty is the great number and frequency of nature's movable festivals, which no statistician can tabulate, the order being completely changed from year to year. It takes the united skill and experience of Old Probabilities, the naturalist, and the poet to run the line of survey exact between winter and spring. The frontier is constantly shifting. A few days of sunshine push it forward many leagues in favor of spring; but the north wind, making a brisk assault from behind its icy intrenchments, repels the invasion, and reconquers the disputed territory for winter.

It is still February. You may treat it as *Dies Februatus*, day of purification and sacrifice ; or, as the merry month of Sprout Kele, following the faintly hopeful suggestion of the old Saxon calendar. The long snow has retreated under-ground, or is fast being carried off by numerous plethoric streams, yellow and seething as torrents of lava lately spilled from some volcano crater, presumably not far away. The earth everywhere looks shriveled and mummy-like, giving us the impression that the ceremonies have been folded back prematurely, or that the miracle of resurrection lags far behind the hour appointed. Last year's crisp leaves take spasmodic flights, like bits of paper blown about in the electric current. They sail so high, one might fancy they drifted into the folds and creases of the ragged, low-lying clouds that characterize February's sky. In yonder corn-fields the pumpkin vines lie scattered about in withered festoons ; suggesting that the Lernean snake may have been captured there, dispatched, and left to dry away in the sunshine. Some trees in the orchard still bear a remnant of their last year's fruitage : there are your cold, frost-baked apples ; there your cider, well mulled and warranted not to intoxicate. Here are black walnuts, fantastically mined out by the squirrels, reminding one of the ingenious knick-knacks carved of bone or other material by soldiers in prison. These shells would now do to string for a rustic rosary, on which to bead our prayers to the sylvan deity. Here is a sparrow's nest, plucked from its branch and thrown away by the wind as a thing capable of no more service. It interests us as some abandoned cabin on the edge of the wilderness might. Any tenement that has once sheltered a family, bird's brood or man's brood, has for us a certain pathetic suggestiveness ; we hate to see the old homestead given over to destruction. This "cottage in a tree," on examination, proves to have

been built almost entirely of dandelion down (of which there was abundance early last spring), strengthened by a few long tough grasses, answering for king-posts and tie-beams.

As soon as the snow is off I find in the orchard evidence of extensive agricultural operations, that have been carried on all winter under cover of the deep snow-drifts. I know the husbandman who scooped out these primitive looking furrows. He is, in himself, a most curious piece of combination machinery, his nose being a natural plow-share, and his fore-arm a natural spade. He may be characterized as the original Autochthon, being earth of the earth, — a clod, with a little instinct superadded. He is known by hearsay as the mole. Rare are the glimpses one may have of this shy groundling ! The field of his operations is scarcely less ambitious than that which Kubla Khan inclosed for the site of his pleasure-house : —

"Twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round."

If you lay open the soil, thinking to follow his trail, you will be surprised at the great number of turns he has made, — to the right, to the left, back again upon his traces, — until you find one deep bore which descends, apparently, to the nadir. If your excavating tools are good enough, and your patience is also good, you may come upon him comfortably dozing in the penetralia of the earth.

There is likewise architectural evidence above-ground of the hibernation of his neighbor, the field-mouse. That low grass thatch, looking precisely like the geographical picture of a Hottentot house, is his. Thrust your fingers through the front door and gently lift off the roof, and you will see as cosy a domicile as ever sheltered a feathered biped. It would seem that this obscure citizen of the earth had some time been to school to the wren or sparrow, so nest-like are the structure and appoint-

ments of his sleeping-chamber. I never found much else in his larder than a few apple seeds, — small indication, indeed, of riotous living. A good many well-riddled apples lying in the path of his explorations suggested that he had been living on the vegetarian plan through the winter.

The season advances. The day is lengthened perceptibly. Yesterday, this meadow was winter's camping-ground. To-day, a few barracks, shreds of canvas, and broken bits of ammunition (frozen drifts in fence corners and hollows) remain to speak of his occupancy. The sun and the south wind have been this way together, and after them comes the rain, obliterating these last vestiges of the flying winter.

A few days more of gentle weather, and we see little irregular paths of green winding everywhere about the pastures; these paths mark the route taken by Spring on her first stolen, invisible round. After a while, there will be no spot of ground her quickening feet have not touched.

For the first sure indications of reviving life, consult not the bud on the tree, but put yourself *en rapport* with the soil. Strip off the sodden leaves, which are the patchwork quilt nature spreads over her babes in the wood. A legion seedlings stretch their whitish-green arms about the mould. Vegetable crustaceans they are, extending their tentacles in search of food. Great mother! if these bantlings of the oak, the beech, and the maple squirm and twist, and find their cradles too short and too narrow, what will become of them by and by, when they require more room for exercise and more abundant nutrition? Wherewithal will you feed and clothe them? Think of the vast prairies, where you have n't the shadow of a tree! Consider if you cannot transplant some of this surplus population in its infancy.

The old trees, I see, have recorded

another year, letting out their tough bark girdles to accommodate the new layer of muscle and adipose. The sap now takes to its capillary ladders, climbing slowly, slowly; encouraged if the sun shine, faltering and retreating with every relapse of keen weather. What an Odyssey it has to accomplish, from the roots of the tree to the last bud on the outermost twig!

Who will read us the idyl of The Sugar Bush? Let us hear no more of the honey of Hybla, or the cates that Hebe and Ganymede serve up to the Olympians! Shakespeare may have meant the spring harvest of the maple when he said, —

“Why then comes in the sweet o' the year,
And the red blood reigns in the winter's pale!”

This is the only tree we have that “sweats honey.” Into its veins, as into the veins of heroes, the gods have infused ambrosia. Had the maple been indigenous in Greece, there would have been a special myth regarding it, a special custodian appointed to watch over the sacred grove. Perhaps Pan would have figured as the first sap-gatherer, the first refiner of sugar. The legend would then have run thus: Pan taught the Arcadians to pierce the forest maple, opening its veins with sharp steel, and in the mouth of the wound inserting the reed which he was wont to blow upon; through this the immortal ichor of the tree distilled, drop by drop, into a pitcher of wreathen gold and silver, lent by the wondering Bacchantes, who stood near with Silenus, nearly astonished into soberness. Pan then built a fire of sere wood, and having poured the immortal ichor into a vessel of iron steeped it for many hours, obtaining a honey-sweet, heart-easing cordial, of which many gods and mortals partook with great delight.

There is telegraphy in the air nowadays; hourly, momentary, messages flying between the busy rural genii. These messages may be “taken off” at

any station along the route where there is a practiced operator, an intelligent and sympathetic ear. One hears of the mysterious trysts kept between botany and zoölogy, — of plants waking up by alarm-clocks, and of birds traveling by midnight express, on receipt of expected dispatches from head-quarters. I occasionally hear Flora and Fauna exchanging the compliments of the season, and such pleasant gossip as naturally results from their near neighborly relations: —

Fauna. I have just sent a minnow up the creek.

Flora. I've been blossoming out a pussy willow there by the bank.

[And after an interval:]

Fauna. I venture a bluebird.

Flora. Good. I'll risk a blue violet in the south meadow.

[And still later:]

Fauna. If you listen, this evening, you will hear a frog in the marsh.

Flora. To-morrow I shall send you a basket of cowslips.

Fauna. Thanks. I am just starting out a hive of bees. Would you like them to scatter pollen?

There is no cessation of this correspondence throughout the season. The mutual consent and joint plannings of the two friendly goddesses are everywhere observable. It is to be noticed that for every bird that becomes whist and moping, after the height of summer is passed, some plant will be found putting on sackcloth and ashes, and absenting itself from Flora's court for the rest of the year.

Severe and protracted as the winter may have been, the three chief pioneer birds, robin, song-sparrow, and bluebird, do not vary a week in their arrivals, spring after spring. How curiously elate the first robin is! *Qui vive? Qui vive?* he whistles from the maple tops, on the morning following his return. His song is the same as the thrush sang to the poet Keats, on a spring morning, sixty years ago: —

"Oh, fret not after knowledge! I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
Oh, fret not after knowledge! I have none,
And yet the evening listens."

He seems as one prepared to take all weather risks. His well-feathered plumpness readily suggests that he has made it a point to build up a good physique against the initial hardships of a spring campaign on the shores of Lake Erie. Does he return to his quarters of last year, — his substantial *adobe* house in the fork of the apple-tree? A friend of mine reports finding a robin's nest with basement, ground-floor, and chamber, three successive stories of good solid mason-work, built in as many successive springs, the last story only being tenanted the current season. Whether this stronghold was in the possession of the original line of builders could not be determined.

The bluebird arrives but little later than the robin, if, indeed, he does not come by the same train. Ah, the bluebird's warble! If any bird is specially commissioned by Heaven to spread the spring evangel, it is he. Yet, like the Ariel spirit that he is, there is, at first, a touch of ventriloquism in his voice. To fix his whereabouts, we look not only "before and after," but overhead, and in the bushes, and along the grass, and see him not — at first. If he "bears the sky on his back," as Thoreau thought, it must be the sky of Italy; the heavens are never so blue over this region of the earth. There is red enough on his breast to have distinguished him as a red-breast, had it not been for the more pronounced azure of his wings.

Cold as the morning was yesterday I could hear the song-sparrow practicing his first matins for the year. No wonder his song has been compared to the tinkling of bells! A more vibrating, resonant quality there is not in the whole choir of native-bird voices. His ditty consists of three short introductory

notes (embodying the theme or motive, perhaps); these three notes translating themselves, to my ear, in the syllables "sweet, sweet, sweet," with a drawing in of the breath each time, followed by a bewildering succession of delicious tintinnabulations. From the song-sparrow's manner of perching and addressing himself as to the auditorium, I cannot help thinking that he has been in training for the lyric stage. Not long since, I was present at a musical duel, — not between the poet and nightingale, but between two song-sparrows, both distinguished professionals. They were exchanging "alternate strains," after the style of Tityrus and Melibœus. Tityrus was close by, on the low branch of a willow; Melibœus at some distance, in a wild-cherry tree. The former I could both see and hear to good advantage. When he had sung through his part, he stopped, and, with head cunningly askance, listened to his rival's performance; paying the most jealous attention, and, meanwhile, revolving some new felicity of his own. Each time he slightly varied the cadence, winding up with a piquant little crotchet, as who should say, "Can you outdo that, I wonder?" The duel grew more animated with every bout, until the performers, forgetting the etiquette of competition, sung the "rests," ineffectually trying to put each other out. A third voice could then be distinguished, — probably that of the moderator, or judge, who held the wager.

That long, clear, cool note, like the arc described by a bright new sickle, — that's the meadow-lark! I know well the springy pasture where he hunts his breakfast, the wind-cripsed pools where he sometimes dips his bill. His coming is not long delayed after the middle of March. The blackbird is his contemporary. I saw a whole flock of daring blackbirds careering above the gusty woods in the March gale. They seemed to be exercising their speed and agility

in one of the heroic games of the air. When they reached a goal, or station, in the top of some high tree, they disposed themselves about the branches like so many weather-vanes, all facing in the same direction, and all indicating the south-southwest. This was practically "trimming to the wind." Their note, at that time, sounded very much like the creaking of overlapping branches swayed by the wind. Further on the blackbird has learned a new repertory, full of rippling pleasantness, well illustrating "the thrilling liquidity of dewy piping."

This April has some lovely exotic days, borrowed from the Indian summer, and applied on account of some April weather in last October. The fall and spring have many meteorological phases in common. We have now the same luminous white skies, the same drowsy luxury in the atmosphere, with heat waves over the distant fields, that were characteristic of the Indian summer. The tawny and crimson inflorescence of maples and other early-budding trees contributes to the autumnal glamour of the picture. Except for the greenness of the grass and a certain *verve* and freshness within our hearts, we might imagine we were drifting up the source of the year, to find the summer by way of October and September. But the spring is here. There is nothing dead or inorganic to be seen. The maple brush left by the choppers last winter is bourgeoning out, in cheerful unconsciousness that its veins are cut off from the arterial supply. The log rotting in the woods, if it puts forth no new life in kind, at least supports a lusty growth of ferns and mosses. Who knows how much stubborn rock went to mill, last winter, to be ground up into good fertile soil? Who knows but the very stones are softening, continually growing more tenable to the feet of such poor humble plants as are disposed to take up their abode with them? I

should not be surprised to hear that nature herself was the Pyrrha who, surviving the deluge, and casting stones behind her to repeople the earth, saw them assume organic life and form. The earth breathes freely once more, respiring vapor and gnats from the fresh-turned soil; and as the farmer goes back and forth, plowing out the old legend of Boustrophedon, he is followed by the robin and blackbird, diligently grub-hunting. They may well chuckle to themselves, and claim priority in the profits of tillage; in their view of the question, man's harvest is only after-math.

How luxurious is the feeling of the dew in the first moist April nights! The sharp-eyed winter stars are all gone under the west. No more hurling of frost javelins and jagged meteor lances, but, instead, the soft descent of humid beams that have been filtered through the same sieve that strains the dew. If you require an additional proof of the season's settled good faith, if you would have the spring well indorsed, walk under the trees, this evening, and observe if anything forbids your progress. Nothing but a slight ticklish thread stretched across your eyelids, like the gentlest premonition of sleep. That will do. That is the spider's indorsement of the spring. When she harnesses her loom, and begins her season's weaving, you may be sure she has had favorable advices from the head weather clerk.

May-day! The woods and meadow borders are full of wild flowers; claytonia, cress, adder-tongue, violet, buttercup, sweet-william, liverwort, crane's-bill, bloom and flow together in rich chromatic confusion. The trillium hangs

over the dark pool, with the melancholy grace of Narcissus worshipping his shadow. The viburnum (very fitly nick-named hobble-bush) reaches up its scraggy, hands, with a few scant cymes of very pretty white flowers. Notice that the spring wears in her cap no feverish or radical color; carnation and Tyrian purple are reserved for the gaudy decking of the latter summer. A few forward shrubs have, by this time, put out a sparse leafage, still creased and crinkled, and of small vitality (like butterflies just emerged from the chrysalis). The air that circulates through the branches seems to have gathered chlorophyll by contact with the leaves, and the sunshine passing into their medium becomes a bright green flame. The gentle race of zephyrs has sprung up again. The wind has a changed articulation; no longer breathing out "hollow oes and aes," as when it had full sweep through the naked frames of the trees, but breaking into a thousand petty symphonies, in its wanderings among the leaves.

In the spring of the year, when the spirit of beauty enters into so many earthly tabernacles, we return to the ancient pantheism. Naiads, fauns, oreads, hamadryads, — the whole sylvan community are once more accessible and social. The wood nymph, who taught King Numa the elements of science, letters, and political economy, and who has outlived a thousand Numas, graciously consents to take us into her tuition. The school-house is large and airy; the textbooks are latest editions, in most legible typography; matriculation fees — nothing. Let us attend. It promises better than the Summer School of Philosophy.

BERGEN DAYS.

THE hardest way to go to Norway is by way of the North Sea. It is two days' and two nights' sail from Hull to Bergen; and two days and two nights on the North Sea are nearly as bad as two days and two nights on the English Channel would be. But the hardest way is the best way, in this as in so many other things. No possible approach to Norway from the Continent can give one the sudden characteristic impression of Norway sea and shore which he gets as he sails up the Stavanger Fjord, and sees the town of Stavanger looking off from its hill-side over the fleets of island and rock that lie moored in its harbor.

At first sight it seems as if there were no Norway coast at all, only an endless series of islands beyond islands, never stayed by any barrier of main-land; or as if the main-land itself must be being disintegrated from its very centre outwards, breaking up and crumbling into pieces. Surely, the waters, when they were commanded to stay from off the earth, yielded the command but a fragmentary obedience so far as this region was concerned.

The tradition of the creation of Norway seems a natural outgrowth of the place,—the only way, in fact, of accounting for the lay of the land. The legend declares that Norway was made last, and in this wise: On the seventh day, while God was resting from his labors, the devil, full of spite at seeing so fair a world, hurled into the ocean a gigantic rock,—a rock so large that it threatened to break the axis of the universe. But the Lord seized it, and fixed it firm in place, with its myriad jutting points just above the waters. Between these points he scattered all the earth he had left; nothing like enough to cover the rock, or to make a respectable con-

tinental,—only just enough to redeem spots here and there, and give man a foot-hold on it. The fact that forty per cent. of the whole surface of Norway is over three thousand feet above the sea is certainly a corroboration of this legend.

This island fringe gives to the coast of Norway an indefinable charm,—the charm of endless maze, vista, expectation, and surprise; lure, also, suggestion, dim hint, and reticent revelation, like a character one cannot fathom, and behavior one can never reckon on. Though the ship sail in and out of the labyrinths never so safely and quickly, fancy is always busy at deep-sea soundings; bewildered by the myriad shapes, and half conscious of a sort of rhythm in their swift, perpetual change, as if they, and not the ship, were gliding. The vivid verdure on them in spots has more the expression of something momentarily donned and worn than of a growth. It seems accidental and decorative, flung on suddenly; then, again, soft, thick, inexhaustible, as if the islands might be the tops of drowned forests.

Stavanger is one of the most ancient towns in Norway. It looks as if it were one of the most ancient in the world; its very brightness, with its faded red houses, open windows, and rugged pavements, being like the color and smile one sees sometimes on a cheerful, wrinkled old face. The houses are packed close together, going up-hill as hard as they can; roofs red tiled; gable ends red tiled, also, which gives a droll eyebrow effect to the ends of the houses, and helps wonderfully to show off pretty faces just beneath them, looking out of windows. All the windows open in the middle, outwards, like shutters; and it would not be much risk to say that there is not a window-sill in all Stavanger

without flowers. Certainly, we did not see one in a three hours' ramble. From an old watch-tower, which stands on the top of the first sharp hill above the harbor, is a sweeping offlook, seaward and coastward, to north and south: long promontories, green and curving, with low red roofs here and there, shot up into relief by the sharp contrast of color; bays of blue water breaking in between; distant ranges of mountains glittering white; thousands of islands in sight at once. Stavanger's approach strikes Norway's key-note with a bold hand, and old Norway and new Norway meet in Stavanger's market-place. An old cathedral, the oldest but one in the country, looks down a little inner harbor, where lie sloops loaded with gay pottery of shapes and colors copied from the latest patterns out in Staffordshire. These are made by peasants many miles away, on the shores of the fjords: bowls, jars, flower-pots, jugs, and plates, brown, cream-colored, red, and white; painted with flowers, and decorated with Grecian and Etruscan patterns in simple lines. The sloop decks are piled high with them, — a gay show, and an odd enough freight to be at sea in a storm. The sailors' heads bob up and down among the pots and pans, and the salesman sits flat on the deck, lost from view, until a purchaser appears. Miraculously cheap this pottery is, as well as fantastic of shape and color; one could fit out his table, off one of these crockery sloops, for next to nothing. Along the wharves were market-stands of all sorts: old women selling fuchsias, myrtles, carrots and cabbages, and blueberries, all together; piles of wooden shoes, too, — clumsy things, hollowed out of a single chunk of wood, shaped like a Chinese junk keel, and coarsely daubed with black paint on the outside; no heel to hold them on, and but little toe. The racket made by shuffling along on pavements in them is amazing, and "down at the heel" becomes a phrase of new sig-

nificance, after one has heard the thing done in Norway.

Just outside the market-place we came upon our first cariole; it was going by like the wind, drawn by a little Norwegian pony, which seemed part pincushion, part spaniel, part fat snow-bird, and the rest pony, with a shoe-brush, bristles up, for a mane. Such goodwill in his trot, and such a sense of honor and independence in the wriggle of his head, and such affectionateness all over him, no wonder the Norwegians love such a species of grown-up useful pet dogs. Hardy they are, and, if they choose, swift; obey voices better than whips, and would rather have bread than hay to eat, at any time of day. The cariole is a kind of compressed sulky, open, without springs; the narrow seat, narrow even for one person, set high up on elastic wooden shafts, which rest on the axle-tree at the back, and on a sort of saddle piece in front. The horse is harnessed very far forward in the low thills, and has the direct weight on his shoulders. A queerer sight than such a vehicle as this, coming at a Norwegian pony's best rate towards you, with a pretty Norwegian girl driving, and standing up on the cross-piece behind her a handsome Norwegian officer, with his plumed head above hers, bent a little to the right or left, and very close, lovers of human nature in picturesque situations need not wish to see. Less picturesque, and no doubt less happy for the time being, but no less characteristic, was the first family we saw in Stavanger taking an airing; a square wooden box for a wagon, — nothing more than a vegetable bin on wheels. This held two large milk cans, several bushels of cabbages, four children, and their mother. The father walked sturdily beside the wagon, his head bent down, like his pony's; serious eyes, a resolute mouth, and a certain look of unjoyous content marked him as a good specimen of the best sort of Norwegian

peasant. The woman and the children wore the same look of unjoyous and unmirthful content; silent, serious, satisfied, they all sat still among the cabbages. So solemn a thing is it to be born in latitude north. Had those cabbages grown in the Campagna, the man would have been singing, the woman laughing, and the young ones rolling about in the cart like kittens.

From Stavanger to Bergen is a half day's sail: in and out among islands, promontories, inlets, rocks; now wide sea on one hand, and rugged shore on the other; now a very archipelago of bits of land and stone flung about in chaotic confusion, on all sides. Many of the islands are nothing but low beds of granite, looking as if it were in flaky slices like mica, or else minutely roughened and stippled, as if it had cooled suddenly from a tremendous boil. Some of these islands have oases of green in them; tiny red farm-houses, sunk in hollows, with narrow settings of emerald around them; hand's-breadth patches of grain here and there, left behind as from some harvest, which the hungry sea is following after to glean. No language can describe the fantastic, elusive charm of this islet and rocklet universe: half sadness, half cheer, half lonely, half teeming, altogether brilliant and brimming with beauty; green land, gray rock, and blue water, surging, swaying, blending, parting, dancing together, in stately and contagious pleasure. On the north horizon rise grand snow-topped peaks; broad blue bays make up into the land walled by mountains; snow fjelds and glaciers glitter in the distance; and waterfalls, like silver threads, shine from afar on the misty clouds. At every new turn is a hamlet or house, looking as if it had just crept into shelter; one solitary boat moored at the base of its rock, often the only token of a link kept with the outer world.

The half day's sail from Stavanger to Bergen is all like this, except that

after one turns southward into the Bergen Fjord the mysterious islanded shores press closer, and the hill shores back of them rise higher, so that expectancy and wonder deepen moment by moment, till the moment of landing on Bergen's water rim. "Will there be carriages at the wharf?" we had asked of the terrible stewardess who had tyrannized over our ship for two days, like a French Revolution fishwoman. "Carriages!" she cried, with her arms akimbo. "The streets in Bergen are so steep carriages can't drive down them. The horses would tumble back on the carriage," — a purely gratuitous fiction on her part, for what motive it is hard to conceive. But it much enhanced the interest with which we gazed at the rounding hills, slowly hemming us in closer and closer, and looking quite steep enough to justify the stewardess's assertion. By clocks, it was ten o'clock at night; by sky, about dawn, or just after sunset; by air, atmosphere, light, no time which any human being ever heard named or defined. There is nothing in any known calendar of daylight, twilight, or nightlight which is like this Norway interval between two lights. It is weird, bewildering, disconcerting. You don't know whether you are glad or sorry, pleased or scared; whether you really can see or not; whether you'd better begin another day's work at once, or make believe it is time to go to bed.

If somebody would invent a word which should bear the same interesting, specific, and intelligible relation to light and dark that "amphibious" does to land and water, it would be, in describing Norway twilight, of more use than all the rest of the English language put together. Perhaps the Norwegians have such a word. I think it highly probable they have, and I wish I knew it.

In this strange illuminated twilight, we landed on the silent Bergen wharf. The quay was in shadow of high warehouses. A few nonchalant and leisurely

men and boys were ambling about ; custom-house men, speaking the jargon of their race, went through the farce of appearing to ransack our luggage. Our party seemed instantaneously to have disintegrated, in the half darkness, into odds and ends of unassorted boxes and people, and it was with gratitude as for a succession of interpositions of a superior and invincible power that we finally found ourselves together again in one hotel, and decided that, on the whole, it was best to go to bed, in spite of the light, because, as it was already near midnight, it would very soon be still lighter, and there would be no going to bed at all.

The next day, we began Bergen by driving out of it (a good way always, to begin a place). No going out of Bergen eastward or westward except straight up skyward, so steep are the slopes. Southward the country opens by gentler ascents, and pretty country houses are built along the road for miles, — all of wood, and of light colors, with much fantastic carving about them ; summer-houses perched on the terraces, among lime, birch, and ash trees. One which we saw was in octagon shape, and had the roof thick sodded with grass, which waved in the wind. The eight open spaces of the sides were draped with bright scarlet curtains, drawn away tight on each side, making a Gothic arch line of red at each opening. It looked like somebody's gay palanquin set down to wait.

Our driver's name was Nils. He matched it : short, sturdy, and good-natured ; red cheeks and shining brown eyes. His ponies scrambled along splendidly, and stopped to rest whenever they felt like it, — not often, to be sure, but they had their own way whenever they did, and were allowed to stand still. Generally they put their heads down and started off of their own accord in a few seconds ; occasionally Nils reminded them by a chuckle to go on.

There is no need of any society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Norway. The Norwegian seems to be instinctively kind to all beasts of bondage. At the foot of steep hills is to be seen everywhere the sign, " Do not forget to rest the horses." The noise Nils made when he wished to stop his ponies gave us a fright, the first time we heard it. It is the drollest sound ever invented for such a use : a loud call of rolling *r*'s ; an ingenious human parody on a watchman's rattle ; a cross between a bellow and a purr. It is universal in Norway, but one can never become accustomed to it unless he has heard it from infancy up.

The wild and wooded country through which we drove was like parts of the northern hill country of New England : steep, stony hills ; nooks full of ferns ; bits of meadow in sunlight and shadow, with clover, and buttercups, and bluebells, and great mossy boulders ; farm-houses snuggled down in hollows to escape the wind ; lovely dark tarns, with pond-lilies afloat, just too far from the shore for arms to reach them. Only when we met people, or when the great blue fjord gleamed through the trees below us, did we know we were away from home. It is a glory when an arm of the sea reaches up into the heart of a hill country, so that men may sail to and from mountain bases. No wonder that the Vikings went forth with the passion of conquering, and yet forever returned and returned, with the passion of loving their "*gamle Norge*."

When we came back to the inn, we were invited into the landlady's own parlor, and there were served to us wine and milk and sweet tarts, in a gracious and simple hospitality. The landlady and her sister were beautiful old ladies, well past sixty, with skins like peaches, and bright eyes and quick smiles. High caps of white lace, trimmed with sky-blue ribbons, and blue ostrich feathers laid on them like wreaths above the fore-

head, gave to their expression a sort of infantile elegance which was bewitching in its unworldliness; small white shawls thrown over their shoulders, and reaching only just below the belt, like those worn by old Quaker women, corroborated the simplicity of the blue ribbons, and added to the charm. They had all the freshness and spotlessness of Quakers, with color and plumes added; a combination surely unique of its kind. One of these old ladies was as gay a chatterer as if she were only seventeen. She had not one tooth in her mouth; but her mouth was no more made ugly by the absence of teeth, as are most old women's mouths, than a baby's mouth is made ugly by the same lack. The lips were full and soft and red; her face was not wrinkled; and when she talked and laughed and nodded, the blue ostrich feathers bobbing above, she looked like some sort of miraculous baby, that had learned to talk before "teething."

Her niece, who was our only interpreter, and was too shy to use quickly and fluently even the English she knew, was in despair at trying to translate her. "It is too much, too much," she said. "I cannot follow; I am too far behind," and she laughed as heartily as her aunt. The old lady was brimful of stories: she had known Bergen, in and out, for half a century, and forgotten nothing. It was a great pleasure to set her going, and get at her narrative by peeps, as one sees a landscape through chinks in a fence, when one is whirling by in a railway train. One of her best stories was of "the man who was brought back from the dead by coffee."

It seemed that when she was young there lived in Bergen three old women, past whose house an eccentric old bachelor used to walk every day at a certain hour. When he came back from his walk, he always stopped at their house and drank a cup of coffee. This he had done for a great many years. "He was their watch to tell the time by," and

when he first passed the house they began to make the coffee, that it should be ready on his return. At last he fell ill and died, and two of these old women were hired to sit up one night and watch the corpse. It is the custom in Norway to keep all dead bodies one week before burial, if not in the house where they have died, then in the chapel at the grave-yard. "When we do die on a Wednesday, we shall not be buried till another Wednesday have come," said the niece, explaining this custom.

These old women were sitting in the room with the corpse, talking and sipping hot coffee together, and saying how they should miss him; that never more would he go by their house and stop to get his coffee.

"At any rate, he shall taste the coffee once more," said one of them, and she put a spoonful of the hot coffee into the corpse's lips, at which the old gentleman stirred, drew a long breath, and began to lift himself up, upon which the women uttered such shrieks that the city watchman, passing by, broke quickly into the house, to see what was the matter. Entering the room, he found the watchers senseless on the floor, and the corpse sitting bolt upright in his coffin, looking around him, much bewildered. "And he did live many years after that time, — many, many years. My aunt did know him well," said the niece.

Other of her stories were of the sort common to the whole world, — stories of the love, sorrow, tragedy, mystery, which are inwoven in the very warp and woof of human life; the same on the bleak North Sea coast as on bright Southern shores. It seemed, however, a little more desolate to have lived in the sunless North seventy years of such life as had been dealt to one Bergen woman, who had but just passed away. Seventy years she had lived in Bergen, the last thirty alone, with one servant. In her youth she had been

beautiful ; and when she was still little more than a child had come to love very dearly the eldest son in a neighbor's house. Their parents were friends ; the young people saw each other without restraint, familiarly, fondly, and a great love grew up between them. They were suffered to become betrothed, but for some unassigned reason their marriage was forbidden. For years they bore with strange patience their parents' apparently capricious decision. At last the blow fell. One of the fathers, lying at the point of death, revealed a terrible secret. This faithful betrothed man and woman were own brother and sister. The shame of two homes, the guilt of two unsuspected wrong-doers, was told ; the mystery was cleared up, and more than one heart broken. Bitter as was the grief of the two betrothed, who could now never wed, there must have been grief still more terrible in the hearts of those long ago wedded, and so long deceived. The father died as soon as he had confessed the guilty secret. The young man left Norway, and died in some far country. The girl lived on, — lived to be seventy, — alone with her sorrow and disgrace.

Two other Bergen lovers had had better fate. Spite of fathers and mothers who had forbidden them to meet, it fell out for them to be safely married, one night, in the very teeth of the closest watching. The girl was permitted to go, under the escort of a faithful man-servant, to a wedding dance at a friend's house. The man-servant was ordered to stand guard at the door, till the dance was over ; if the lover appeared, the girl was to be instantly taken home. Strange oversight, for parents so much in earnest as that, to forget that houses have more than one door ! When the mirth was at its height, the girl stole away by the back door, and fled to her lover. At length the dance was over, and the guests were leaving ; anxiously the faithful servitor, who had never once left

the doorstep, looked for his young mistress. The last guest departed ; his mistress did not appear. In great terror he entered ; the house was searched in vain ; no one knew when she had taken her leave. Trembling, he ran back to the father with the unwelcome news ; and both going in hot haste to the lover's house, there they found the two young people sitting gay and happy over cake and wine, with the excellent clergyman who had that very hour made them man and wife.

The old lady had a firm and unalterable belief in ghosts, as indeed she had some little right to have, one was forced to admit, after hearing her stories. " And could you believe that after a man is dead he should be seen again as if he were alive ? " said the niece. " My aunt is so sure, so sure she have seen such ; also my aunt's sister, they did both did see him."

At one time the two sisters hired a house in Bergen, and lived together. In one of the upper halls stood a small trunk, which had been left there by a sailor, in payment of a debt he had owed to the owner of the house. One day, in broad daylight, there suddenly appeared, before the younger sister, the shape of a man in sailor's dress. He walked toward her, holding out a paper. She spoke to him wonderingly, asking what he wanted. At the sound of her voice he vanished into thin air. She fainted, and was for some weeks seriously ill. A few months later, the same figure appeared in the bedroom of the elder sister (the old lady who told these stories). He came in the night, and approached her bed holding out a white paper in his hands. " My aunt say she could cut the shape in paper like the hat he wore on his head ; she did see it so plain to-day as she have seen it then, and it shall be fifty years since he did come by her bed. She was so scared she would not have the trunk of the sailor to stand in the house longer ; and after

the trunk had gone away he did come no more to their house."

Another instance of this ghost-seeing was truly remarkable, and not so easily explained by any freak of imagination. Walking, one day, in a public garden, with a friend, she saw coming down the path toward them a singular old woman in a white night-cap and short white bed-gown, — both very dirty. The old woman was tossing her arms in the air, and behaving so strangely that she thought she must be drunk, and turned laughingly to her friend, about to say, "What can be the matter with this old woman?" when, to her surprise, she saw her friend pale, fainting, ready to fall to the ground. She seized her in her arms, called for help, and carried her to a seat. On returning to consciousness, her friend exclaimed, "It was my mother! It was my mother!" The mother had been dead some months, had always worn in her illness this white cotton night-cap and short bed-gown, and had been, it seemed, notoriously untidy.

"Now my aunt did never see that old woman in all her life," continued the niece. "So what think you it was, in that garden, that both them did see the same thing at one time? And my aunt's friend she get so very sick after that, she were sick in bed for a long time. My aunt will believe always she did see the mother's ghost; and she says she have seen a great many more that she never tells to anybody."

All this ghost-seeing has not sobered or saddened the old lady a whit, and she looks the last person in the world to whom sentimental or mischief-making spirits would be likely to address themselves: but there is certainly something uncanny, to say the least of it, in these experiences of hers.

One of the most novel pleasures in Bergen is old-silver hunting. There are shops where old silver is to be bought in abundance and at dear prices: old belts,

rings, slides, buttons, brooches, spoons, of quaint and fantastic styles, some of them hundreds of years old. But the connoisseur in old-silver hunting will not confine his search for treasures to the large shops on the thoroughfares. He will roam the city, keeping a sharp eye for little boxes tucked up on walls of houses, far down narrow lanes and by-ways, — little boxes with glass sides, and a silver spoon or two, or an old buckle or brooch, shining through. This is the sign that somewhere in that house he will come on a family that has tucked away in some closet a little box of old silver that they will sell. Often they are workers in silver in a small way; have a counter in the front parlor, and a tiny work-room opening out behind, where they make thin silver spoons with twisted handles, and brooches with dangling disks and crosses, such as all the peasant women wear to-day, and a hundred years hence their grandchildren will be selling to English and American travelers as "old silver." The next century, however, will not gather such treasures as this one; there is no modern silver to compare with the ancient. It is marvelous to see what a wealth of silver the old Norwegians wore: buckles and belts which are heavy, buttons which weigh down any cloak, and rings under which nineteenth-century fingers, and even thumbs, would ache. And the farther back we go the weightier become the ornaments. In the Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen are necklaces of solid gold, which it seems certain that noble Norwegian women wore in King Olaf's time, — necklaces in shape of a single snake, coiled, so heavy that they are not easily lifted in one hand; bracelets, also of the same snake shape, which a modern wrist could not wear half an hour without pain.

In these out-of-the-way houses where old silver is to be bought one sees often picturesque sights. Climbing up a narrow stairway, perhaps two, you find a door

with the upper half glass, through which you look instantly into the bosom of the family, — children playing, old ladies knitting, women cooking; it seems the last place in the world to come shopping; but at the first glimpse of the foreign face and dress through the window, somebody springs to open the door. They know at once what it means. You want no interpreter to carry on your trade: the words "old silver" and "how much?" are all you need. They will not cheat you. As you enter the room, every member of the family who is sitting will rise and greet you. The youngest child will make its little bow or courtesy. The box of old silver will be brought out and emptied on a table, and you may examine its miscellany as long as you like. If an article pleases you, and you ask its price, it is taken into the work-room to be weighed; a few mysterious Norsk words come back from the weigher, and the price is fixed. If you hesitate at the sum, they will lower it if they can; if not, they will await your departure quietly, with a dignity of hospitable instinct that would deem it an offense to betray any impatience. I had once the good luck to find in one of these places a young peasant woman, who had come with her lover to bargain for the silver-and-gilt crown without which no virtuous Bergen bride will wed. These crowns are dear, costing often from fifty to a hundred dollars. Sometimes they are hired for the occasion; but well-to-do families have pride in possessing a crown which is handed down and worn by generation after generation. These lovers were evidently not of the rich class: they wore the plainest of clothes, and it was easy to see that the prices of the crowns disquieted them. I made signs to the girl to try one of them on. She laughed, blushed, and shook her head. I pressed my entreaties as well as I could, being dumb; but "Oh, do!" is intelligible in all languages, if it is enforced by gesture

and appealing look. The old man who had the silver to sell also warmly seconded my request, lifted the crown himself, and set it on the girl's head. Turning redder and redder, she cried, "Ne, ne!" but did not resist; and once the crown was on her head she could not leave off looking at herself in the glass. It was a very pretty bit of human nature. The lover stole up close behind her, shy, but glowing with emotion, reached up, and just touched the crown timidly with one finger: so alike are men in love all the world over and all time through. The look that man's face wore has been seen by the eyes of every wife since the beginning of Eden, and it will last the world out. I slipped away, and left them standing before the glass, the whole family crowding around with a chorus of approving and flattering exclamations. Much I fear she could not afford to buy the crown, however. There was a hopeless regret in her pretty blue eyes. As I left the house I stepped on juniper twigs at the very next door; the sidewalk and the street were strewn thick with them, the symbol of death either in that home, or among its friends. This is one of the most simple and touching of the Norwegian customs: how much finer in instinct and significance than the gloomy streamer of black crape used by the civilization calling itself superior!

The street was full of men and women going to and from the market-place: women with big wooden firkins strapped on their backs, and a firkin under each arm (these firkins were full of milk, and the women think nothing of bringing them in that way five or six miles); men with big sacks of vegetables strapped on in the same way, one above another, almost as high as their heads. One little girl, not nine years old, bore a huge basket of green moss, bigger than herself, lashed on her fragile shoulders. The better class brought their things in little two-wheeled carts, they themselves

mounted up on top of sacks, firkins, and all; or, if the cart were too full, plodding along on foot by its side, just as bent as those who were carrying loads on their back. A Bergen peasant man or woman who stands upright is a rare thing to see. The long habit of carrying burdens on the back has given them a chronic stoop, which makes them all look far older than they are.

The sidewalks were lined with gay displays of fruit, flowers, and wooden utensils. Prettiest among these last were the bright wooden trunks and boxes which no Norwegian peasant will be without. The trunks are painted bright scarlet, with bands and stripes of gay colors; small boxes to be carried in the hand, called *tines* (pronounced teeners), are charming. They are oval, with a high perch at each end like a squirrel trap; are painted bright red, with wreaths of gay flowers on them, and mottoes such as "Not in every man's garden can such flowers grow," or, "A basket filled by love is light to carry." Bowls, wooden plates, and drinking-vessels, all of wood, are also painted in gay colors and designs, many of which seem to have come from Algiers.

Everybody who can sell anything, even the smallest thing, runs, or stands, or squats in the Bergen streets to sell it. Even spaces under high doorsteps are apparently rented for shops, rigged up with a sort of door, and old women sit crouching in them, selling blueberries and dark bread. One man, clad in sheep-skin that looked a hundred years old, I saw trying to sell a bit of sheep-skin nearly as old as that he was wearing; another had a basket with three bunches of wild monkshood, pink spiræa, and blue larkspur, and one small saucer full of wild strawberries; boys carrying one pot with a plant growing in it, or a tub of sour milk, or a string of onions, or bunch of juniper boughs; women sitting on a small butter-tub upside down, their butter waiting sale around them in tubs or

bits of newspaper, they knitting for dear life, or sewing patches on ragged garments; other groups of women sitting flat on the stones, surrounded by piles of juniper, moss, green heath, and wreaths made of kinni-kinnick vines, green moss, and yellow flowers. These last were for graves. The whole expression of the scene was of dogged and indomitable thriftiness, put to its last wits to turn a penny and squeeze out a living. Yet nobody appeared discontented; the women looked friendly, as I passed, and smiled as they saw me taking out my note-book to write them down.

The Bergen fish-market is something worth seeing. It is n't a market at all; or, rather, it is a hundred markets afloat and bobbing on water, a hundred or more little boats all crowded in together in an armlet of the sea breaking up between two quays. To see the best of it one must be there betimes in the morning, not later than seven. The quays will be lined with women, each woman carrying a tin coal-scuttle on her arm, to take home her fish in. From every direction women are coming running with tin scuttles swinging on their arms; in Bergen, fish is never carried in any other way. The narrow span of water between the quays is packed as close as it can be with little boats shooting among the sloops and *jagts*, all pushing up to the wharf. The steps leading down to the water are crowded with gesticulating women; screaming and gesticulating women hang over the railings above, beckoning to the fishermen, calling to them, reaching over and dealing them sharp whacks with their tin scuttles, if they do not reply. "Fisherman! I say, fisherman! Do you hear me or not?" they shout. Then they point to one particular fish, and insist on having it handed up to them to examine; if it does not please them, they fling it down with a jerk, and ask for another. The boats were full of fish: silver-skinned herring, mackerel, salmon, eels, and a

small fish like a perch, but of a gorgeous dark red color; others vermilion and white, or iridescent opal, blue, and black; many of them writhing in death, and changing color each second. Every few minutes a new boat would appear darting in, wriggling its way where it had seemed not one boat more could come; then a rush of the women to see what the new boat had brought, a fresh outburst of screams and gesticulations; then a lull and a sinking back to the noisy monotone of the previous chaffering. Some of the boats were rowed by women, — splendid creatures, in gay red bodices and white head-dresses, standing with one foot on the seat, and sculling their little craft in and out, dexterously shoving everybody to make way.

On the wharf were a few dealers with stands and baskets of fish; these were for the poorer people. "Fish that have died do be to be bought there," said my guide, with a shudder and an expressive grimace, "for very little money; it is the poor that take." Here were also great tubs of squirming eels, alive in every inch from tip to tip. "Too small to cook," said one woman, eying them contemptuously; and in a twinkling she thrust her arm into the squirming mass, grasped a dozen or more at once, lifted them out and flung them into the seller's face, then letting them fall back with a splash into the tub, "H'm, pretty eels those are!" she said. "Put them back into the water with their mothers:" at which a great laugh went up, and the seller muttered something angrily which my guide would not translate for me.

On our way home I stopped to look at a group of peasant women in gay costumes. Two of them were from the Hardanger country, and wore the beautiful white head-dress peculiar to that region: a large triangular piece of fine crimped dimity pinned as closely as a Quaker cap around the face; the two corners then rolled under and carried

back over a wooden frame projecting several inches on each side the head; the central point hanging down behind, over the shoulders,—by far the most picturesque of all the Norwegian head-dresses. A gentleman passing by, seeing my interest in these peasant dresses, spoke to the friend who was with me, whom he knew slightly, and said that if the American lady would like to examine one of those peasant costumes he had one which he would be happy to show to me.

The incident is worth mentioning as a fair illustration of the quick, ready, and cordial good-will of which Norwegians are full. Is there any other country in the world where a man would take that sort and amount of trouble for a chance traveler, of whom he knew nothing?

This Norwegian led us to his house, and opened two boxes in which were put away the clothes of his wife, who had been dead two years. This peasant costume which he showed to us she had made to wear to the last ball she had attended. It was a beautiful costume; strictly national and characteristic, and made of exquisite materials. The belt was of silver-gilded links, with jewels set in them; the buttons for wrists and throat of the white blouse were of solid silver, with gold Maltese crosses hanging from them; the brooches and vest ornaments the same; the stomacher of velvet, embroidered thick with beads and gold; the long white apron with broad lace let in. All were rich and beautiful. It was strange to see the dead woman's adornments thus brought out for a stranger to admire; but it was done with such simplicity and kindness that it was only touching, as no shadow of disrespect was in it. I felt instantly, like a friend, reverent toward the relics of the woman I had never seen.

One of our pleasantest Bergen days was a day that wound up with a sunset picnic on the banks of a stray bit of sea,

which had gone so far on its narrow roadway east, among hill and meadow and rock, that it was like an inland lake; and the track by which its tides slipped back and forth looked at sunset like little more than a sunbeam, broader and brighter than the rest which were slanting across. We had come to it by several miles' driving to the north and east, over steep and stony hills, up which the road wound in loops, zigzagging back and forth, with superb views out seaward at every turn; at the top, another great sweep of view away from the sea, past a desolate lake and stony moor, to green hills and white mountains in the east. We seemed above everything except the snow-topped peaks. At our feet, to the west, lay the little sunny fjord; green meadows and trees and a handful of houses around it; daisies and clover and tangles of potentilla by the roadside; clumps of ragged robin also, which goes better named in Norway, being called "silken blossom;" mountain ash, larch, maple, and ash trees; boulders of granite covered with mosses and lichens, bedded on every side,—it was as winning a spot as sun and sea and summer could make anywhere. On the edge of the fjord, lifted a little above it, as on a terrace, was a small white cottage, with a bit of garden, inclosed by white palings, running close to the water. Roses, southernwood, currants, lilacs, cherry-trees, potatoes, and primroses filled it full. We leaned over the paling and looked. An old woman, with knitting in her hand, came quickly out, and begged us to come in and take some flowers. No sooner had we entered the garden than a second old woman came hurrying with scissors to cut the flowers; and in a second more a third old woman with a basket to hold them. It was not easy to stay their hands. Then, nothing would do but we must go into the house and sit down, and see the brothers: two old men, one a clergyman, the other stone blind. "I can Eng-

lish read in my New Testament," said the clergyman, "but I cannot understand." "Yes, to be sure," said the blind brother, echoing him. And it was soon evident to us that it was not only sight of which the old man had been bereft; his wits were gone too; all that he could do now was to echo in gentle iteration every word that his brother or sisters said. "Yes, to be sure," was his instantaneous comment on every word spoken. "I think they are all just a little crazy. I am more happy now that we are away," said my friend, as we departed with our roses. "I do know I have heard that to be crazy is in that family." Crazy or not, they were a very happy family on that sunny terrace, and sane enough to have chosen the loveliest spot to live in within ten miles of Bergen.

Another of our memorable Bergen days was marked by a true Norwegian dinner in a simple Bergen home. "The carriage that shall take you will come at six," the hostess had said. Punctual to the hour it came; red-cheeked Nils and the cheery little ponies. On the threshold we were met by the host and hostess, both saying, "Welcome." As soon as we took our seats at table a toast was offered: "Welcome to the table" (*Velkommen tilbords*). The meal was, as we had requested, a simple Norwegian dinner. First, a soup, with balls made of chicken: the meat scraped fine while it is raw; then pounded to a paste with cream in a marble mortar, the cream added drop by drop, as oil is added to salad dressing; this, delicately seasoned, made into small round balls and cooked in the boiling soup, had a delicious flavor, and a consistency which baffled all our conjecture. Next came salmon, garnished with shreds of cucumber, and with clear melted butter for sauce. Next, chickens stuffed tight with green parsley, and boiled; with these were brought vegetables, raspberry jam, and stewed plums, all delicious. Next, a light omelet, baked in a low oval tin

pan, in which it was brought to the table, the pan concealed in a frame of stiff white dimity with a broad frill embroidered in red. Cheese and many other dishes are served in this way in Norway, adorned with petticoats, or frills of embroidered white stuffs. With this omelet were eaten cherry sweetmeats, with which had been cooked all the kernels from the cracked stones, giving a rare flavor and richness to the syrup. After this, nuts, coffee, and cordials. When the dinner was over, the host and the hostess stood in the doorway, one on either hand; as we passed between them, they bowed to each one, saying, "God be with you." It is the custom of each guest to say, "*Tak fur maden*" (Thanks for the meal). After dinner our hostess played for us Norwegian airs, wild and tender, and at ten o'clock came Nils and the ponies to take us home.

The next day the jagts came in, a sight fine enough to stir one's blood; ten of them sailing into harbor in line, the same as they sailed in Olaf's day, — their prows curling upward, as if they stepped high on the waters from pride, and their single great square sail set on their one mast doggedly across their decks, as if they could compel winds' courses to suit them. They had been only four days running down from Heligoland, ahead of a fierce north wind, which had not so much as drawn breath even night or day, but blown them down flying. A rare piece of luck for the jagts to hit such a wind as that: when the wind faces them, they are sometimes four weeks on the way; for their one great stolid sail amidships, which is all very well with the wind behind it, is no kind of a sail to tack with, or to make headway on a quartering wind. The Vikings must have had a hard time of it, often, manœuvring their stately craft in Mediterranean squalls, and in the Bay of Biscay. One of these jagts bore a fine scarlet silk flag with a yellow

crown on it. It was called the king's jagt, because, a year ago, the king had visited it, spent some time on board, and afterward sent this flag as a gift to the captain. We hired an old boatman to row us alongside, and clambered on board up a swinging ladder; then up another ladder, still longer, to the top of the square mountain of salt cod-fish which filled three fourths of the deck. Most of it was to go to Spain, the skipper said, — to Spain and the Mediterranean. "It was well for Norway that there were so many Roman Catholic countries:" no danger of an overstock of the fish market in Europe so long as good Catholics keep Lent every spring and Fridays all the year round. If the Catholics were to be converted, Norway would be plunged into misery. One tenth of her whole population live off, if not on, fish; the value of the fisheries is reckoned at over ten millions of dollars a year. Not a fish goes free on the Norway coast. Even the shark has to give up his liver for oil, from which item alone the Norwegians get about a half million of dollars yearly. The herring, shining, silvery, slippery fellows that they are, are the aristocrats of the Norway waters; the cod is stupid, stays quietly at home on his banks, breeds and multiplies, and waits to be caught year after year in the same places. But the herring shoals are off and on, at capricious pleasure, now here, now there, and to be watched for with unremitting vigilance. Kings' squadrons might come to Norway with less attention than is given to them. Flash, flash, flash, by electric telegraph from point to point all along the Norway shore, is sent like lightning the news of the arrival of their majesties the herring.

Our boatman rowed us across the harbor to the landing at the foot of the market-place. Climbing the steep hill, so steep that the roadway for vehicles zig-zags five times across it between bottom and top, we looked back. Four more of

the jagts were coming in, — colors flying, sails taut; six more were in sight, it was said, farther out in the fjord. The harbor was crowded with masts; the gay-colored houses and red roofs and gables of the city on the east side of the harbor stood out in relief against the gray, stony background of the high hill to which they cling. The jagts seemed to change the atmosphere of the whole scene, and set it three centuries back. In the sunset light, they looked as fine and fierce as if they had just brought Sigurd home from Jerusalem.

Another memorable Bergen day was a day at Valestrand, on the island Osteröen. Valestrand is a farm which has been in the possession of Ole Bull's family for several generations, and is still in the possession of Ole Bull's eldest son. It lies two hours' sail north from Bergen, — two hours, or four according to the number of lighters loaded with cotton bales, wood, etc., which the steamer picks up to draw. Steamers on Norway fjords are like country gentlemen who go into the city every day and come out at night, always doing unexpected errands for people along the road. No steamer captain going out from Bergen may say how many times he will stop on his journey, or at what hour he will reach its end: all of which is clear profit for the steamboat company, no doubt, but is worrying to travelers; especially to those who leave Bergen of a morning at seven, as we did, invited to breakfast at Valestrand at nine, and do not see Osteröen's shore till near eleven. People who were not going to Valestrand to breakfast that day were eating breakfast on board, all around us: poor people eating cracknels and dry bread out of baskets; well-to-do people eating sausage, eggs, and coffee, neatly served at little tables on deck, and all prepared in a tiny coop below-stairs, hardly big enough for one person to turn around in. It is an enticing sight always for hungry people to see eating going on; up to a cer-

tain point it whets appetite, but beyond that it is both insult and injury.

The harbor of Valestrand is a tiny amphitheatre of shallow water. No big craft can get to the shore. As the steamer comes to a stop opposite it, the old home of Ole Bull is seen on a slope at the head of the harbor, looking brightly out over a bower of foliage to the southern sun. It appears to be close to the water, but, on landing, one discovers that he is still a half hour's walk away from it. A little pathway of mossy stones, past an old boat-house, on whose thatched roof flowering grasses and a young birch-tree were waving, leads up from the water to the one road on the island. Wild pansies, white clover and dandelions, tinkling water among ferns and mosses, along the roadsides, made the way beautiful; low hills rose on either side, softly wooded with firs and birches feathery as plumes; in the meadows peasant men and women making hay, — the women in red jackets and white blouses, a delight to the eye. Just in front of the house is a small, darkly shaded lake, in which there is a mysterious floating island, which moves up and down at pleasure changing its moorings often.

The house is wooden, and painted of a pale flesh color. The architecture is of the light and fantastic order of which so much is to be seen in Norway, — the instinctive reaction of the Norwegian against the sharp, angular, severe lines of his rock-made, rock-bound country; and it is vindicated by the fact that fantastic carvings, which would look trivial and impertinent on houses in countries where nature herself had done more decorating, seem here pleasing and in place. Before the house were clumps of rose-bushes in blossom, and great circles of blazing yellow eschscholtzias. In honor of our arrival, every room had been decorated with flowers and ferns; and clumps of wild pansies in bloom had been set along the steps to

the porch. Ole Bull's own chamber and music-room are superb rooms, finished in yellow pine, with rows of twisted and carved pillars, and carved cornices and beams and panels, all done by Norwegian workmen.

Valestrand was his home for many years, abandoned only when he found one still more beautiful on the island of Lysoen, sixteen miles southwest of Bergen.

A Norwegian supper of trout freshly caught, and smothered in cream, croquettes, salad, strawberries, goat's-milk cheese, with fine-flavored gooseberry wine, served by a Norwegian maid in a white-winged head-dress, scarlet jacket, and stomacher of gay beads, closed our day. As we walked back to the little moss-grown wharf, we found two peasants taking trout from the brook. Just where it dashed foaming under a little foot-bridge, a stake-lined box trap had been plunged deep in the water. As we were passing, the men lifted it out, dripping, ten superb trout dashing about wildly in it, in terror and pain; the scarlet spots on their sides shone like garnet crystals in the sun, as the men emptied them on the ground, and killed them, one by one, by knocking their heads against a stone with a sharp, quick stroke, which could not have been so cruel as it looked.

On our way back to Bergen we passed several little row-boats, creeping slowly along, loaded high with juniper boughs. They looked like little green islands broken loose from their places, and drifting out to sea.

"For somebody's sorrow!" we said thoughtfully, as we watched them slowly fading from sight in the distance; but we did not dream that in so few days the green boughs would have been strewn for the burial of the beloved musician whose home we had just left.

The day of the burial of Ole Bull is a day that will never be forgotten in Bergen. From mothers to children

and to children's children will go down the story of the day when from every house in Bergen Norway's flag floated at half-mast, because Ole Bull was dead, and the streets of Bergen for two miles—all the way from the quay to the cemetery—were strewn with green juniper boughs, for the passage of the procession bearing his body in sad triumph to the grave. It must have been a touching sight. Early in the morning a steamer had gone down to Lysoen to receive the body. This steamer on entering the Bergen Fjord was met by fifteen others, all draped in black, to act as its convoy. As the fleet approached the harbor, guns fired from the fort, and answered by the steamers, made peals of echoes rolling away gloriously among the hills. The harbor was crowded with shipping from all parts of the world; every vessel's flag was at half-mast. The quay was covered thick with green juniper, and festoons of green draped its whole front to the very water's edge. Every shop and place of business was shut; the whole population of the city stood waiting, silent, reverent, for the landing of the dead body of the artist who had loved Norway even as well as he loved the art to which his heart and life had been given. While the body was borne from the boat and placed in the high catafalque, a band played national airs of his arranging. Young girls dressed in black bore many of the trophies which had been given to him in foreign countries. His gold crown and orders were carried by distinguished gentlemen of Bergen. As the procession passed slowly along, flowers were showered on the coffin, and tears were seen on many faces, but the silence was unbroken.

At the grave, Norway's greatest orator and poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, spoke a few words of eloquent love and admiration. The grave was made on a commanding spot in the centre of Bergen's old cemetery, in which interments

had been forbidden for many years. This spot, however, had been set apart more than thirty years ago, to be reserved for the interment of some great man. It had been refused to the father and framer of the Norwegian constitution, Christie, whose statue stands in Bergen, but it was offered for Ole Bull; so much more tenderly does the world love artists than statesmen! The grave was lined with flowers and juniper, and juniper and flowers lay thick strewn on the ground for a great space about. After the coffin had been put in the grave, and the relatives had gone away, there was paid a last tribute to Ole Bull, — a tribute more touching and of more worth than the king's letter, the gold crown, all the orders, and the flags of the world at half-mast; meaning more love than the pine-strewn streets of the silent city,

and the tears on its people's faces; a tribute from poor peasants, who had come in from the country far and near, men who knew Ole Bull's music by heart, — who, in their lonely, poverty-stricken huts, had been proud of the man who had played their "Gamle Norge" before the kings of the earth. These men were there by hundreds, each bringing a green bough, or a fern, or a flower; they waited humbly till all others had left the grave, then crowded up, and threw in, each man, the only token he had been rich enough to bring. The grave was filled to the brim. And it is not irreverent to say, that to Ole Bull, in heaven, there could come no gladder memory of earth than that the last honors paid him there were wild leaves and flowers of Norway, laid on his body by the loving hands of Norway peasants.

H. H.

FELICISSIMA.

HER hands held all earth's rarest gifts; the best
Is folded in the now eternal rest.

Her lips have pressed the chalice of all bliss;
They smile forever, touched by death's calm kiss.

To charm her ear the sweetest sounds life gave;
At last, the restful silence of the grave.

Upon her eyes dawned love's fair, golden light;
Now falls the shadow of death's long, still night.

She fathomed pain's most sacred mysteries, —
Wan on her breast the flower of beauty lies!

Life, love, and motherhood. What more could be
But death? Ah, God, I would that I were she!

Eliza Calvert Hall.

WHO LOST WATERLOO?

THE interest so generally revived in the life of Napoleon the First, awakened by the publication of the Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat and of Prince Metternich, might be a sufficient apology for a discussion of the subject named at the head of this article. But when it is remembered that the campaign of Waterloo has been studied anew since the advent of the second empire; that it has been thoroughly investigated by those whose aim was not strictly a historical aim, but a partisan aim, who endeavored by the conclusions at which they arrived either to support or to destroy the prestige of the first Napoleon, it may well be admitted to be capable of receiving a more impartial treatment than it has yet obtained, now that political affairs have taken such a turn in France that, for the moment at least, the prestige of the great emperor is not a material factor in public opinion. Add to this that the complete, the overwhelming defeat suffered at Waterloo by such a master of the art of war as Napoleon confessedly was must always awaken curiosity and surprise. It was a total failure, suffered by a man whose genius for war has never been surpassed, and whose experience in war has probably never been equaled. The world is never tired of asking, How did it come about that such a man met such a crushing disaster, such a Waterloo defeat?

Now it is not the object of the present pages to answer this question fully. I have room to deal with only one of the subjects suggested by that question. But this is perhaps the most important one of all: it relates to the failure of Marshal Grouchy, commanding the right wing of the army, either to prevent the Prussians from joining the English, or to join, himself, the main army under

the emperor. It will generally be admitted that Napoleon had a force sufficient to defeat the motley army under the Duke of Wellington, had Grouchy prevented the Prussians from uniting with it. He would have been able to use against it the 16,000 men with which he kept the Prussians at bay all the afternoon. It may fairly be contended that if the two corps under Grouchy had reinforced the main army they would at least have averted the rout of the French army, even if the Prussians had joined the English. But Grouchy neither prevented the union of the allies, nor did he join his master. Wellington and Blücher effected an unopposed junction of their forces, and overwhelmed the unassisted army of Napoleon. Grouchy, in fact, was, at the critical moment, some seven or eight miles off, on the other side of the Prussians.

Naturally enough, a controversy arose out of this state of things. It has lasted down to our time, and cannot yet be said to be closed. The emperor and his friends have laid the blame of the loss of the battle upon Grouchy; the marshal and his friends have maintained that he obeyed faithfully the orders of the emperor. Grouchy's cause has been taken up by those French historians who, like Charras and Quinet, wrote during the second empire with a view of exploding what they termed "*la légende napoléonienne*;" and also by Colonel Chesney in his able Waterloo Lectures, General Shaw-Kennedy, and others. Napoleon's side of the question has been maintained not only by Thiers, but by several other writers, of more authority, though of less repute. The whole matter has been treated with a great deal too much of heat and partisan feeling. It is possible, I think, to arrive at a more correct conclusion than any to be found

in the books, and I trust that the discussion may prove not uninteresting.

What, then, are the facts in regard to this celebrated controversy?

The emperor invaded Belgium on June 15, 1815. He divided his army into three portions: intrusting to Ney the left wing, consisting of the first and second corps, to Grouchy the right wing, consisting of the third and fourth corps, and retaining the sixth corps and the guard under his own immediate control. Orders, which it is not necessary to quote here, were issued on the morning of the 16th, the day on which were fought the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras, giving to each of these marshals the charge of these wings of the army.

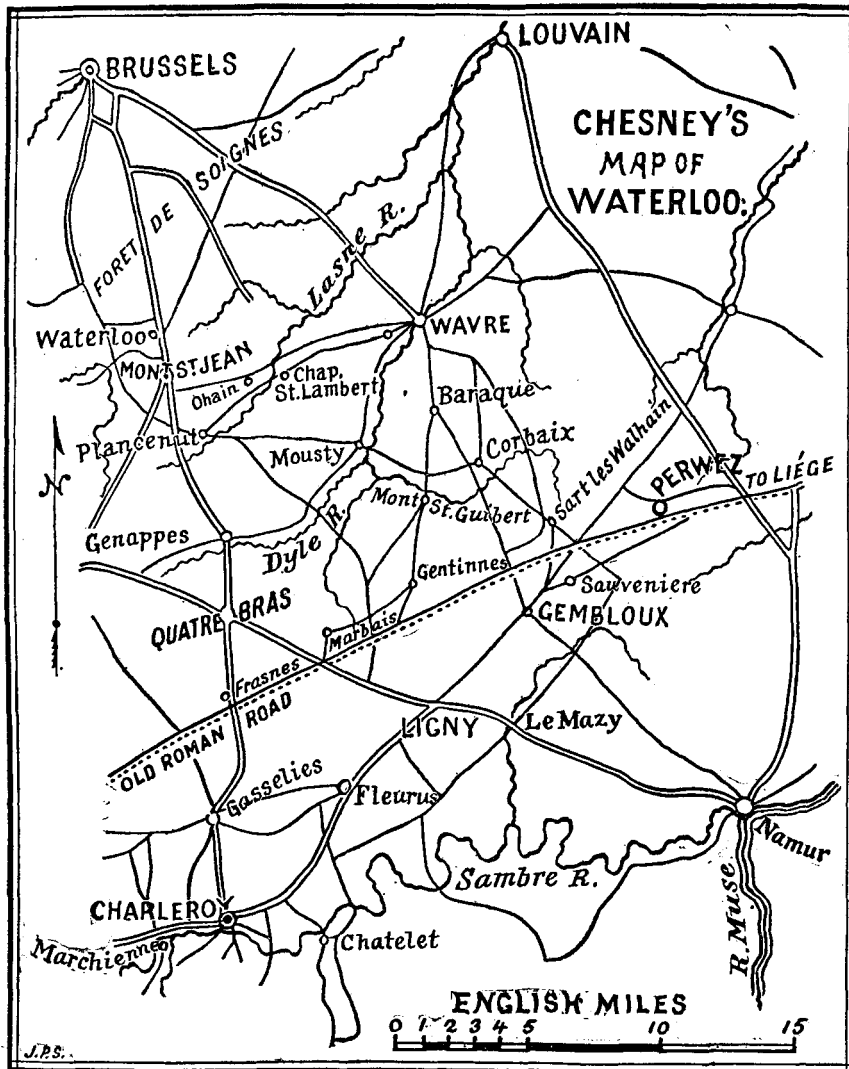
Napoleon's object in the campaign was to separate the allied armies, and beat them in detail. Their cantonments extended over a hundred miles of ground from east to west, and forty from north to south; and, speaking generally, the English were to the westward and the Prussians to the eastward of the great turnpike which runs north from Charleroi to Brussels. There was a fine road running from Namur northwest to Nivelles and Braine-le-Comte, which crossed the turnpike at Quatre Bras. The English base of operations was the sea, — say, at Ostend and Antwerp; the Prussian on the Lower Rhine, in the direction of Namur and Liége.

Having, on the 16th, beaten the Prussians at Ligny, and, by the action fought by Ney at Quatre Bras, prevented the English from joining them, the emperor had so far succeeded. He thought it probable that the Prussians would retreat on their base; that is, towards Namur or Liége. The capture at five in the morning of the 17th of some cannon and prisoners near Le Mazy, on the Namur road, by General Pajol, of the cavalry, confirmed this view. Now the emperor's plan was to move at once against the English in the direction of Brussels, and it would not do to allow

the Prussian army, at or near Namur, to reorganize and attack his communications. Therefore, although by no means certain that the Prussians had fallen back in this direction, he deemed it wise to send his whole right wing in pursuit of them, and push them vigorously. We can hardly suppose that if he had thought it more likely that the Prussians would retreat to the north and unite with the English, he would have thus divided his army. There would have been no reason for such a course. If, however, the Prussians should retire to the eastward, and seek to rally and return upon the French communications, while the emperor was manœuvring or fighting near Brussels, the 34,000 men under Marshal Grouchy would be none too many, and yet might be enough to answer the purpose of delay. At the same time, it was certainly possible that Blücher might not retreat in the direction of his base, and so separate himself from the English, but might, on the contrary, seek to join Wellington, and try the fate of another battle. And of this possibility it was of course necessary to warn Marshal Grouchy, so that he might, in this event, operate so as to keep the Prussians separated from the English.

That the defeated Prussians should have been pushed the night of the battle, and the direction of their retreat ascertained, no one can deny. Some writers lay blame on Grouchy for this oversight; but to my mind the emperor and Soult, his chief of staff, are much more to be blamed. No one went out in search of the enemy but Pajol, with two regiments; and whether he was sent, or went of his own motion, does not clearly appear.

The next morning, also, the 17th, the emperor wasted, undoubtedly, a great deal of time. However, near noon, Napoleon gave Grouchy a verbal order to take his two corps (the third and fourth) of Generals Vandamme and Gérard, and the cavalry of Generals Pajol and Exel-



mans, and put himself in pursuit of Marshal Blücher. And here it is important to ascertain what Grouchy's orders actually were. Grouchy himself made, in 1819, the following statement: ¹—

"I told him [Napoleon]," says Grouchy (page 12), "that the Prussians had commenced their retreat the evening before, at ten o'clock," and so forth. "These observations," he goes on to state, "were

¹ Observations sur la Relation de la Campagne de 1815, publiée par le Général Gourgaud; et Réfutation de Quelques-unes des Assertions d'Autres

not well received. He repeated to me the order which he had given me, adding that it was for me to discover the route taken by Marshal Blücher; that he was going to fight the English; that I ought to complete the defeat of the Prussians in attacking them as soon as I should have joined them; and that I should correspond with him by the paved road which leads from a point écrits relatifs à la Bataille de Waterloo. Par le Comte de Grouchy. A Paris. 1819.

near where we were to Quatre Bras.¹ Some moments of conversation which I had with the chief of staff [Soult] regarded only the detaching of certain of my troops which were to be sent to Quatre Bras. Such are," Marshal Grouchy solemnly states, "word for word, the only dispositions which were communicated to me, the only orders which I received."

To the same effect, he says further on (page 30), "But why, says the author of the work which I am criticising [Gourgaud], — why does not Marshal Grouchy publish the text of the orders which he has received? The reason is simple. It is because they were transmitted verbally only. Those who have served under Napoleon know how rarely he gives them in writing; and at the moment when he commenced to perceive the loss of precious time, on the morning of the 17th, less than ever did he think of putting his instructions in writing. It is convenient, I know," the marshal adds, "to be able to attribute to the non-comprehension of verbal orders false movements which have been the result of their faithful execution," etc.

And again, page 31: "Besides, if it was of real importance to show that they (my orders) were only verbal, I could find, if not a proof, at least a strong indication of it in Marshal Soult's letter, . . . in which, speaking of my march to Sarravalain [Sart-à-Walhain] he expresses himself in these terms: 'This movement is conformed to the dispositions which have been communicated to you.' He would not have failed to say, 'to the orders which I have transmitted to you,' or 'to which you were subject,' if I had received any save verbal orders."

With equal emphasis Grouchy states

¹ This implied that Grouchy's movement was to be on this road, which, as I have said, runs from Quatre Bras to Namur.

² Fragments Historiques relatifs à la Campagne de 1815, et à la Bataille de Waterloo. Par le Général Grouchy. Lettre à Messieurs Méry et Bar-

in another work, published ten years later, in 1829,² "The orders of Napoleon were, 'Put yourself in pursuit of the Prussians, complete their defeat in attacking them as soon as you shall join them, and never lose sight of them. I am going to reunite to the corps of Marshal Ney the troops I carry with me, to march upon the English, and to fight them if they will stand this side of the forest of Soignes; you will correspond with me by the paved road which leads to Quatre Bras.' I attest upon my honor that these were his own expressions, that I received no other instruction, that the injunction to outflank the right of the Prussian army was not given to me, and that I did not receive until the next day the order to go to Wavre. This was given on the 18th of June, at ten o'clock in the morning. . . . This letter and that dated from the field of battle of Waterloo, at one o'clock, [P. M.] are *the only ones*³ that I received on the 17th and 18th. The order-book and the correspondence of the major-general [Soult, chief of staff] prove this. This [book] reports the hours at which the orders were given, and the names of the officers who carried them, and its details do not permit a suspicion of an omission any more than of a misstatement."

The terms of this verbal order are somewhat differently given by Grouchy in another place:⁴ "Far from modifying his first orders, the emperor corroborated them in saying, 'Marshal, make your way to Namur, for it is on the Meuse that, according to all probability, the Prussians are retiring; it is therefore in this direction that you will find them, and in which you ought to march.'"

In these verbal orders not only is there not a single word about a possible intention on the part of the Prussians to

thélemy. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères. 1829. Pages 4, 5, and note.

³ The italics are mine.

⁴ Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 21. Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 47.

unite with the English, but there is a distinct injunction to take a southeasterly course in pursuit of the Prussians, which would indicate that Napoleon had made up his mind that the Prussians had no thought whatever of effecting a junction with the English. To show that this was the only idea in Napoleon's mind was plainly the object of Grouchy's narrative, and of these repeated declarations.

But in spite of these persistent denials, there *was* a written order, dictated by Napoleon himself, and written, in the absence of Soult, by General Bertrand (which fact accounts for a copy of it not being found in the archives of Marshal Soult, the chief of staff), and received by Marshal Grouchy on the afternoon of the 17th. According to some authorities,¹ it first appeared in a biography of Marshal Grouchy by a M. Pascallet,² in 1842 (page 79). It is also cited³ from a work entitled *Relation Succincte de la Campagne de 1815, en Belgique, Pièces et Documents Officiels Inédits*, Paris, Delanchy, 1843. At this time the marshal was still living. Nevertheless, it was not known to Siborne, who wrote in 1844, or to Van Loben Sels, who wrote in 1849; still less to the Count Gérard, who carried on his celebrated controversy with Grouchy in 1830. Charras, however, with his exhaustive research, discovered it, and published it in his *History* in 1858. It appears, also, in a small work published in 1864, some years after

Grouchy's death, by one of his sons, the Marquis de Grouchy,⁴ and it is repeated in the elaborate *Memoirs*⁵ of the marshal, published by the marquis's son in 1874. There is therefore no question about its authenticity. I quote from these last-named works:—

"Finally, and as if to take away all doubt, Grouchy received about the same hour from the emperor the order written below:—

"LIGNY, June 17, 1815.⁶

"March to Gembloux with Pajol's cavalry. . . . You will explore in the direction of Namur and Maestricht, and you will pursue the enemy; explore his march, and instruct me as to his movements, so that I can find out what he is intending to do. I am carrying my head-quarters to Quatre Bras, where the English still were this morning. Our communication will then be direct, by the paved road of Namur. If the enemy has evacuated Namur, write to the general commanding the second military division at Charlemont to cause Namur to be occupied by some battalions of the National Guard and some batteries of cannon which he will organize at Charlemont. He will give the command to some general officer.

"*It is important to find out what Blücher and Wellington are intending to do, and if they purpose to reunite their armies to cover Brussels and Liège in trying the fate of a battle.*⁷ In all cases, keep constantly your two corps of infantry united in a league of ground,

¹ Napoléon à Waterloo. Paris: Dumaine. 1866. Page 199, note; page 238, section 4.

² Pascallet's work is a popular biography of Marshal Grouchy, and quite eulogistic of him. It is not unlikely that the old marshal sent him all his papers, and that among them he found this Bertrand letter, and, naturally enough, published it. After this, it was of course impossible to conceal it longer. The title of the book is *Notice Biographique sur M. le Maréchal Marquis de Grouchy, Pair de France, avec des Eclaircissements et des Détails Historiques sur la Campagne de 1815 dans le Midi de la France, et sur la Bataille de Waterloo*. Par M. E. Pascallet, Fondateur et Rédacteur en chef de la Revue Générale Biographique, Politique, et Littéraire.

³ Pajol, Général en Chef. Paris: Dumaine. 1874. Vol. iii. p. 215.

⁴ Le Maréchal de Grouchy du 16 au 19 Juin, 1815. Avec Documents Historiques Inédits et Réfutation de M. Thiers. Par le Général de Division, Sénateur Marquis de Grouchy. Paris: Dentu. 1864. Page 26.

⁵ Mémoires du Maréchal de Grouchy. Par le Marquis de Grouchy, Officier d'Etat Major. Paris: Dentu. 1874. Tome iv. p. 50.

⁶ The hour is given as towards three o'clock, but this must be an error, as Napoleon was not at Ligny at that time, but at Quatre Bras. The hour is not given in Pascallet's text, nor in Delanchy's, and is, without doubt, an unauthorized interpolation.

⁷ The italics are mine.

having several avenues of retreat, and post detachments of cavalry intermediate between us, in order to communicate with head-quarters.

"Dictated by the emperor in the absence of the chief of staff.

(Signed) The Grand Marshal,
BERTRAND."

It seems impossible that Marshal Grouchy should in 1819 have forgotten this dispatch. There is not, however, in the memoirs written by his son and grandson, a single word of explanation of the absolute denials by the marshal, which we have just read, of the existence of any such order.¹ However we may account for it, this order remained concealed or forgotten for nearly thirty years.

Let us examine its contents for a moment. Grouchy is at first ordered to Gembloux; he is next told to explore in the direction of Namur, the route which the emperor thought it very likely the Prussians would take, and to push the enemy if they are retreating on that road. It is then urged upon him that he must discover what they are proposing to do, and the text given by Charras² and by Pascallet,³ which varies a little from that given in the Grouchy Memoirs, puts the alternative with even more clearness: "It is important to find out what the enemy is intending to do: *whether he is separating himself from the English*, or whether they are *intending still to unite* to cover

Brussels and Liège in trying the fate of a *new battle*."⁴

Liège is coupled with Brussels in this connection simply as an alternative supposition: if Brussels was to be covered, the Prussians must unite with the English; if Liège was to be covered, the English must join the Prussians. This suggestion, therefore, does not in the least injure the point of the injunction, which is to prevent the union of the allied armies, if they are seeking to effect a union; otherwise, to push the Prussians as far to the east as he could.

Now, as the Prussians, if they were going to unite with the English at all, would be obliged to do so on the right of Napoleon's army, and as he had ordered his whole right wing, with plenty of cavalry, to find out what they were proposing to do, and had said *in so many words* that they might be intending to unite with the English to cover Brussels in trying the fate of another battle, the emperor, one would think, had a right to dismiss the subject from his mind. It is inexplicable to me how Colonel Chesney⁵ can say, immediately after quoting the clause of which I am speaking, "Such was the tenor of this important letter, which serves to show two things only: that Napoleon was now uncertain of the line of Blücher's retreat, and that he judged Gembloux a good point to move Grouchy on, in any case." To my mind, while the letter undoubtedly shows these two things, it shows a third thing quite as clearly,

¹ No notice seems to have been taken by Chesney of this extraordinary circumstance. He was too much interested, apparently, in exposing the mistakes made by Napoleon (who was endeavoring at St. Helena to recollect almost alone and unassisted, the details of the campaign, and of course made mistakes) to turn his attention to the willful concealment by Grouchy of this most important paper.

² Histoire de la Campagne de 1815. Waterloo. Par le Lieutenant-Colonel Charras. Fifth edition. Leipzig. Vol. i. p. 241. The first edition of this valuable work was published in 1857 or 1858.

³ Page 80.

⁴ The order, as printed in Le Maréchal de

Grouchy en 1815, page 27, and in the Mémoires du Maréchal Grouchy, page 51, does not contain the words in italics. They appear, however, in a citation from the order in an Allocution said to have been addressed by the marshal to his officers on the morning of the 19th. Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 118; Mémoires, page 292. They are undoubtedly genuine. The italics are mine.

⁵ Waterloo Lectures: A Study of the Campaign of 1815. By Colonel Charles C. Chesney, R. E., late Professor of Military Art and History in the Staff College. Third edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1874. Page 152.

namely, that he foresaw the possibility of the junction of the allied armies, and warned Grouchy to prevent it.

That evening Grouchy got only as far as Gembloux. From that place he wrote to the emperor an important letter, dated ten P. M., in which he uses this language:—

"It appears, according to all the reports, that, arrived at Sauvenières, the Prussians divided into two columns: one has taken the road to Wavre, in passing by Sart-à-Walhain; the other column seems to be directed on Perwez.¹

"One can perhaps infer from this that a portion is going to join Wellington, and that the centre, which is the army of Blücher, is retiring on Liège; another column, with artillery, having retreated on Namur, General Exelmans has the order to push this evening six squadrons on Sart-à-Walhain, and three squadrons on Perwez.

"According to their report, if the mass of the Prussians retires on Wavre, I shall follow it in that direction, in order that they may not be able to gain Brussels, and to separate them from Wellington.

"If, on the contrary, my information proves that the principal force of the Prussians has marched on Perwez, I shall direct myself by that city in pursuit of the enemy."²

This dispatch first appeared in Count Gérard's *Dernières Observations*,³ published in 1830, and is a most important one. The mass of the Prussians, says Grouchy, are retiring in *one of two* directions, and I shall soon know in *which*. They are going either *east*, by way of *Perwez*, separating themselves from the English, or *north*, by way of *Wavre*, towards the English. If the latter, I

shall follow them in that direction, so that they may not gain Brussels, and to separate them from Wellington. If, on the other hand, they have gone to Perwez, I shall pursue them by that city. If this dispatch was the one actually sent by Grouchy to the emperor, what wonder if the latter⁴ thought that Grouchy had thoroughly comprehended his instructions, contained in the Bertrand letter, to find out whether the Prussians were going to separate from the English, or to unite with them and fight another battle for the defense of Brussels!

But the Grouchy Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 58 (also the *Maréchal de Grouchy* en 1815, pages 37, 194), give a different reading: "If I learn by the reports, which I hope will come to me during the night, that strong masses of Prussians are going to Wavre, I shall follow them in this direction, and shall attack them as soon as I shall have joined them." And the sentence stating his intention of marching on Perwez, if he finds that the mass of the enemy have gone in that direction, is entirely omitted.

It seems to me altogether probable that this last version is a willful alteration of the correct text. Charras was one of the most accurate of writers; he gives the other text.⁵ No one can suppose the Count Gérard to have falsified the text; he gives it differently from the Grouchys. In fact, no one⁶ has followed the Grouchy text. It may appear harsh to say so, but the temptation to expunge from a dispatch of Marshal Grouchy's, written on the 17th, the expression of an intention of so manœuvring the next day, in case the bulk of the Prussians are going to Wavre, as to

¹ The italics are mine.

² The italics are mine.

³ *Dernières Observations sur les Opérations de l'Aile Droite de l'Armée Française à la Bataille de Waterloo*, en Réponse à M. le Marquis de Grouchy. Par le Général Gérard, Député de la Dordogne. Paris. 1830. Page 15.

⁴ Cf. Siborne, vol. i. pp. 298, 375, 381.

⁵ Charras, vol. i. p. 244, 5th ed.

⁶ Chesney, 3d ed., p. 153. Siborne's *History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815*, 2d ed., vol. i. p. 297, London, 1844. *Napoléon à Waterloo*, par un Ancien Officier de la Garde Impériale, Paris, 1866, pages 220, 243. Quinet, *Histoire de la Campagne de 1815*, Paris, 1862, page 430. *De la Tour d'Auvergne, Waterloo: Etude de la Campagne de 1815*, Paris, 1870, page 231.

separate them from Wellington seems to have been too strong to be resisted. Not that this intention of the marshal's was a wrong one; on the contrary, nothing could have been more correct, more clearly in accordance with the demands of the situation. Wellington was on the Brussels turnpike, followed by the emperor. If the mass of the Prussians had retired upon Wavre, it was plainly with the view of joining the duke; and in that case the one thing for Grouchy to do was to try to prevent them from carrying out this plan, — to follow them in the "direction" of *Wavre*, as distinguished from the "direction" of *Perwez*, and to manœuvre so as to separate them from Wellington. Nothing, we repeat, could possibly have been better than this. But Grouchy did not, the next day, even attempt this task.¹ Although he found out before daybreak that the mass of the Prussians had retreated on Wavre, he kept himself *outside* of them, so to speak, and not *between* them and the Brussels pike; and, instead of trying to separate them from Wellington, pushed them, by advancing on Wavre, nearer to the English army. This he did, he says in his justification, because his *only* orders were to pursue them and attack them as soon as he should have caught up with them. Hence, as we suspect, the alteration² of his dispatch: "I shall attack them as soon as I shall have caught up with them," instead of, "I shall try to separate them from Wellington."

But while this alteration of this dispatch might perhaps have served the purpose of preserving Grouchy's consistency if the Bertrand order had never been brought to light, it cannot do so now. For now that we know that the emperor did not (as Grouchy maintained

for nearly thirty years) content himself with a mere verbal order to pursue the Prussians and attack them as soon as he should have found them, but did, besides, warn him in a written order that they might attempt to unite with the English in trying the fate of another battle to cover Brussels, the accepted text of Grouchy's report to the emperor fits in perfectly with the emperor's warning. If they are going to Wavre, Grouchy says, they are of course going to unite with the English, and I will try to prevent this junction.

This dispatch reached Napoleon about midnight, at his bivouac before the English army. Grouchy told the officer who carried it to bring back a reply. But such was the carelessness of the emperor and Soult³ that none was returned. No reply was written till ten o'clock the next morning. Yet the emperor believed, was almost certain, that he was to fight the duke the next day. Why he did not order Grouchy to march at daybreak to join him by the bridge of Mousty, or at any rate to occupy that bridge and the defiles of the Lasne beyond it; or at least why he did not take the trouble to say in so many words to Grouchy that if the mass of the Prussians was at Wavre, he, Grouchy, must be at the earliest moment between Wavre and the main army under the emperor, and in close communication with him, cannot be explained. Perhaps he thought, as he had certainly good reason to think from the marshal's dispatches to him, that he would do this without further instructions; but the emperor's negligence in this regard cannot be defended. "It was a grievous fault, and grievously hath Cæsar answered it."

Grouchy, who was up all night getting in the reports of his cavalry and for the position of chief of staff. He had been for years the *commander of an army*, and had had a chief of staff of his own. He was certainly unable to supply the place of Berthier, who had been the emperor's chief of staff in all his campaigns, but had, unfortunately, left France with the king.

¹ Cf. Siborne, vol. i. pp. 318, 319.

² I am not aware of this altered version appearing in print till the year 1864, which was some seventeen years after Grouchy's death, when it was inserted in *Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815*, page 37; see also page 194.

³ It is probable that Soult was not well suited

finding out the whereabouts of the Prussians, wrote two other dispatches to the emperor, one at two A. M., and the other at three A. M.; but the former of these has been lost. The emperor states in his St. Helena narrative that in the first of these dispatches Grouchy said he was going to start from Gembloux at day-break, and to march to Wavre.¹ Grouchy begins his three-o'clock dispatch by saying,² "All my reports and information confirm that the enemy is retiring on Brussels, there to concentrate, or to deliver battle after being united to Wellington." He goes on to say, "I go this moment to Sart-à-Walhain, whence I shall proceed to Corbaix and Wavre."

I leave to Charras³ the task of pointing out the error which the marshal committed in moving by way of Sart-à-Walhain upon Wavre. He should, as Charras demonstrates, have marched at day-break on Mousty,⁴ there crossing the Dyle, and thus approaching the emperor, and moving towards Wavre or St. Lambert, as might be thought best. This opinion derives all the more force from the well-known conclusion of Charras that had Grouchy done all this, — "had he,"⁵ on the 18th, "marched sooner and manœuvred as the circumstances and the rules of strategy indicated, the disaster of Waterloo would have been neither less sure nor less complete." Charras is therefore a better authority on the question of what Grouchy ought to have done than those (like Gérard, for instance) whose judgments may be biased by their regrets at what they consider might have been and was not *accomplished* by him.

Although the sun rises at Brussels on the 18th of June at twelve minutes before four A. M., Grouchy did not succeed in getting his two corps started till

seven and eight o'clock respectively! By eleven o'clock the corps of Vandamme, which was in the advance, had passed Sart-à-Walhain, about four miles from Gembloux. Gérard's corps was approaching the village. No reconnaissances whatever appear to have been made on the left of the column. The marshal sent off another dispatch⁶ to the emperor, dated eleven o'clock. He says that the first, second, and third corps of Blücher are marching in the direction of Brussels; that a corps coming from Liège (Bülow's) has effected a junction with those who have fought at Fleurus (Ligny); that "some of the Prussians whom I have before me are directing themselves towards the plain of the Chyse, situated near the road of Louvain, and at two and one half leagues from this city." "It would seem," he goes on to state, "that this is with the intention of concentrating there, or of fighting the troops which pursue them, or finally of reuniting with Wellington, a project announced by their officers, who, with their customary bravado, pretend that they only quitted the field of battle on the 16th with the view of effecting a junction with the English army on Brussels.

"This evening I shall be massed at Wavre, and shall thus find myself between Wellington, whom I presume to be in retreat before your majesty, and the Prussian army."

From the last part of this dispatch it looks as if Grouchy thought that the Prussians were concentrating at or near Louvain. One certainly cannot comprehend how else he can say that by taking position at Wavre he would be separating the Prussians from the English.

But in half an hour after this dispatch was written he heard the cannon of Waterloo. This of course exploded his

¹ But see *Obs. sur la Camp. de 1815*, pages 88, 89, where Grouchy doubts having written this in this dispatch.

² *Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815*, page 46. Grouchy *Mémoires*, vol. iv. p. 65.

³ Charras, vol. ii. pp. 57 et seq., 5th ed.

⁴ There was another bridge at Ottignies, about half a mile north of Mousty, which would have been available.

⁵ Charras, vol. ii. p. 65, 5th ed.

⁶ *Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815*, page 54. Grouchy *Mémoires*, vol. iv. p. 71.

belief that the English were *retreating* before the emperor, and no doubt also convinced him that the Prussians were not thinking of "the plain of the Chyse," but were, on the contrary, going to join the English from Wavre as fast as they could. Why, under these circumstances, he refused the counsel of Gérard, who urged him to march straight to the sound of the cannon, it is hard to conjecture. His son tells us¹ that his father did not find the advice so bad in itself, but the form employed to present it was objectionable. The fact was that Grouchy had had constant trouble with both Gérard and Vandamme; his report to the emperor is full of complaints against them for repeated acts of disobedience;² and I think it very possible that the advice of Gérard was proffered (as Grouchy himself says) in a form very offensive to his superior, and that this really did materially influence the latter in deciding against it.

As to the results of this movement had it been attempted, the authorities differ. Charras,³ who thinks it should have been tried, says it would have done no good. Chesney,⁴ however, admits that one, or perhaps two, of the Prussian corps might have been stopped by Grouchy. I have not the time to go into this subject, but I am inclined to think that if Grouchy had so marched at noon the battle of Waterloo would have been a drawn battle, with the chances for the next day largely in favor of the allies, with their superior numbers. To produce a favorable result for Napoleon, Grouchy should have marched in the direction of Wavre by way of Mousty the instant he was sure that the Prussians were not going east, but were going north to unite with the English; that is, at daybreak, at four A. M. If he had done this, he would have joined Napoleon by noon, the Prussians would have been checked at St.

Lambert, and the emperor would have defeated the duke's army by three o'clock in the afternoon, in all probability.

We are now, I believe, in possession of all the material facts which could have influenced Marshal Grouchy in his movements upon Wavre on the 17th and 18th days of June, 1815. We have seen that he declared at first that the emperor did not, on the 17th, give him any written order; that his verbal instructions said not a word about the possibility of a junction of the Prussians with the Duke of Wellington, but indicated that the Prussians had retreated in the direction of Namur.

We have seen, however, that, finally, in the course of many years, his written order, the Bertrand letter, was made public, and that in that letter the emperor did clearly warn him of a possible reunion of the two armies with the intention of fighting another battle to cover Brussels (or Liége, as the case might be). We have seen that in his first dispatch, dated from Gembloux, written, as it were, in reply to this, he assured the emperor that if the mass of the Prussians was retreating east he should follow it by way of Perwez; but if it was falling back to Wavre, he should follow it in that direction, so as to prevent their gaining Brussels and to separate them from Wellington. We have seen that on the receipt of this the emperor carelessly, but perhaps naturally, seems to have considered that the marshal comprehended the situation, and sent him no more dispatches till the one dated ten in the morning of the battle, which did not reach him till after four P. M., and of which we are soon to speak; and that Grouchy, having found out before daybreak that the Prussians were retiring on Brussels, yet, instead of approaching the emperor, and trying to get between the Prussians and the opinions of Jomini, Clausewitz, Müffling, etc. Siborne, 2d ed., vol. i. pp. 320-323, gives a good statement of what Grouchy might have accomplished.

¹ Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 59.

² Ibid., pages 84-87, 92.

³ Charras, vol. ii. p. 66, 5th ed.

⁴ Chesney, page 201, 3d ed., where he cites the

English, persisted, in spite of Gérard's advice, in marching on Wavre by exterior lines of operation, thereby putting the Prussian army between himself and the forces contending at Waterloo.

But Marshal Grouchy alleges that, after all, the emperor made exactly the same mistake that he did, if mistake it was. For in a dispatch dated the 18th, at ten A. M., and signed by Soult, *he is told to direct his movements on Wavre, where he ought to arrive as soon as possible.* In fact, Grouchy sets up this dispatch in his own defense, in his report¹ to the emperor. And though this dispatch was not received by him until four o'clock in the afternoon, which was of course too late to be of any use, he urges, and with great apparent force, that had he seen this dispatch at the moment it was penned he would not have been justified in doing anything else than what he actually did. Let us, however, hear the whole dispatch:² —

EN AYANT DE LA FERME DE CAILLOU, }
le 18 Juin, 1815, à dix heures du matin. }

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL, — The emperor has received your last report, dated from Gembloux.

You speak to his majesty of only two Prussian columns which have passed at Sauvenières and Sart-à-Walhain. Nevertheless, reports say that a third column, which was a pretty strong one, has passed by Gery and Gentinnes, directed on Wavre.

The emperor instructs me to tell you that at this moment his majesty is going to attack the English army, which has taken position at Waterloo, near the forest of Soignes. Thus his majesty desires that you will direct your movements on Wavre, in order to approach us, to put yourself in the sphere [*en rapport*] of our operations, and keep up your communications with us; pushing

¹ Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 64. Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 79.

² Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 81; Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 319. See also Chesney,

before you those troops of the Prussian army which have taken this direction, and which may have stopped at Wavre, where you ought to arrive as soon as possible.

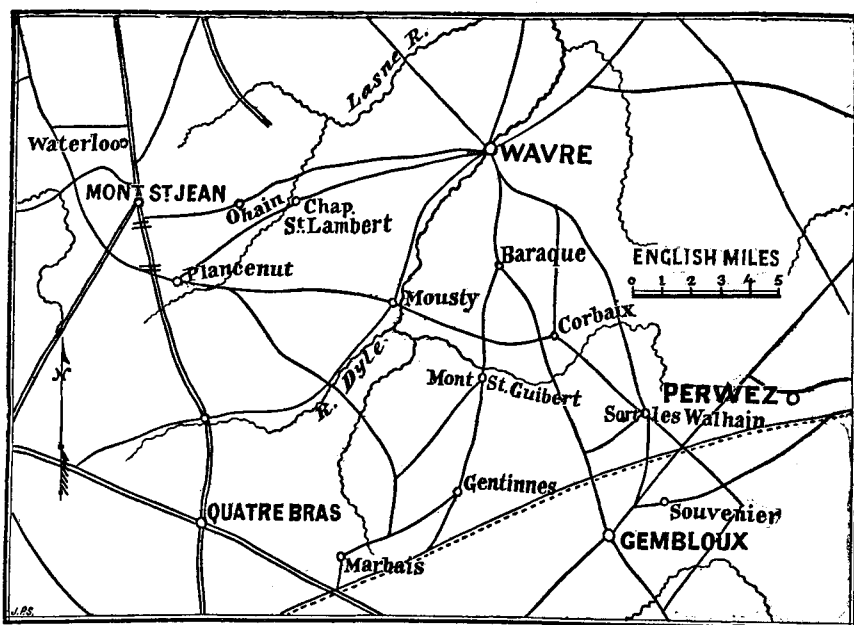
You will follow the enemy's columns, which are on your right, by some light troops, in order to observe their movements and pick up their stragglers. Instruct me immediately of your dispositions and of your march, as also of the news which you have of the enemy, and do not neglect to keep up your communications with us. The emperor desires to have news from you very often.

(Signed) The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia.

To understand this dispatch we must refer to those to which it is an answer, and particularly to that written by Grouchy from Gembloux, at ten o'clock the night before. In that he says, as will be remembered, "If the mass of the Prussians retires on Wavre, I shall follow it *in that direction*, in order that they may not be able to gain Brussels and to separate them from Wellington. If, on the contrary, my information proves that the principal force of the Prussians has marched on Perwez, I shall direct myself *by this city* in pursuit of the enemy."

Now Soult, having, doubtless, this letter before him when he wrote, simply says, Do not take Perwez direction; take the Wavre direction, *so as to approach us.*³ It not only did not follow from this that Grouchy was to march upon Wavre on the right bank of the Dyle, but, on the contrary, as he was to direct his movements on Wavre *in order* to approach the main army and to put himself "within the sphere of its operations," *it was necessary* for him to operate on the left bank of the river. It was certainly the leading thought of this

³ Cf. Siborne, vol. i. p. 380, note, 2d ed.



letter that Grouchy was to come within speaking distance of the main army. For him to quote this letter as justifying him in his exterior movement upon Wavre, on the right bank of the river, without any sort of communication with the emperor, is, we submit, to distort its meaning. If he could have read it in the light of the facts before him at the time it was written, it is apparent that he could not have obeyed it unless he should cross the Dyle at Mousty, communicate directly with the emperor, and operate against Wavre in communication with and conjunction with the main army, so as to be between them and the Prussians. Still, though I believe this to be the true interpretation, I cannot understand the omission in this dispatch of a clear and definite statement of the route to be pursued by Grouchy's column. What could have been easier than to have said, Cross the Dyle at once, get thus in communication with us, and then operate on our right flank? But the emperor and his chief of staff appear to have left all details to Grouchy to work out as well as he could. As in

the Bertrand letter, so in this letter of Soult's, and more especially in the next letter, as we shall soon point out, the emperor seems to have been perfectly satisfied with merely indicating to his lieutenant the object to be attained, — whether it was the preventing of the junction of the Prussians and the English, or the abandoning of the Perwez direction and adoption of the Wavre direction, so as to approach the main army, — and to have left it entirely to Grouchy to take the proper line of operations to secure these objects. With a Masséna or a Davoust this method would have sufficed; with Grouchy it was a total failure.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th another and last dispatch was sent to Grouchy, on certain expressions in which, although it did not reach him until seven o'clock in the evening, he relies as showing that his course was conformed to the emperor's views at the moment. Let us, however, see the whole dispatch :¹ —

¹ Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 67. Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 82.

18 Juin, une heure après midi.

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL, — You have written to the emperor at three o'clock this morning that you would march on Sart-à-Walhain: your intention then is to go to Corbaix and Wavre. This movement is conformable to his majesty's arrangements which have been communicated to you. Nevertheless, the emperor orders me to tell you that you ought always to manœuvre in our direction, and to seek to come near to our army, in order that you may join us before any corps can put itself between us. I do not indicate to you the direction you should take; it is for you to see the place where we are, to govern yourself accordingly, and to connect our communications so as to be always prepared to fall upon any of the enemy's troops which may endeavor to annoy our right, and to destroy them.

At this moment the battle is in progress¹ on the line of Waterloo, in front of the forest of Soignes. The enemy's centre is at Mont St. Jean; manœuvre, therefore, to join our right.

(Signed) The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia.

P. S. A letter which has just been intercepted says that General Bülow is about to attack our right flank; we believe that we see this corps on the height of St. Lambert. So lose not an instant in drawing near us and joining us, in order to crush Bülow, whom you will take in the very act.

(Signed) The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia.

In this dispatch it is not difficult to cull out expressions which apparently favor the course taken by the marshal. But when it is said that the march on Corbaix and Wavre is conformable to the emperor's views, it is, we repeat,

¹ The text given in the above works is erroneous in one respect: it gives "la bataille est gagnée" for "la bataille est engagée." See Charras, vol. i. p. 287, 5th ed. Also, *Seconde Déclaration du Général le Sénécal*; *Le Maréchal*, etc., page 113.

as contra-distinguished from a march to the eastward, in the direction of Namur or Perwez. It is, in fact, *because* the direction of Wavre will bring him near the main army that it is ordered. And when the emperor goes on to say that the marshal must manœuvre in his direction — to seek to come near to his army, *to join him*, even, before any corps of the enemy can get between them — the meaning of the first part of the dispatch becomes perfectly clear. And as if to warn Grouchy not to rely on any isolated expressions, the emperor proceeds to say that he is not giving him precise orders of march, but that he relies on him to find out where the main army is, to govern himself accordingly, to connect his communications with it, and to be prepared to fall on any of the enemy's troops which may seek to annoy or attack the right flank of the army.

This dispatch therefore confirms the truth of the remark we made before, that the emperor satisfied himself in his letters to Grouchy with general directions, and never went into details. He told him what he expected him to accomplish, and left him entire judge of the means of doing it. Thus, in his first dispatch, the Bertrand letter, while he tells him to explore thoroughly towards Namur, he tells him also that he must find out whether the Prussians intend to separate from the English, or to join them in trying the fate of another battle. Then, when he has received Grouchy's dispatches, showing his uncertainty as to where the Prussians had gone, but saying that if they went to Perwez he should follow them by that city, but that if they went to Wavre he should follow them in that direction, in order that they might not gain Brussels and to separate them from Wellington, the emperor in his second dispatch, tells Grouchy

Also, *Fragments Historiques relatifs à la Campagne de 1815 et à la Bataille de Waterloo*. Par le Général Grouchy. Lettre à Messieurs Méry et Barthélemy. Paris. 1829. Page 14, note.

that he knows of one strong Prussian column having retreated on Wavre, and that he, Grouchy, must therefore take the Wavre direction, so as to come near him, and connect himself with his operations, following the enemy on his right with light troops only. Finally, having, doubtless, become somewhat uneasy at the fact that nothing was seen of the marshal by the cavalry¹ which he had sent out to the bridge of Mousty to look for him, and at the appearance of the Prussians on his right, he writes him his third and last dispatch, telling him that his Wavre movement is all right, but that he must operate so as to come near him and join him before any bodies of the enemy can attack him; adding, however, that he will not undertake to lay out his course for him.

Now we are quite willing to allow that this method of directing the operations of a detached wing of an army is open to the charge of leaving too much to the good sense and military skill of the general commanding that wing. We are quite ready to admit that orders should have been sent to Grouchy during the night of the 17th and 18th, directing him to make for the bridge of Mousty at daybreak. But we cannot agree with Chesney² "that Napoleon did not in the least foresee the flank march of the Prussians." The emperor certainly did foresee the possibility of this when he dictated the Bertrand dispatch, and he supposed that by warning Grouchy in a written order, when he sent him off, that the Prussians might undertake to unite with the English, he had taken ample precautions against the happening of this contingency. In a sense, the harsh expressions of Chesney and others about the utter state of ignorance in which the emperor was as to

the strategy of his enemies, that he did not take at all into consideration the possibility of the march of the whole Prussian army from Wavre to join Wellington, and so on, are true. They are true so far as this: that Napoleon, having intrusted the whole duty of finding out about the Prussians — where they were, and whether they were going to unite with the English or not — to Grouchy, and having given him a competent force and plenty of cavalry and an express warning as to the danger of the union of their army with the English, had considered that he had done all that was needful; and undoubtedly he was taken by surprise when the blow came. But they are not true in the sense that Napoleon was throughout blind to the possibility of this junction of the allied armies, and took no measures to prevent it. If an experienced sea captain, on approaching a dangerous coast, intrusts the deck to one of his officers, to whom he gives a sufficient number of men, and whom he warns to beware of the dangers arising from the force of certain currents, and then goes below, he is undoubtedly taken by surprise when the ship runs ashore. In his berth, asleep, he certainly did not foresee the catastrophe. His principal, if not his only, fault was in his choice of the officer to whom he intrusted the deck. As to his knowledge of the perils of that part of the voyage, that cannot be questioned.

So with Napoleon. His throwing the entire responsibility of taking care of the Prussians on Marshal Grouchy was his chief fault, for Grouchy was not able to sustain such a burden. Davoust, whom he might have had, and ought to have had, in Grouchy's place, would have successfully carried out his ideas. And while I fully admit the emperor's dila-

tionally; his book is mainly concerned with the battle itself, of which it is the best narrative ever written; and as he played a prominent part in the action it is specially valuable and interesting.

¹ Rapport du Colonel Marbot, 7me Hussards; Napoléon à Waterloo, page 344. See also Siborne, 2d ed., vol. i. p. 317.

² Chesney, page 207, 3d ed. See also Kennedy's Battle of Waterloo, page 161. But General Shaw-Kennedy considered this subject only

toriness on the morning of the 17th, by which the concentration of the Prussian army at Wavre was assured, which in fact made it impossible for Grouchy, or for Davoust even, to prevent this concentration ; and while I also fully admit the negligence of the emperor in leaving Grouchy so long without any instructions, except the warning of the possibly intended junction of the allied armies contained in the Bertrand letter, yet I cannot agree with those who, like Chesney, say that ¹ "the notion that Grouchy is responsible for the Waterloo defeat must be dismissed, by those who choose to weigh the evidence, from the domain of authentic history to the limbo of national figments." The responsibility must be divided between the emperor and his lieutenant. Charging upon Napoleon, as we must, the faults above specified, it must yet not be forgotten that had Grouchy intelligently carried out the emperor's instructions contained in the Bertrand letter he might have been in a position to defeat, or at least to hinder, the junction of the allied armies. His information early led him to the correct opinion that the Prussians were going to Wavre, for the purpose of uniting with the English. He wrote the emperor on the night of the 17th that if he found this was so he should try to prevent this scheme from being carried out. Yet he never even reconnoitred on his left, to ascertain what they were doing ; and he totally neglected the emperor's order to place detachments of cavalry between himself and the main army, so as to communicate directly and promptly with head-quarters. Instead of marching at break of day, he lost four hours by his inexcusable delay on the morning of the 18th. Instead of moving in the direction of Wavre by his left, and on the interior line by way of

Mousty and on the left bank of the Dyle, so as to approach the main army, and to be able to hinder any attack by the Prussians upon it, he marched upon Wavre by the right bank of the river, so as to leave the Prussians between himself and the emperor. And even when the cannon of Waterloo convinced him that Wellington had halted to give battle, he persisted in his mistaken course, refusing, probably in part from the influence of petty personal feeling, the wise counsel of his subordinates to march to the field of battle.²

It is hardly to be questioned that, if Grouchy had moved at four o'clock in the morning by way of Mousty, and had put himself in communication with the main army, his forces would have stopped the Prussian advance, and allowed the emperor the use of his whole army against the duke's forces, which were inferior in numbers and composition. Instead of being obliged to detach 16,000 infantry against the Prussians, Napoleon could have used them against the English, and from what we know of the condition of Wellington's army in the latter part of the afternoon the result would have been a decided victory for Napoleon. If, on the other hand, Grouchy had, even as late as mid-day, changed his plan, and, following the advice of Gérard, had marched to join the emperor, he would certainly have averted the catastrophe, even if he had arrived too late to insure a victory for his side.

The literature of this campaign is voluminous. The fairest and fullest English work is that of Captain Siborne. He wrote in 1844. His remarks on this much-disputed subject are free from that *animus* against Napoleon which deforms the work of Chesney, in many respects so admirable. But Chesney, such written order ? None, save that that order contained an express warning of the possibility of the junction of the Prussians with the English, which Grouchy did nothing whatever to hinder.

¹ Chesney, page 207, 3d ed.

² And what can be said of the concealment for nearly thirty years of the order written by General Bertrand ? What excuse can be made for the repeated and flat denials of the existence of any

Hooper, Kennedy, Charras, and Quinet all wrote during the second French empire, and with the intention of "exploding the *Napoleonic legend*." They were biased by the relation of their subject to the politics of the day. You find them now declaring, as Chesney substantially does, that Grouchy did all that he ought to have done; or else, like Charras, that if he had done all that he ought to have done he could not have affected the result. But in vain will you look for such a temperate and sound criticism as that which Siborne¹ passes on Grouchy's conduct.

In most of the French narratives which defend Napoleon's course we also find unmistakable bias. In the brilliant but very untrustworthy history of the campaign by Thiers, in the quite elaborate and valuable work of the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, there is much that must be wholly rejected: the former

work is not to be depended on for its facts; the latter draws many unwarranted conclusions. A work which has escaped public notice in great measure, entitled *Souvenirs Militaires, Napoléon à Waterloo*,² by an old officer of the Imperial Guard, though rather prolix, is a very sound and valuable discussion of the whole campaign, and is well worth a careful study.

I trust that I have not unnecessarily reviewed this famous controversy. It possesses a constant interest for all students of history. Apart from the dramatic incidents of the catastrophe, the utter defeat in a pitched battle of a captain so wonderfully able and experienced as Napoleon was must in itself always demand some explanation. I have simply endeavored to bring some facts, hitherto not generally known, to light, and to put the responsibility for the defeat where it belongs.

John C. Ropes.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXIX.

UNDER her cousin's escort Isabel returned on the morrow to Florence, and Ralph Touchett, though usually he was not fond of railway journeys, thought very well of the successive hours passed in the train which hurried his companion away from the city now distinguished by Gilbert Osmond's preference, — hours that were to form the first stage in a still larger scheme of travel. Miss Stackpole had remained behind; she was planning a little trip to Naples, to be executed with Mr. Bantling's assistance. Isabel was to have but three

¹ History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815, 2d ed., vol. i. pp. 314-323.

² The full title is this: *Souvenirs Militaires, Napoléon à Waterloo, ou Précis Rectifié de la Campagne de 1815. Avec des Documents Nouveaux et*

days in Florence before the 4th of June, the date of Mrs. Touchett's departure, and she determined to devote the last of these to her promise to go and see Pansy Osmond. Her plan, however, seemed for a moment likely to modify itself, in deference to a plan of Madame Merle's. This lady was still at Casa Touchett but she too was on the point of leaving Florence, her next station being an ancient castle in the mountains of Tuscany, the residence of a noble family of that country, whose acquaintance (she had known them, as she said, "forever") seemed to Isabel, in the light of certain photographs of their immense
des Pièces Inédites. Par un Ancien Officier de la Garde Impériale, qui est resté près de Napoléon pendant toute la campagne. Paris: Dumaine. 1866.

crenelated dwelling which her friend was able to show her, a precious privilege.

She mentioned to Madame Merle that Mr. Osmond had asked her to call upon his daughter; she did not mention to her that he had also made her a declaration of love.

"*Ah, comme cela se trouve!*" the elder lady exclaimed. "I myself have been thinking it would be a kindness to take a look at the child before I go into the country."

"We can go together, then," said Isabel, reasonably. I say "reasonably," because the proposal was not uttered in the spirit of enthusiasm. She had pre-figured her visit as made in solitude; she should like it better so. Nevertheless, to her great consideration for Madame Merle she was prepared to sacrifice this mystic sentiment.

Her friend meditated, with her usual suggestive smile. "After all," she presently said, "why should we both go, having, each of us, so much to do during these last hours?"

"Very good; I can easily go alone."

"I don't know about your going alone, — to the house of a handsome bachelor. He has been married, — but so long ago!"

Isabel stared. "When Mr. Osmond is away, what does it matter?"

"They don't know he is away, you see."

"They? Whom do you mean?"

"Every one. But perhaps it does n't matter."

"If you were going, why should n't I?" Isabel asked.

"Because I am an old frump, and you are a beautiful young woman."

"Granting all that, you have not promised."

"How much you think of your promises!" said Madame Merle, with a smile of genial mockery.

"I think a great deal of my promises. Does that surprise you?"

"You are right," Madame Merle reflected audibly. "I really think you wish to be kind to the child."

"I wish very much to be kind to her."

"Go and see her, then; no one will be the wiser. And tell her I would have come, if you had not. . . . Or rather," Madame Merle added, "don't tell her; she won't care."

As Isabel drove, in the publicity of an open vehicle, along the charming winding way which led to Mr. Osmond's hill-top, she wondered what Madame Merle had meant by no one being the wiser. Once in a while, at large intervals, this lady, in whose discretion as a general thing there was something almost brilliant, dropped a remark of ambiguous quality, struck a note that sounded false. What cared Isabel Archer for the vulgar judgments of obscure people; and did Madame Merle suppose that she was capable of doing a deed in secret? Of course not; she must have meant something else, something which in the press of the hours that preceded her departure she had not had time to explain. Isabel would return to this some day; there were certain things as to which she liked to be clear. She heard Pansy strumming at the piano in another apartment, as she herself was ushered into Mr. Osmond's drawing-room; the little girl was "practicing," and Isabel was pleased to think that she performed this duty faithfully. Presently Pansy came in, smoothing down her frock, and did the honors of her father's house with the wide-eyed conscientiousness of a sensitive child. Isabel sat there for half an hour, and Pansy entertained her like a little lady, — not chattering, but conversing, and showing the same courteous interest in Isabel's affairs that Isabel was so good as to take in hers. Isabel wondered at her; as I have said before, she had never seen a child like that. How well she had been taught, said our keen young lady; how

prettily she had been directed and fashioned ; and yet how simple, how natural, how innocent, she had been kept ! Isabel was fond of psychological problems, and it had pleased her, up to this time, to be in doubt as to whether Miss Pansy were not all-knowing. Was her infantine serenity but the perfection of self-consciousness ? Was it put on to please her father's visitor, or was it the direct expression of a little neat, orderly character ? The hour that Isabel spent in Mr. Osmond's beautiful, empty, dusky rooms, — the windows had been half darkened, to keep out the heat, and here and there, through an easy crevice, the splendid summer day peeped in, lighting a gleam of faded color or tarnished gilt in the rich-looking gloom, — Isabel's interview with the daughter of the house, I say, effectually settled this question. Pansy was really a blank page, a pure white surface ; she was not clever enough for precocious coqueties. She was not clever ; Isabel could see that ; she only had nice feelings. There was something touching about her ; Isabel had felt it before ; she would be an easy victim of fate. She would have no will, no power to resist, no sense of her own importance ; only an exquisite taste, and an appreciation, equally exquisite, of such affection as might be bestowed upon her. She would easily be mystified ; easily crushed ; her force would be solely in her power to cling. She moved about the place with Isabel, who had asked leave to walk through the other rooms again, where Pansy gave her judgment on several works of art. She talked about her prospects, her occupations, her father's intentions ; she was not egotistical, but she felt the propriety of giving Isabel the information that so observant a visitor would naturally expect.

" Please tell me," she said, " did papa, in Rome, go to see Madame Catherine ? He told me he would if he had time. Perhaps he had not time. Papa likes

a great deal of time. He wished to speak about my education ; it is n't finished yet, you know. I don't know what they can do with me more ; but it appears it is far from finished. Papa told me one day he thought he would finish it himself ; for the last year or two, at the convent, the masters that teach the tall girls are so very dear. Papa is not rich, and I should be very sorry if he were to pay much money for me, because I don't think I am worth it. I don't learn quickly enough, and I have got no memory. For what I am told, yes, — especially when it is pleasant ; but not for what I learn in a book. There was a young girl, who was my best friend, and they took her away from the convent when she was fourteen, to make — how do you say it in English ? — to make a *dot*. You don't say it in English ? I hope it is n't wrong ; I only mean they wished to keep the money, to marry her. I don't know whether it is for that that papa wishes to keep the money, — to marry me. It costs so much to marry ! " Pansy went on, with a sigh. " I think papa might make that economy. At any rate, I am too young to think about it yet, and I don't care for any gentleman ; I mean, for any but him. If he were not my papa, I should like to marry him ; I would rather be his daughter than the wife of — of some strange person. I miss him very much, but not so much as you might think, for I have been so much away from him. Papa has always been principally for holidays. I miss Madame Catherine almost more ; but you must not tell him that. You shall not see him again ? I am very sorry for that. Of every one who comes here I like you the best. That is not a great compliment, for there are not many people. It was very kind of you to come to-day, — so far from your house ; for I am as yet only a child. Oh, yes, I have only the occupations of a child. When did you give them up, the occupations

of a child? I should like to know how old you are, but I don't know whether it is right to ask. At the convent they told us that we must never ask the age. I don't like to do anything that is not expected; it looks as if one had not been properly taught. I myself, — I should never like to be taken by surprise. Papa left directions for everything. I go to bed very early. When the sun goes off that side I go into the garden. Papa left strict orders that I was not to get scorched. I always enjoy the view; the mountains are so graceful. In Rome, from the convent, we saw nothing but roofs and bell-towers. I practice three hours. I do not play very well. You play yourself? I wish very much that you would play something for me; papa wishes very much that I should hear good music. Madame Merle has played for me several times; that is what I like best about Madame Merle; she has great facility. I shall never have facility. And I have no voice, — just a little thread."

Isabel gratified this respectful wish, drew off her gloves, and sat down to the piano, while Pansy, standing beside her, watched her white hands move quickly over the keys. When she stopped, she kissed the child good-by, and held her a moment, looking at her.

"Be a good child," she said; "give pleasure to your father."

"I think that is what I live for," Pansy answered. "He has not much pleasure; he is rather a sad man."

Isabel listened to this assertion with an interest which she felt it to be almost a torment that she was obliged to conceal from the child. It was her pride that obliged her, and a certain sense of decency; there were still other things in her head which she felt a strong impulse, instantly checked, to say to Pansy about her father; there were things it would have given her pleasure to hear the child, to make the child, say. But

she no sooner became conscious of these things than her imagination was hushed with horror at the idea of taking advantage of the little girl, — it was of this she would have accused herself, — and of leaving an audible trace of her emotion behind. She had come, — she had come; but she had stayed only an hour! She rose quickly from the music-stool; even then, however, she lingered a moment, still holding her small companion, drawing the child's little tender person closer, and looking down at her. She was obliged to confess it to herself, — she would have taken a passionate pleasure in talking about Gilbert Osmond to this innocent, diminutive creature who was near to him. But she said not another word; she only kissed Pansy once more. They went together through the vestibule, to the door which opened into the court; and there Pansy stopped, looking rather wistfully beyond.

"I may go no further," she said. "I have promised papa not to go out of this door."

"You are right to obey him; he will never ask you anything unreasonable."

"I shall always obey him. But when will you come again?"

"Not for a long time, I am afraid."

"As soon as you can, I hope. I am only a little girl," said Pansy, "but I shall always expect you."

And the small figure stood in the high, dark door-way, watching Isabel cross the clear, gray court, and disappear into the brightness beyond the big *portone*, which gave a wider gleam as it opened.

XXX.

Isabel came back to Florence, but only after several months; an interval sufficiently replete with incident. It is not, however, during this interval that we are closely concerned with her; our attention is engaged again on a certain day in the late spring-time, shortly after

her return to the Palazzo Crescentini, and a year from the date of the incidents I have just narrated. She was alone on this occasion, in one of the smaller of the numerous rooms devoted by Mrs. Touchett to social uses, and there was that in her expression and attitude which would have suggested that she was expecting a visitor. The tall window was open, and though its green shutters were partly drawn, the bright air of the garden had come in through a broad interstice, and filled the room with warmth and perfume. Our young lady stood for some time at the window, with her hands clasped behind her, gazing into the brilliant aperture, in the manner of a person relapsing into reverie. She was preoccupied; she was too restless to sit down, to work, to read. It was evidently not her design, however, to catch a glimpse of her visitor before he should pass into the house; for the entrance to the palace was not through the garden, in which stillness and privacy always reigned. She was endeavoring rather to anticipate his arrival by a process of conjecture, and to judge by the expression of her face this attempt gave her plenty to do. She was extremely grave: not sad, exactly, but deeply serious. The lapse of a year may doubtless account for a considerable increase of gravity, though this will depend a good deal upon the manner in which the year has been spent. Isabel had spent hers in seeing the world; she had moved about; she had traveled; she had exerted herself with an almost passionate activity. She was now, to her own sense, a very different person from the frivolous young woman from Albany, who had begun to see Europe upon the lawn at Gardencourt a couple of years before. She flattered herself that she had gathered a rich experience, that she knew a great deal more of life than this light-minded creature had even suspected. If her thoughts just now had inclined themselves to retrospect,

instead of fluttering their wings nervously about the present, they would have evoked a multitude of interesting pictures. These pictures would have been both landscapes and figure-pieces; the latter, however, would have been the more numerous. With several of the figures concerned in these combinations we are already acquainted. There would be, for instance, the conciliatory Lily, our heroine's sister and Edmund Ludlow's wife, who came out from New York to spend five months with Isabel. She left her husband behind her, but she brought her children, to whom Isabel now played, with equal munificence and tenderness, the part of maiden-aunt. Mr. Ludlow, toward the last, had been able to snatch a few weeks from his forensic triumphs, and, crossing the ocean with extreme rapidity, spent a month with the two ladies in Paris, before taking his wife home. The little Ludlows had not yet, even from the American point of view, reached the proper-tourist age; so that while her sister was with her Isabel confined her movements to a narrow circle. Lily and the babies had joined her in Switzerland in the month of July, and they had spent a summer of fine weather in an Alpine valley, where the flowers were thick in the meadows, and the shade of great chestnuts made a resting-place in such upward wanderings as might be undertaken by ladies and children on warm afternoons. Afterwards they had come to Paris, a city beloved by Lily, but less appreciated by Isabel, who in those days was constantly thinking of Rome. Mrs. Ludlow enjoyed Paris, but she was nevertheless somewhat disappointed and puzzled; and after her husband had joined her she was, in addition, a good deal depressed at not being able to induce him to enter into these somewhat subtle and complex emotions. They all had Isabel for their object; but Edmund Ludlow, as he had always done before, declined to be surprised, or distressed, or mystified,

or elated, at anything his sister-in-law might have done or have failed to do. Mrs. Ludlow's feelings were various. At one moment she thought it would be so natural for Isabel to come home and take a house in New York, — the Ros-siters', for instance, which had an elegant conservatory, and was just round the corner from her own; at another she could not conceal her surprise at the girl's not marrying some gentleman of rank in one of the foreign countries. On the whole, as I have said, she was rather disappointed. She had taken more satisfaction in Isabel's accession of fortune than if the money had been left to herself; it had seemed to her to offer just the proper setting for her sister's slender but eminent figure. Isabel had developed less, however, than Lily had thought likely, — development, to Lily's understanding, being somehow mysteriously connected with morning calls and evening parties. Intellectually, doubtless, she had made immense strides; but she appeared to have achieved few of those social conquests of which Mrs. Ludlow had expected to admire the trophies. Lily's conception of such achievements was extremely vague; but this was exactly what she had expected of Isabel, — to give it form and body. Isabel could have done as well as she had done in New York; and Mrs. Ludlow appealed to her husband to know whether there was any privilege that she enjoyed in Europe which the society of that city might not offer her. We know, ourselves, that Isabel had made conquests, — whether inferior or not to those she might have effected in her native land, it would be a delicate matter to decide; and it is not altogether with a feeling of complacency that I again mention that she had not made these honorable victories public. She had not told her sister the history of Lord Warburton, nor had she given her a hint of Mr. Osmond's state of mind; and she had no better reason for her si-

lence than that she did n't wish to speak. It entertained her more to say nothing, and she had no idea of asking poor Lily's advice. But Lily knew nothing of these rich mysteries, and it is no wonder, therefore, that she pronounced her sister's career in Europe rather dull, — an impression confirmed by the fact that Isabel's silence about Mr. Osmond, for instance, was in direct proportion to the frequency with which he occupied her thoughts. As this happened very often, it sometimes appeared to Mrs. Ludlow that her sister was really losing her gayety. So very strange a result of so exhilarating an incident as inheriting a fortune was of course perplexing to the cheerful Lily; it added to her general sense that Isabel was not at all like other people.

Isabel's gayety, however, — superficially speaking, at least, — exhibited itself rather more after her sister had gone home. She could imagine something more poetic than spending the winter in Paris, — Paris was like smart, neat prose, — and her frequent correspondence with Madame Merle did much to stimulate such fancies. She had never had a keener sense of freedom, of the absolute boldness and wantonness of liberty, than when she turned away from the platform at the Euston Station, on one of the latter days of November, after the departure of the train which was to convey poor Lily, her husband, and her children to their ship at Liverpool. It had been good for her to have them with her; she was very conscious of that; she was very observant, as we know, of what was good for her, and her effort was constantly to find something that was good enough. To profit by the present advantage till the latest moment, she had made the journey from Paris with the unenvied travelers. She would have accompanied them to Liverpool as well, only Edmund Ludlow had asked her, as a favor, not to do so; it made Lily so fidgety, and she

asked such impossible questions. Isabel watched the train move away; she kissed her hand to the elder of her small nephews, a demonstrative child, who leaned dangerously far out of the window of the carriage and made separation an occasion of violent hilarity, and then she walked back into the foggy London street. The world lay before her; she could do whatever she chose. There was something exciting in the feeling, but for the present her choice was tolerably discreet; she chose simply to walk back from Euston Square to her hotel. The early dusk of a November afternoon had already closed in; the street-lamps, in the thick, brown air, looked weak and red; our young lady was unattended, and Euston Square was a long way from Piccadilly. But Isabel performed the journey with a positive enjoyment of its dangers, and lost her way almost on purpose, in order to get more sensations, so that she was disappointed when an obliging policeman easily set her right again. She was so fond of the spectacle of human life that she enjoyed even the aspect of gathering dusk in the London streets,—the moving crowds, the hurrying cabs, the lighted shops, the flaring stalls, the dark, shining dampness of everything. That evening, at her hotel, she wrote to Madame Merle that she would start in a day or two for Rome. She made her way down to Rome without touching at Florence,—having gone first to Venice, and then proceeded southward by Ancona. She accomplished this journey without other assistance than that of her servant, for her natural protectors were not now on the ground. Ralph Touchett was spending the winter at Algiers, and Miss Stackpole, in the September previous, had been recalled to America by a telegram from the Inter-viewer. This journal offered its brilliant correspondent a fresher field for her talents than the mouldering cities of Europe, and Henrietta was cheered on

her way by a promise from Mr. Bantling that he would soon come over and see her. Isabel wrote to Mrs. Touchett to apologize for not coming just then to Florence, and her aunt replied characteristically enough. Apologies, Mrs. Touchett intimated, were of no more use than soap-bubbles, and she herself never dealt in such articles. One either did the thing, or one did n't, and what one would have done belonged to the sphere of the irrelevant, like the idea of a future life or of the origin of things. Her letter was frank, but (a rare case with Mrs. Touchett) it was not so frank as it seemed. She easily forgave her niece for not stopping at Florence, because she thought it was a sign that there was nothing going on with Gilbert Osmond. She watched, of course, to see whether Mr. Osmond would now go to Rome, and took some comfort in learning that he was not guilty of an absence. Isabel, on her side, had not been a fortnight in Rome before she proposed to Madame Merle that they should make a little pilgrimage to the East. Madame Merle remarked that her friend was restless, but she added that she herself had always been consumed with the desire to visit Athens and Constantinople. The two ladies accordingly embarked on this expedition, and spent three months in Greece, in Turkey, in Egypt. Isabel found much to interest her in these countries, though Madame Merle continued to remark that even among the most classic sites, the scenes most calculated to suggest repose and reflection, her restlessness prevailed. Isabel traveled rapidly, eagerly, audaciously; she was like a thirsty person draining cup after cup. Madame Merle, for the present, was a most efficient duenna. It was on Isabel's invitation she had come, and she imparted all necessary dignity to the girl's uncountenanced condition. She played her part with the sagacity that might have been expected of her; she

effaced herself ; she accepted the position of a companion whose expenses were profusely paid. The situation, however, had no hardships, and people who met this graceful pair on their travels would not have been able to tell you which was the patroness and which the client. To say that Madame Merle improved on acquaintance would misrepresent the impression she made upon Isabel, who had thought her from the first a perfectly enlightened woman. At the end of an intimacy of three months Isabel felt that she knew her better ; her character had revealed itself, and Madame Merle had also at last redeemed her promise of relating her history from her own point of view, — a consummation the more desirable as Isabel had already heard it related from the point of view of others. This history was so sad a one (in so far as it concerned the late M. Merle, an adventurer of the lowest class, who had taken advantage, years before, of her youth, and of an inexperience in which, doubtless, those who knew her only now would find it difficult to believe), it abounded so in startling and lamentable incidents, that Isabel wondered the poor lady had kept so much of her freshness, her interest in life. Into this freshness of Madame Merle's she obtained a considerable insight ; she saw that it was, after all, a tolerably artificial bloom. Isabel liked her as much as ever, but there was a certain corner of the curtain that never was lifted ; it was as if Madame Merle had remained after all a foreigner. She had once said that she came from a distance, that she belonged to the Old World, and Isabel never lost the impression that she was the product of a different clime from her own, that she had grown up under other stars. Isabel believed that at bottom she had a different morality. Of course the morality of civilized persons has always much in common ; but Isabel suspected that her friend had esoteric views. She believed,

with the presumption of youth, that a morality which differed from her own must be inferior to it ; and this conviction was an aid to detecting an occasional flash of cruelty, an occasional lapse from candor, in the conversation of a woman who had raised delicate kindness to an art, and whose nature was too large for the narrow ways of deception. Her conception of human motives was different from Isabel's, and there were several in her list of which our heroine had not even heard. She had not heard of everything, that was very plain ; and there were evidently things in the world of which it was not an advantage to hear. Once or twice Isabel had a sort of fright, but the reader will be amused at the cause of it. Madame Merle, as we know, comprehended, responded, sympathized, with wonderful readiness ; yet it had nevertheless happened that her young friend mentally exclaimed, "Heaven forgive her, she does n't understand me !" Absurd as it may seem, this discovery operated as a shock ; it left Isabel with a vague horror, in which there was even an element of foreboding. The horror of course subsided, in the light of some sudden proof of Madame Merle's remarkable intelligence ; but it left a sort of high-water mark in the development of this delightful intimacy. Madame Merle had once said that, in her belief, when a friendship ceased to grow it immediately began to decline ; there was no point of equilibrium between liking a person more and liking him less. A stationary affection, in other words, was impossible ; it must move one way or the other. Without estimating the value of this doctrine, I may say that if Isabel's imagination, which had hitherto been so actively engaged on her friend's behalf, began at last to languish, she enjoyed her society not a particle less than before. If their friendship had declined, it had declined to a very comfortable level. The truth is that in these days the girl had other uses for her imagina-

tion, which was better occupied than it had ever been. I do not allude to the impulse it received as she gazed at the Pyramids, in the course of an excursion from Cairo, or as she stood among the broken columns of the Acropolis and fixed her eyes upon the point designated to her as the straits of Salamis, deep and memorable as these emotions had been. She came back by the last of March from Egypt and Greece, and made another stay in Rome. A few days after her arrival Gilbert Osmond came down from Florence, and remained three weeks, during which the fact of her being with his old friend Madame Merle, in whose house she had gone to lodge, made it virtually inevitable that he should see her every day. When the last of April came she wrote to Mrs. Touchett that she should now be very happy to accept an invitation given long before, and went to pay a visit at the Palazzo Crescentini; Madame Merle on this occasion remaining in Rome. Isabel found her aunt alone; her cousin was still at Algiers. Ralph, however, was expected in Florence from day to day, and Isabel, who had not seen him for upwards of a year, was prepared to give him the most affectionate welcome.

XXXI.

It was not of him, nevertheless, that she was thinking while she stood at the window, where we found her a while ago, and it was not of any of the matters that I have just rapidly sketched. She was not thinking of the past, but of the future; of the immediate, impending hour. She had reason to expect a scene, and she was not fond of scenes. She was not asking herself what she should say to her visitor; this question had already been answered. What he would say to her,—that was the interesting speculation. It could be nothing agreeable; Isabel was convinced of this, and

the conviction had something to do with her being rather paler than usual. For the rest, however, she wore her natural brightness of aspect; even deep grief, with this vivid young lady, would have had a certain soft effulgence. She had laid aside her mourning, but she was still very simply dressed, and as she felt a good deal older than she had done a year before it is probable that to a certain extent she looked so. She was not left indefinitely to her apprehensions, for the servant at last came in and presented her a card.

"Let the gentleman come in," said Isabel, who continued to gaze out of the window after the footman had retired. It was only when she had heard the door close behind the person who presently entered that she looked round.

Caspar Goodwood stood there,—stood and received a moment, from head to foot, the bright, dry gaze with which she rather withheld than offered a greeting. Whether on his side Mr. Goodwood felt himself older than on the first occasion of our meeting him is a point which we shall perhaps presently ascertain; let me say meanwhile that to Isabel's critical glance he showed nothing of the encroachments of time. Straight, strong, and fresh, there was nothing in his appearance that spoke positively either of youth or of age; he looked too deliberate, too serious, to be young, and too eager, too active, to be old. Old he would never be, and this would serve as a compensation for his never having known the age of chubbiness. Isabel perceived that his jaw had quite the same voluntary look that it had worn in earlier days; but she was prepared to admit that such a moment as the present was not a time for relaxation. He had the air of a man who had traveled hard; he said nothing at first, as if he had been out of breath. This gave Isabel time to make a reflection. "Poor fellow," she mentally murmured, "what great things he is capable of, and what a pity that he should waste

his splendid force! What a pity, too, that one can't satisfy everybody!" It gave her time to do more, — to say at the end of a minute, —

"I can't tell you how I hoped that you would n't come."

"I have no doubt of that." And Caspar Goodwood looked about him for a seat. Not only had he come, but he meant to stay a little.

"You must be very tired," said Isabel, seating herself, generously, as she thought, to give him his opportunity.

"No, I am not at all tired. Did you ever know me to be tired?"

"Never; I wish I had. When did you arrive here?"

"Last night, very late; in a kind of snail-train they call the express. These Italian trains go at about the rate of an American funeral."

"That is in keeping; you must have felt as if you were coming to a funeral," Isabel said, forcing a smile, in order to offer such encouragement as she might to an easy treatment of their situation. She had reasoned out the matter elaborately; she had made it perfectly clear that she broke no faith, that she falsified no contract; but for all this she was afraid of him. She was ashamed of her fear; but she was devoutly thankful there was nothing else to be ashamed of. He looked at her with his stiff persistency, — a persistency in which there was almost a want of tact; especially as there was a dull, dark beam in his eye, which rested on her almost like a physical weight.

"No, I did n't feel that, because I could n't think of you as dead. I wish I could!" said Caspar Goodwood, plainly.

"I thank you immensely."

"I would rather think of you as dead than as married to another man."

"That is very selfish of you!" Isabel cried, with the ardor of a real conviction. "If you are not happy yourself, others have a right to be."

"Very likely it is selfish; but I don't in the least mind your saying so. I don't mind anything you can say now, — I don't feel it. The cruellest things you could think of would be mere pin-pricks. After what you have done, I shall never feel anything. I mean anything but that. That I shall feel all my life."

Mr. Goodwood made these detached assertions with a sort of dry deliberateness in his hard, slow, American tone, which flung no atmospheric color over propositions intrinsically displeasing. The tone made Isabel angry rather than touched her; but her anger, perhaps, was fortunate, inasmuch as it gave her a further reason for controlling herself. It was under the pressure of this control that she said, after a little, irrelevantly, by way of answer to Mr. Goodwood's speech, "When did you leave New York?"

He threw up his head a moment, as if he were calculating. "Seventeen days ago."

"You must have traveled fast, in spite of your slow trains."

"I came as fast as I could. I would have come five days ago if I had been able."

"It would n't have made any difference, Mr. Goodwood," said Isabel, smiling.

"Not to you, — no. But to me."

"You gain nothing that I see."

"That is for me to judge!"

"Of course. To me it seems that you only torment yourself." And then, to change the subject, Isabel asked him if he had seen Henrietta Stackpole.

He looked as if he had not come from Boston to Florence to talk about Henrietta Stackpole; but he answered, distinctly enough, that this young lady had come to see him just before he left America.

"She came to see you?"

"Yes; she was in Boston, and she called at my office. It was the day I had got your letter."

"Did you tell her?" Isabel asked, with a certain anxiety.

"Oh, no," said Caspar Goodwood, simply; "I did n't want to. She will hear it soon enough; she hears everything."

"I shall write to her; and then she will write to me and scold me," Isabel declared, trying to smile again.

Caspar, however, remained sternly grave. "I guess she'll come out," he said.

"On purpose to scold me?"

"I don't know. She seemed to think she had not seen Europe thoroughly."

"I am glad you tell me that," Isabel said. "I must prepare for her."

Mr. Goodwood fixed his eyes for a moment on the floor; then, at last, raising them, "Does she know Mr. Osmond?" he asked.

"A little. And she does n't like him. But of course I don't marry to please Henrietta," Isabel added.

It would have been better for poor Caspar if she had tried a little more to gratify Miss Stackpole; but he did not say so; he only asked, presently, when her marriage would take place.

"I don't know yet. I can only say it will be soon. I have told no one but yourself and one other person, — an old friend of Mr. Osmond's."

"Is it a marriage your friends won't like?" Caspar Goodwood asked.

"I really have n't an idea. As I say, I don't marry for my friends."

He went on, making no exclamation, no comment, only asking questions.

"What is Mr. Osmond?"

"What is he? Nothing at all but a very good man. He is not in business," said Isabel. "He is not rich; he is not known for anything in particular."

She disliked Mr. Goodwood's questions, but she said to herself that she owed it to him to satisfy him as far as possible.

The satisfaction poor Caspar exhibited was certainly small; he sat very upright, gazing at her.

"Where does he come from?" he went on.

"From nowhere. He has spent most of his life in Italy."

"You said in your letter that he was an American. Has n't he a native place?"

"Yes, but he has forgotten it. He left it as a small boy."

"Has he never gone back?"

"Why should he go back?" Isabel asked, flushing a little, and defensively.

"He has no profession."

"He might have gone back for his pleasure. Does n't he like the United States?"

"He does n't know them. Then he is very simple; he contents himself with Italy."

"With Italy and with you," said Mr. Goodwood, with gloomy plainness, and no appearance of trying to make an epigram. "What has he ever done?" he added, abruptly.

"That I should marry him? Nothing at all," Isabel replied, with a smile that had gradually become a trifle defiant. "If he had done great things, would you forgive me any better? Give me up, Mr. Goodwood; I am marrying a non-entity. Don't try to take an interest in him; you can't."

"I can't appreciate him; that's what you mean. And you don't mean in the least that he is a nonentity. You think he is a great man, though no one else thinks so."

Isabel's color deepened; she thought this very clever of her companion, and it was certainly a proof of the clairvoyance of such a feeling as his.

"Why do you always come back to what others think? I can't discuss Mr. Osmond with you."

"Of course not," said Caspar, reasonably. And he sat there with his air of stiff helplessness, as if not only this were true, but there were nothing else that they might discuss.

"You see how little you gain," Isabel

broke out, — “how little comfort or satisfaction I can give you!”

“I didn’t expect you to give me much.”

“I don’t understand, then, why you came.”

“I came because I wanted to see you once more — as you are.”

“I appreciate that; but if you had waited a while, sooner or later we should have been sure to meet, and our meeting would have been pleasanter for each of us than this.”

“Waited till after you are married? That is just what I did n’t want to do. You will be different then.”

“Not very. I shall still be a great friend of yours. You will see.”

“That will make it all the worse,” said Mr. Goodwood grimly.

“Ah, you are unaccommodating! I can’t promise to dislike you, in order to help you to resign yourself.”

“I should n’t care if you did!”

Isabel got up, with a movement of repressed impatience, and walked to the window, where she remained a moment, looking out. When she turned round, her visitor was still motionless in his place. She came towards him again and stopped, resting her hand on the back of the chair she had just quitted.

“Do you mean you came simply to look at me? That’s better for you, perhaps, than for me.”

“I wished to hear the sound of your voice,” said Caspar.

“You have heard it, and you see it says nothing very sweet.”

“It gives me pleasure, all the same.” And with this he got up.

She had felt pain and displeasure when she received, that morning, the note in which he told her that he was in Florence, and, with her permission, would come within an hour to see her. She had been vexed and distressed, though she had sent back word by his messenger that he might come when he would. She had not been better pleased

when she saw him; his being there at all was so full of implication. It implied things she could never assent to, — rights, reproaches, remonstrance, rebuke, the expectation of making her change her purpose. These things, however, if implied, had not been expressed; and now our young lady, strangely enough, began to resent her visitor’s remarkable self-control. There was a dumb misery about him which irritated her; there was a manly staying of his hand which made her heart beat faster. She felt her agitation rising, and she said to herself that she was as angry as a woman who had been in the wrong. She was not in the wrong; she had fortunately not that bitterness to swallow; but, all the same, she wished he would denounce her a little. She had wished his visit would be short; it had no purpose, no propriety; yet now that he seemed to be turning away, she felt a sudden horror of his leaving her without uttering a word that would give her an opportunity to defend herself more than she had done in writing to him, a month before, in a few carefully chosen words, to announce her engagement. If she were not in the wrong, however, why should she desire to defend herself? It was an excess of generosity on Isabel’s part to desire that Mr. Goodwood should be angry.

If he had not held himself hard it might have made him so to hear the tone in which she suddenly exclaimed, as if she were accusing him of having accused her, —

“I have not deceived you! I was perfectly free!”

“Yes, I know that,” said Caspar.

“I gave you full warning that I would do as I chose.”

“You said you would probably never marry, and you said it so positively that I pretty well believed it.”

Isabel was silent an instant.

“No one can be more surprised than myself at my present intention.”

"You told me that if I heard you were engaged I was not to believe it," Caspar went on. "I heard it twenty days ago from yourself, but I remembered what you had said. I thought there might be some mistake, and that is partly why I came."

"If you wish me to repeat it by word of mouth, that is soon done. There is no mistake at all."

"I saw that as soon as I came into the room."

"What good would it do you that I should n't marry?" Isabel asked, with a certain fierceness.

"I should like it better than this."

"You are very selfish, as I said before."

"I know that. I am selfish as iron."

"Even iron sometimes melts. If you will be reasonable I will see you again."

"Don't you call me reasonable now?"

"I don't know what to say to you," she answered, with sudden humility.

"I shan't trouble you for a long time," the young man went on. He made a step towards the door, but he stopped. "Another reason why I came was that I wanted to hear what you would say in explanation of your having changed your mind."

Isabel's humbleness as suddenly deserted her.

"In explanation? Do you think I am bound to explain?"

Caspar gave her one of his long dumb looks.

"You were very positive. I did believe it."

"So did I. Do you think I could explain if I would?"

"No, I suppose not. Well," he added, "I have done what I wished. I have seen you."

"How little you make of these terrible journeys!" Isabel murmured.

"If you are afraid I am tired, you may be at your ease about that." He turned away, this time in earnest, and

no hand-shake, no sign of parting, was exchanged between them. At the door he stopped, with his hand on the knob. "I shall leave Florence to-morrow," he said.

"I am delighted to hear it!" she answered, passionately. And he went out. Five minutes after he had gone she burst into tears.

XXXII.

Her fit of weeping, however, was of brief duration, and the signs of it had vanished when, an hour later, she broke the news to her aunt. I use this expression because she had been sure Mrs. Touchett would not be pleased; Isabel had only waited to tell her till she had seen Mr. Goodwood. She had an odd impression that it would not be honorable to make the fact public before she should have heard what Mr. Goodwood would say about it. He had said rather less than she expected, and she now had a somewhat angry sense of having lost time. But she would lose no more; she waited till Mrs. Touchett came into the drawing-room before the midday breakfast, and then she said to her, —

"Aunt Lydia, I have something to tell you."

Mrs. Touchett gave a little jump, and looked at the girl almost fiercely.

"You need n't tell me; I know what it is."

"I don't know how you know."

"The same way that I know when the window is open, — by feeling a draught. You are going to marry that man."

"What man do you mean?" Isabel inquired, with great dignity.

"Madame Merle's friend — Mr. Osmond."

"I don't know why you call him Madame Merle's friend. Is that the principal thing he is known by?"

"If he is not her friend, he ought to

be, — after what she has done for him!" cried Mrs. Touchett. "I should n't have expected it of her; I am disappointed."

"If you mean that Madame Merle has had anything to do with my engagement, you are greatly mistaken," Isabel declared, with a sort of ardent coldness.

"You mean that your attractions were sufficient, without the gentleman being urged? You are quite right. They are immense, your attractions, and he would never have presumed to think of you if she had not put him up to it. He has a very good opinion of himself, but he was not a man to take trouble. Madame Merle took the trouble for him."

"He has taken a great deal for himself!" cried Isabel, with a voluntary laugh.

Mrs. Touchett gave a sharp nod.

"I think he must, after all, to have made you like him."

"I thought you liked him yourself."

"I did, and that is why I am angry with him."

"Be angry with me, not with him," said the girl.

"Oh, I am always angry with you; that's no satisfaction! Was it for this that you refused Lord Warburton?"

"Please don't go back to that. Why should n't I like Mr. Osmond, since you did?"

"I never wanted to marry him; there is nothing of him."

"Then he can't hurt me," said Isabel.

"Do you think you are going to be happy? No one is happy."

"I shall set the fashion, then. What does one marry for?"

"What you will marry for, Heaven only knows! People usually marry as they go into partnership, — to set up a house. But in your partnership you will bring everything."

"Is it that Mr. Osmond is not rich? Is that what you are talking about?" Isabel asked.

"He has no money; he has no name; he has no importance. I value such things, and I have the courage to say it; I think they are very precious. Many other people think the same, and they show it; but they give some other reason!"

Isabel hesitated a little.

"I think I value everything that is valuable. I care very much for money, and that is why I wish Mr. Osmond to have some."

"Give it to him, then; but marry some one else."

"His name is good enough for me," the girl went on. "It's a very pretty name. Have I such a fine one myself?"

"All the more reason you should improve on it. There are only a dozen American names. Do you marry him out of charity?"

"It was my duty to tell you, aunt Lydia, but I don't think it is my duty to explain to you. Even if it were, I should n't be able. So please don't remonstrate; in talking about it you have me at a disadvantage. I can't talk about it."

"I don't remonstrate; I simply answer you. I must give some sign of intelligence. I saw it coming, and I said nothing. I never meddle."

"You never do, and I am greatly obliged to you. You have been very considerate."

"It was not considerate; it was convenient," said Mrs. Touchett. "But I shall talk to Madame Merle."

"I don't see why you keep bringing her in. She has been a very good friend to me."

"Possibly; but she has been a poor one to me."

"What has she done to you?"

"She has deceived me. She had as good as promised me to prevent your engagement."

"She could n't have prevented it."

"She can do anything; that is what

I have always liked her for. I knew she could play any part; but I understood that she played them one by one. I did n't understand that she would play two at the same time."

"I don't know what part she may have played to you," Isabel said; "that is between yourselves. To me she has been honest, and kind, and devoted."

"Devoted, of course; she wished you to marry her candidate. She told me that she was watching you only in order to interpose."

"She said that to please you," the girl answered; conscious, however, of the inadequacy of the explanation.

"To please me by deceiving me? She knows me better. Am I pleased to-day?"

"I don't think you are ever much pleased," Isabel was obliged to reply. "If Madame Merle knew you would learn the truth, what had she to gain by insincerity?"

"She gained time, as you see. While I waited for her to interfere, you were marching away, and she was really beating the drum."

"That is very well. But by your own admission you saw I was marching, and even if she had given the alarm you would not have tried to stop me."

"No, but some one else would."

"Whom do you mean?" Isabel asked, looking very hard at her aunt.

Mrs. Touchett's little bright eyes, active as they usually were, sustained her gaze rather than returned it.

"Would you have listened to Ralph?"

"Not if he had abused Mr. Osmond."

"Ralph does n't abuse people; you know that perfectly. He cares very much for you."

"I know he does," said Isabel; "and I shall feel the value of it now, for he knows that whatever I do I do with reason."

"He never believed you would do

this. I told him you were capable of it, and he argued the other way."

"He did it for the sake of argument," said Isabel, smiling. "You don't accuse him of having deceived you; why should you accuse Madame Merle?"

"He never pretended he would prevent it."

"I am glad of that!" cried the girl, gayly. "I wish very much," she presently added, "that when he comes you would tell him first of my engagement."

"Of course I will mention it," said Mrs. Touchett. "I will say nothing more to you about it, but I give you notice I will talk to others."

"That's as you please. I only meant that it is rather better the announcement should come from you than from me."

"I quite agree with you; it is much more proper!"

And on this the two ladies went to breakfast, where Mrs. Touchett was as good as her word, and made no allusion to Gilbert Osmond. After an interval of silence, however, she asked her companion from whom she had received a visit an hour before.

"From an old friend,—an American gentleman," Isabel said, with a color in her cheek.

"An American, of course. It is only an American that calls at ten o'clock in the morning."

"It was half past ten; he was in a great hurry; he goes away this evening."

"Could n't he have come yesterday, at the usual time?"

"He only arrived last night."

"He spends but twenty-four hours in Florence?" Mrs. Touchett cried. "He's an American, truly."

"He is, indeed," said Isabel, thinking with a perverse admiration of what Caspar Goodwood had done for her.

Two days afterward Ralph arrived; but though Isabel was sure that Mrs. Touchett had lost no time in telling him the

news, he betrayed at first no knowledge of the great fact. Their first talk was naturally about his health; Isabel had many questions to ask about his Algerian winter. She had been shocked by his appearance when he came into the room; she had forgotten how ill he looked. In spite of his Algerian winter he looked very ill to-day, and Isabel wondered whether he were really worse, or whether she were simply disaccustomed to living with an invalid. Poor Ralph grew no handsomer as he advanced in life, and the now apparently complete loss of his health had done little to mitigate the natural oddity of his person. His face wore its pleasant perpetual smile, which perhaps suggested wit rather than achieved it; his thin whiskers languished upon a clean cheek; the exorbitant curve of his nose defined itself more sharply. Lean he was, altogether,—lean and long and loose-jointed; an accidental cohesion of relaxed angles. His brown velvet jacket had become perennial; his hands had fixed themselves in his pockets; he shambled and stumbled, he shuffled and strayed, in a manner that denoted great physical helplessness. It was perhaps this whimsical gait that helped to mark his character more than ever as that of the humorous invalid,—the invalid for whom even his own disabilities are part of the general joke. They might well indeed with Ralph have been the chief cause of the want of seriousness with which he appeared to regard a world in which the reason for his own presence was past finding out. Isabel had grown fond of his ugliness; his awkwardness had become dear to her. These things were endeared by association; they struck her as the conditions of his being so charming. Ralph was so charming that her sense of his being ill had hitherto had a sort of comfort in it; the state of his health had seemed not a limitation, but a kind of intellectual advantage; it absolved him from all professional and of-

ficial emotions, and left him the luxury of being simply personal. This personality of Ralph's was delightful; it had none of the staleness of disease; it was always easy and fresh and genial. Such had been the girl's impression of her cousin; and when she had pitied him it was only on reflection. As she reflected a good deal she had given him a certain amount of compassion; but Isabel always had a dread of wasting compassion,—a precious article, worth more to the giver than to any one else. Now, however, it took no great ingenuity to discover that poor Ralph's tenure of life was less elastic than it should be. He was a dear, bright, generous fellow; he had all the illumination of wisdom and none of its pedantry, and yet he was dying. Isabel said to herself that life was certainly hard for some people, and she felt a delicate glow of shame as she thought how easy it now promised to become for herself. She was prepared to learn that Ralph was not pleased with her engagement; but she was not prepared, in spite of her affection for her cousin, to let this fact spoil the situation. She was not even prepared—or so she thought—to resent his want of sympathy; for it would be his privilege—it would be, indeed, his natural line—to find fault with any step she might take toward marriage. One's cousin always pretended to hate one's husband,—that was traditional, classical; it was a part of one's cousin's always pretending to adore one. Ralph was nothing if not critical; and though she would certainly, other things being equal, have been as glad to marry to please Ralph as to please any one, it would be absurd to think it important that her choice should square with his views. What were his views, after all? He had pretended to think she had better marry Lord Warburton; but this was only because she had refused that excellent man. If she had accepted him Ralph would certainly have taken another tone; he always

took the opposite one. You could criticise any marriage; it was of the essence of a marriage to be open to criticism. How well she herself, if she would only give her mind to it, might criticise this business of her own! She had other employment, however, and Ralph was welcome to relieve her of the care. Isabel was prepared to be wonderfully good-humored.

He must have seen that, and this made it the more odd that he should say nothing. After three days had elapsed without his speaking, Isabel became impatient; dislike it as he would, he might at least go through the form. We who know more about poor Ralph than his cousin may easily believe that during the hours that followed his arrival at the Palazzo Crescentini he had privately gone through many forms. His mother had literally greeted him with the great news, which was even more sensibly chilling than Mrs. Touchett's maternal kiss. Ralph was shocked and humiliated; his calculations had been false, and his cousin was lost. He drifted about the house like a rudderless vessel in a rocky stream, or sat in the garden of the palace in a great cane chair, with his long legs extended, his head thrown back, and his hat pulled over his eyes. He felt cold about the heart; he had never liked anything less. What could he do, what could he say? If Isabel were irreclaimable, could he pretend to like it? To attempt to reclaim her was permissible only if the attempt should succeed. To try to persuade her that the man to whom she had pledged her faith was a humbug would be decently discreet only in the event of her being persuaded. Otherwise he should simply have damned himself. It cost him an equal effort to speak his thought and to dissemble; he could neither assent with sincerity nor protest with hope. Meanwhile, he knew — or rather he supposed — that the affianced pair were daily renewing their mutual vows. Osmond, at

this moment, showed himself little at the Palazzo Crescentini; but Isabel met him every day elsewhere, as she was free to do after their engagement had been made public. She had taken a carriage by the month, so as not to be indebted to her aunt for the means of pursuing a course of which Mrs. Touchett disapproved, and she drove in the morning to the Cascine. This suburban wilderness, during the early hours, was void of all intruders, and our young lady, joined by her lover in its quietest part, strolled with him a while in the gray Italian shade, and listened to the nightingales.

XXXIII.

One morning, on her return from her drive, some half hour before luncheon, she quitted her vehicle in the court of the palace, and, instead of ascending the great staircase, crossed the court, passed beneath another archway, and entered the garden. A sweeter spot, at this moment, could not have been imagined. The stillness of noontide hung over it; the warm shade was motionless, and the hot light made it pleasant. Ralph was sitting there in the clear gloom, at the base of a statue of Terpsichore, — a dancing nymph, with taper fingers and inflated draperies, in the manner of Bernini; the extreme relaxation of his attitude suggested at first to Isabel that he was asleep. Her light footstep on the grass had not roused him, and before turning away she stood for a moment looking at him. During this instant he opened his eyes; upon which she sat down on a rustic chair that matched with his own. Though in her irritation she had accused him of indifference, she was not blind to the fact that he was visibly preoccupied. But she had attributed his long reveries partly to the languor of his increased weakness, partly to his being troubled about certain arrangements he had made as to

the property inherited from his father, — arrangements of which Mrs. Touchett disapproved, and which, as she had told Isabel, now encountered opposition from the other partners in the bank. He ought to have gone to England, his mother said, instead of coming to Florence; he had not been there for months, and he took no more interest in the bank than in the state of Patagonia.

"I am sorry I waked you," Isabel said; "you look tired."

"I feel tired. But I was not asleep. I was thinking of you."

"Are you tired of that?"

"Very much so. It leads to nothing. The road is long, and I never arrive."

"What do you wish to arrive at?" Isabel said, drawing off a glove.

"At the point of expressing to myself properly what I think of your engagement."

"Don't think too much of it," said Isabel, lightly.

"Do you mean that it's none of my business?"

"Beyond a certain point, yes."

"That's the point I wish to fix. I had an idea that you have found me wanting in good manners; I have never congratulated you."

"Of course I have noticed that; I wondered why you were silent."

"There have been a good many reasons; I will tell you now," said Ralph.

He pulled off his hat and laid it on the ground; then he sat looking at her. He leaned back, with his head against the marble pedestal of Terpsichore, his arms dropped on either side of him, his hands laid upon the sides of his wide chair. He looked awkward, uncomfortable; he hesitated for a long time. Isabel said nothing; when people were embarrassed she was usually sorry for them; but she was determined not to help Ralph to utter a word that should not be to the honor of her excellent purpose.

"I think I have hardly got over my surprise," he said, at last. "You were the last person I expected to see caught."

"I don't know why you call it caught."

"Because you are going to be put into a cage."

"If I like my cage, that need n't trouble you," said Isabel.

"That's what I wonder at; that's what I have been thinking of."

"If you have been thinking, you may imagine how I have thought! I am satisfied that I am doing well."

"You must have changed immensely. A year ago you valued your liberty beyond everything. You wanted only to see life."

"I have seen it," said Isabel. "It does n't seem to me so charming."

"I don't pretend it is; only I had an idea that you took a genial view of it, and wanted to survey the whole field."

"I have seen that one can't do that. One must choose a corner, and cultivate that."

"That's what I think. And one must choose a good corner. I had no idea, all winter, while I read your delightful letters, that you were choosing. You said nothing about it, and your silence put me off my guard."

"It was not a matter I was likely to write to you about. Besides, I knew nothing of the future. It has all come lately. If you had been on your guard, however," Isabel asked, "what would you have done?"

"I should have said, 'Wait a little longer.'"

"Wait for what?"

"Well, for a little more light," said Ralph, with a rather absurd smile, while his hands found their way into his pockets.

"Where should my light have come from? From you?"

"I might have struck a spark or two!"

Isabel had drawn off her other glove; she smoothed the two out as they lay upon her knee. The gentleness of this movement was accidental, for her expression was not conciliatory.

"You are beating about the bush, Ralph. You wish to say that you don't like Mr. Osmond, and yet you are afraid."

"I am afraid of you, not of him. If you marry him, it won't be a nice thing to have said."

"If I marry him! Have you had any expectation of dissuading me?"

"Of course that seems to you too fatuous."

"No," said Isabel, after a little; "it seems to me touching."

"That's the same thing. It makes me so ridiculous that you pity me."

Isabel stroked out her long gloves again.

"I know you have a great affection for me. I can't get rid of that."

"For heaven's sake, don't try! Keep that well in sight. It will convince you how intensely I want you to do well."

"And how little you trust me!"

There was a moment's silence; the warm noontide seemed to listen.

"I trust you, but I don't trust him," said Ralph.

Isabel raised her eyes, and gave him a wide, deep look.

"You have said it now; you will suffer for it."

"Not if you are just."

"I am very just," replied Isabel. "What better proof of it can there be than that I am not angry with you? I don't know what is the matter with me, but I am not. I was when you began, but it has passed away. Perhaps I ought to be angry, but Mr. Osmond would n't think so. He wants me to know everything; that's what I like him for. You have nothing to gain, I know that. I have never been so nice to you as a girl that you should have much reason for wishing me to remain

one. You give very good advice; you have often done so. No, I am very quiet; I have always believed in your wisdom," Isabel went on, boasting of her quietness, yet speaking with a kind of contained exaltation. It was her passionate desire to be just; it touched Ralph to the heart, affected him like a caress from a creature he had injured. He wished to interrupt, to reassure her; for a moment he was absurdly inconsistent; he would have retracted what he had said. But she gave him no chance; she went on, having caught a glimpse, as she thought, of the heroic line, and desiring to advance in that direction; "I see you have got some idea; I should like very much to hear it. I am sure it's disinterested; I feel that. It seems a strange thing to argue about, and of course I ought to tell you definitely that if you expect to dissuade me you may give it up. You will not move me at all; it is too late. As you say, I am caught. Certainly it won't be pleasant for you to remember this, but your pain will be in your own thoughts. I shall never reproach you."

"I don't think you ever will," said Ralph. "It is not in the least the sort of marriage I thought you would make."

"What sort of marriage was that, pray?"

"Well, I can hardly say. I had n't exactly a positive view of it, but I had a negative. I did n't think you would marry a man like Mr. Osmond."

"What do you know against him? You know him scarcely at all."

"Yes," Ralph said, "I know him very little, and I know nothing against him. But, all the same, I can't help feeling that you are running a risk."

"Marriage is always a risk, and his risk is as great as mine."

"That's his affair! If he is afraid, let him recede; I wish he would."

Isabel leaned back in her chair, folded her arms, and gazed a while at her cousin.

"I don't think I understand you," she said at last, coldly. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"I thought you would marry a man of more importance."

Cold, I say, her tone had been, but at this a color like a flame leaped into her face.

"Of more importance to whom? It seems to me enough that one's husband should be important to one's self!"

Ralph blushed as well; his attitude embarrassed him. Physically speaking, he proceeded to change it; he straightened himself, then leaned forward, resting a hand on each knee. He fixed his eyes on the ground; he had an air of the most respectful deliberation.

"I will tell you in a moment what I mean," he presently said. He felt agitated, intensely eager; now that he had opened the discussion he wished to discharge his mind. But he wished also to be superlatively gentle.

Isabel waited a little, and then she went on with majesty:—

"In everything that makes real distinction Mr. Osmond is preëminent. There may be nobler natures, but I have never had the pleasure of meeting one. Mr. Osmond is the best I know; he is important enough for me."

"I had a sort of vision of your future," Ralph said, without answering this. "I amused myself with planning out a kind of destiny for you. There was to be nothing of this sort in it. You were not to come down so easily, so soon."

"To come down? What strange expressions you use! Is that your description of my marriage?"

"It expresses my idea of it. You seemed to me to be soaring far up in the blue, — to be sailing in the bright light, over the heads of men. Suddenly some one tosses up a stone, — a missile that should never have reached you, — and down you drop to the ground. It hurts me," said Ralph, audaciously, "as if I had fallen myself!"

The look of pain and bewilderment deepened in his companion's face.

"I don't understand you in the least," she repeated. "You say you amused yourself with planning out my future, — I don't understand that. Don't amuse yourself too much, or I shall think you are doing it at my expense."

Ralph shook his head.

"I am not afraid of your not believing that I have had great ideas for you."

"What do you mean by my soaring and sailing?" the girl asked. "I have never moved on a higher line than I am moving on now. There is nothing higher for a girl than to marry a — a person she likes," said poor Isabel, wandering into the didactic.

"It's your liking the person we speak of that I venture to criticise, my dear Isabel! I should have said that the man for you would have been a more active, larger, freer sort of nature." Ralph hesitated a moment; then he added, "I can't get over the belief that there's something small in Osmond."

He had uttered these last words with a tremor of the voice; he was afraid that she would flash out again. But, to his surprise, she was quiet; she had the air of considering.

"Something small?" she said, reflectively.

"I think he's narrow, selfish. He takes himself so seriously!"

"He has a great respect for himself; I don't blame him for that," said Isabel. "It's the proper way to respect others."

Ralph for a moment felt almost reassured by her reasonable tone.

"Yes, but everything is relative; one ought to feel one's relations. I don't think Mr. Osmond does that."

"I have chiefly to do with the relation in which he stands to me. In that he is excellent."

"He is the incarnation of taste," Ralph went on, thinking hard how he could best express Gilbert Osmond's

sinister attributes without putting himself in the wrong by seeming to describe him coarsely. He wished to describe him impersonally, scientifically. "He judges and measures, approves and condemns, altogether by that."

"It is a happy thing, then, that his taste should be exquisite."

"It is exquisite, indeed, since it has led him to select you as his wife. But have you ever seen an exquisite taste ruffled?"

"I hope it may never be my fortune to fail to gratify my husband's."

At these words a sudden passion leaped to Ralph's lips. "Ah, that's willful, that's unworthy of you!" he cried. "You were not meant to be measured in that way; you were meant for something better than to keep guard over the sensibilities of a sterile diletante!"

Isabel rose quickly, and Ralph did the same, so that they stood for a moment looking at each other, as if he had flung down a defiance or an insult.

"You go too far," she murmured.

"I have said what I had on my mind; and I have said it because I love you!"

Isabel turned pale; was he, too, on that tiresome list? She had a sudden wish to strike him off. "Ah, then, you are not disinterested!"

"I love you, but I love without hope," said Ralph, quickly, forcing a smile, and feeling that in that last declaration he had expressed more than he intended.

Isabel moved away, and stood looking into the sunny stillness of the garden; but after a little she turned back to him. "I am afraid your talk, then, is the wildness of despair. I don't understand it, — but it does n't matter. I am not arguing with you; it is impossible that I should; I have only tried to listen to you. I am much obliged to you for attempting to explain," she said gently, as if the anger with which she had just

sprung up had already subsided. "It is very good of you to try to warn me, if you are really alarmed. But I won't promise to think of what you have said; I shall forget it as soon as possible. Try and forget it yourself; you have done your duty, and no man can do more. I can't explain to you what I feel, what I believe, and I would n't if I could." She paused a moment, and then she went on, with an inconsequence that Ralph observed even in the midst of his eagerness to discover some symptom of concession. "I can't enter into your idea of Mr. Osmond; I can't do it justice, because I see him in quite another way. He is not important, — no, he is not important; he is a man to whom importance is supremely indifferent. If that is what you mean when you call him 'small,' then he is as small as you please. I call that large; it's the largest thing I know. I won't pretend to argue with you about a person I am going to marry," Isabel repeated. "I am not in the least concerned to defend Mr. Osmond; he is not so weak as to need my defense. I should think it would seem strange, even to yourself, that I should talk of him so quietly and coldly, as if he were any one else. I would not talk of him at all to any one but you; and you, after what you have said, — I may just answer you once for all. Pray, would you wish me to make a mercenary marriage, — what they call a marriage of ambition? I have only one ambition, — to be free to follow out a good feeling. I had others once; but they have passed away. Do you complain of Mr. Osmond because he is not rich? That is just what I like him for. I have, fortunately, money enough; I have never felt so thankful for it as to-day. There have been moments when I should like to go and kneel down by your father's grave; he did, perhaps, a better thing than he knew when he put it into my power to marry a poor man, — a man who has borne his poverty with such

dignity, with such indifference. Mr. Osmond has never scrambled nor struggled; he has cared for no worldly prize. If that is to be narrow, if that is to be selfish, then it's very well. I am not frightened by such words; I am not even displeased; I am only sorry that you should make a mistake. Others might have done so, but I am surprised that you should. You might know a gentleman when you see one,—you might know a fine mind. Mr. Osmond makes no mistakes! He knows everything; he understands everything; he has the kindest, gentlest, highest spirit. You have got hold of some false idea; it's a pity, but I can't help it; it regards you more than me." Isabel paused a moment, looking at her cousin with an eye illuminated by a sentiment which contradicted the careful calmness of her manner,—a mingled sentiment, to which the angry pain excited by his words and the wounded pride of having needed to justify a choice of which she felt only the nobleness and purity equally contributed. Although she paused, Ralph said nothing; he saw she had more to say. She was superb, but she was eager; she was indifferent, but she was secretly trembling. "What sort of a person should you have liked me to marry?" she asked, suddenly. "You talk about one's soaring and sailing, but if one marries at all one touches the earth. One has human feelings and needs, one has a heart in one's bosom, and one must marry a particular individual. Your mother has never forgiven me for not having come to a better understanding with Lord Warburton, and she is horrified at my contenting myself with a person who has none of Lord Warburton's great advantages,—no property, no title, no honors, no houses, nor lands, nor position, nor reputation, nor brilliant belongings of any sort. It is the total absence of all these things that pleases me. Mr. Osmond is simply a man; he is not a proprietor!"

Ralph had listened with great attention, as if everything she said merited deep consideration; but in reality he was only half thinking of the things she said; he was for the rest simply accommodating himself to the weight of his total impression,—the impression of her passionate good faith. She was wrong, but she believed; she was deluded, but she was consistent. It was wonderfully characteristic of her that she had invented a fine theory about Gilbert Osmond, and loved him, not for what he really possessed, but for his very poverities dressed out as honors. Ralph remembered what he had said to his father about wishing to put it into Isabel's power to gratify her imagination. He had done so, and the girl had taken full advantage of the privilege. Poor Ralph felt sick; he felt ashamed. Isabel had uttered her last words with a low solemnity of conviction which virtually terminated the discussion, and she closed it formally by turning away and walking back to the house. Ralph walked beside her, and they passed into the court together, and reached the big staircase. Here Ralph stopped, and Isabel paused, turning on him a face full of a deep elation at his opposition having made her own conception of her conduct more clear to her.

"Shall you not come up to breakfast?" she asked.

"No; I want no breakfast,—I am not hungry."

"You ought to eat," said the girl; "you live on air."

"I do, very much, and I shall go back into the garden and take another mouthful of it. I came thus far simply to say this: I said to you last year that if you were to get into trouble I should feel terribly sold. That's how I feel to-day."

"Do you think I am in trouble?"

"One is in trouble when one is in error."

"Very well," said Isabel; "I shall

never complain of my trouble to you !” And she moved up the staircase.

Ralph, standing there with his hands in his pockets, followed her with his eyes ; then the lurking chill of the high-walled court struck him, and made him shiver, so that he returned to the garden, to breakfast on the Florentine sunshine.

XXXIV.

Isabel, when she strolled in the Cas-cine with her lover, felt no impulse to tell him that he was not thought well of at the Palazzo Crescentini. The discreet opposition offered to her marriage by her aunt and her cousin made, on the whole, little impression upon her ; the moral of it was simply that they disliked Gilbert Osmond. This dislike was not alarming to Isabel ; she scarcely even regretted it ; for it served mainly to throw into higher relief the fact, in every way so honorable, that she married to please herself. One did other things to please other people ; one did this for a more personal satisfaction ; and Isabel’s satisfaction was assured by her lover’s admirable good conduct. Gilbert Osmond was in love, and he had never deserved less than during these still, bright days, each of them numbered, which preceded the fulfillment of his hopes, the harsh criticism passed upon him by Ralph Touchett. The chief impression produced upon Isabel’s mind by this criticism was that the passion of love separated its victim terribly from every one but the loved object. She felt herself disjoined from every one she had ever known before : from her two sisters, who wrote to express a dutiful hope that she would be happy, and a surprise, somewhat more vague, at her not having chosen a consort of whom a richer portrait could be painted ; from Henrietta, who, she was sure, would come out, too late, on purpose to remonstrate ; from Lord Warburton, who would cer-

tainly console himself, and from Caspar Goodwood, who perhaps would not ; from her aunt, who had cold, shallow ideas about marriage, for which she was not sorry to manifest her contempt ; and from Ralph, whose talk about having great views for her was surely but a whimsical cover for a personal disappointment. Ralph apparently wished her not to marry at all, — that was what it really meant, — because he was amused with the spectacle of her adventures as a single woman. His disappointment made him say angry things about the man she had preferred even to him. Isabel flattered herself that she believed Ralph had been angry. It was the more easy for her to believe this, because, as I say, she thought, on the whole, but little about it, and accepted as an incident of her lot the idea that to prefer Gilbert Osmond as she preferred him was perforce to break all other ties. She tasted of the sweets of this preference, and they made her feel that there was, after all, something very invidious in being in love, much as the sentiment was theoretically approved of. It was the tragical side of happiness ; one’s right was always made of the wrong of some one else. Gilbert Osmond was not demonstrative ; the consciousness of success, which must now have flamed high within him, emitted very little smoke for so brilliant a blaze. Contentment, on his part, never took a vulgar form ; excitement, in the most self-conscious of men, was a kind of ecstasy of self-control. This disposition, however, made him an admirable lover ; it gave him a constant view of the amorous character. He never forgot himself, as I say ; and so he never forgot to be graceful and tender, to wear the appearance of devoted intention. He was immensely pleased with his young lady ; Madame Merle had made him a present of incalculable value. What could be a finer thing to live with than a high spirit attuned to softness ? For would not the

softness be all for one's self, and the strenuousness for society, which admired the air of superiority? What could be a happier gift in a companion than a quick, fanciful mind, which saved one repetitions, and reflected one's thought upon a scintillating surface? Osmond disliked to see his thought reproduced literally, — that made it look stale and stupid; he preferred it to be brightened in the reproduction. His egotism, if egotism it was, had never taken the crude form of wishing for a dull wife; this lady's intelligence was to be a silver plate, not an earthen one, — a plate that he might heap up with ripe fruits, to which it would give a decorative value, so that conversation might become a sort of perpetual dessert. He found the silvery quality in perfection in Isabel; he could tap her imagination with his knuckle and make it ring. He knew perfectly, though he had not been told, that the union found little favor among the girl's relations; but he had always treated her so completely as an independent person that it hardly seemed necessary to express regret for the attitude of her family. Nevertheless, one morning, he made an abrupt allusion to it.

"It's the difference in our fortune they don't like," he said. "They think I am in love with your money."

"Are you speaking of my aunt, — of my cousin?" Isabel asked. "How do you know what they think?"

"You have not told me that they are pleased, and when I wrote to Mrs. Touchett, the other day, she never answered my note. If they had been delighted I should have learnt it, and the fact of my being poor and you rich is the most obvious explanation of their want of delight. But of course, when a poor man marries a rich girl, he must be prepared for imputations. I don't mind them; I only care for one thing, — your thinking it's all right. I don't care what others think. I have never

cared much, and why should I begin to-day, when I have taken to myself a compensation for everything? I won't pretend that I am sorry you are rich; I am delighted. I delight in everything that is yours, whether it be money or virtue. Money is a great advantage. It seems to me, however, that I have sufficiently proved that I can get on without it; I never in my life tried to earn a penny, and I ought to be less subject to suspicion than most people. I suppose it is their business to suspect, — that of your own family; it's proper, on the whole, they should. They will like me better some day; so will you, for that matter. Meanwhile, my business is not to bother, but simply to be thankful for life and love. . . . It has made me better, loving you," he said, on another occasion; "it has made me wiser, and easier, and brighter. I used to want a great many things before, and to be angry that I did n't have them. Theoretically, I was satisfied, as I once told you. I flattered myself that I had limited my wants. But I was subject to irritation; I used to have morbid, sterile, hateful fits of hunger, of desire. Now I am really satisfied, because I can't think of anything better. It is just as when one has been trying to spell out a book in the twilight, and suddenly the lamp comes in. I had been putting out my eyes over the book of life, and finding nothing to reward me for my pains; but now that I can read it properly I see that it's a delightful story. My dear girl, I can't tell you how life seems to stretch there before us, — what a long summer afternoon awaits us. It's the latter half of an Italian day, with a golden haze, and the shadows just lengthening, and that divine delicacy in the light, the air, the landscape, which I have loved all my life, and which you love to-day. Upon my word, I don't see why we should n't get on. We have got what we like, — to say nothing of having each other. We have the fac-

ulty of admiration, and several excellent beliefs. We are not stupid, we are not heavy, we are not under bonds to any dull limitations. You are very fresh, and I am well seasoned. We have got my poor child to amuse us ; we will try and make up some little life for her. It is all soft and mellow ; it has the Italian coloring."

They made a good many plans, but they left themselves also a good deal of latitude ; it was a matter of course, however, that they should live for the present in Italy. It was in Italy that they had met ; Italy had been a party to their first impressions of each other, and Italy should be a party to their happiness. Osmond had the attachment of old acquaintance, and Isabel the stimulus of new, which seemed to assure her a future of beautiful hours. The desire for unlimited expansion had been succeeded in her mind by the sense that life was vacant without some private duty which gathered one's energies to a point. She told Ralph that she had "seen life" in a year or two, and that she was already tired, not of life, but of observation. What had become of all her ardors, her aspirations, her theories, her high estimate of her independence, and her incipient conviction that she should never marry ? These things had been absorbed in a more primitive sentiment,—the joy of Gilbert Osmond's being dear to her, the bliss of being dear to him. This feeling answered all questions, satisfied all needs, solved all difficulties. It simplified the future at a stroke ; it came down from above, like the light of the stars, and it needed no explanation. There was explanation enough in the fact that he was her lover, her own, and that she was able to be of use to him. She could marry him with a kind of pride ; she was not only taking, but giving.

He brought Pansy with him two or three times to the Cascine,—Pansy, who was very little taller than a year before,

and not much older. That she would always be a child was the conviction expressed by her father, who held her by the hand when she was in her sixteenth year, and told her to go and play while he sat down a while with the pretty lady. Pansy wore a short dress and a long coat ; her hat always seemed too big for her. She amused herself with walking off, with quick, short steps, to the end of the alley, and then walking back, with a smile that seemed an appeal for approbation. Isabel gave her approbation in abundance, and it was of that demonstrated personal kind which the child's affectionate nature craved. She watched her development with a kind of amused suspense ; Pansy had already become a little daughter. She was treated so completely as a child that Osmond had not yet explained to her the new relation in which he stood to the elegant Miss Archer. "She does n't know," he said to Isabel, "she does n't suspect ; she thinks it perfectly natural that you and I should come and walk here together, simply as good friends. There seems to me something enchantingly innocent in that ; it's the way I like her to be. No, I am not a failure, as I used to think ; I have succeeded in two things. I am to marry the woman I adore, and I have brought up my child as I wished, in the old way."

He was very fond, in all things, of the "old way ;" that had struck Isabel as an element in the picturesqueness of his character.

"It seems to me you will not know whether you have succeeded until you have told her," she said. "You must see how she takes your news. She may be horrified, she may be jealous."

"I am not afraid of that ; she is too fond of you on her own account. I should like to leave her in the dark a little longer, to see if it will come into her head that if we are not engaged we ought to be."

Isabel was impressed by Osmond's

æsthetic relish of Pansy's innocence, her own appreciation of it being more moral. She was perhaps not the less pleased when he told her, a few days later, that he had broken the news to his daughter, who made such a pretty little speech: "Oh, then I shall have a sister!" She was neither surprised nor alarmed; she had not cried, as he expected.

"Perhaps she had guessed it," said Isabel.

"Don't say that; I should be disgusted if I believed that. I thought it would be just a little shock; but the way she took it proves that her good manners are paramount. That is also what I wished. You shall see for yourself; to-morrow she shall make you her congratulations in person."

The meeting, on the morrow, took place at the Countess Gemini's, whither Pansy had been conducted by her father, who knew that Isabel was to come in the afternoon to return a visit made her by the countess on learning that they were to become sisters-in-law. Calling at Casa Touchett, the visitor had not found Isabel at home; but after our young lady had been ushered into the countess' drawing-room, Pansy came in to say that her aunt would presently appear. Pansy was spending the day with her aunt, who thought she was of an age when she should begin to learn how to carry herself in company. It was Isabel's view that the little girl might have given lessons in deportment to the elder lady, and nothing could have justified this conviction more than the manner in which Pansy acquitted herself while they waited together for the countess. Her father's decision, the year before, had finally been to send her back to the convent to receive the last graces, and Madame Catherine had evidently carried out her theory that Pansy was to be fitted for the great world.

"Papa has told me that you have kindly consented to marry him," said

the good woman's pupil. "It is very delightful; I think you will suit very well."

"You think I will suit you?"

"You will suit me beautifully; but what I mean is that you and papa will suit each other. You are both so quiet and so serious. You are not so quiet as he, or even as Madame Merle; but you are more quiet than many others. He should not, for instance, have a wife like my aunt. She is always moving, to-day especially; you will see when she comes in. They told us at the convent it was wrong to judge our elders, but I suppose there is no harm if we judge them favorably. You will be a delightful companion for papa."

"For you, too, I hope," Isabel said.

"I speak first of him on purpose. I have told you already what I myself think of you; I liked you from the first. I admire you so much that I think it will be a great good fortune to have you always before me. You will be my model; I shall try to imitate you, though I am afraid it will be very feeble. I am very glad for papa; he needed something more than me. Without you, I don't see how he could have got it. You will be my stepmother; but we must not use that word. You don't look at all like the word; it is somehow so ugly. They are always said to be cruel; but I think you will never be cruel. I am not afraid."

"My good little Pansy," said Isabel, gently, "I shall be very kind to you."

"Very well, then; I have nothing to fear," the child declared, lightly.

Her description of her aunt had not been incorrect; the Countess Gemini was less than ever in a state of repose. She entered the room with a great deal of expression, and kissed Isabel, first on her lips and then on each cheek, in the short, quick manner of a bird drinking. She made Isabel sit down on the sofa beside her, and, looking at our heroine with a variety of turns of the head, de-

livered herself of a hundred remarks, from which I offer the reader but a brief selection.

"If you expect me to congratulate you, I must beg you to excuse me. I don't suppose you care whether I do or not; I believe you are very proud. But I care myself whether I tell fibs or not; I never tell them unless there is something to be gained. I don't see what there is to be gained with you, especially as you would not believe me. I don't make phrases; I never made a phrase in my life. My fibs are always very crude. I am very glad for my own sake that you are going to marry Osmond; but I won't pretend I am glad for yours. You are very remarkable, — you know that's what people call you; you are an heiress, and very good-looking and clever, very original; so it's a good thing to have you in the family. Our family is very good, you know, — Osmond will have told you that, — and my mother was rather distinguished; she was called the American Corinne. But we are rather fallen, I think, and perhaps you will pick us up. I have great confidence in you; there are ever so many things I want to talk to you about. I never congratulate any girl on marrying; I think it's the worst thing she can do. I sup-

pose Pansy ought n't to hear all this; but that's what she has come to me for, — to acquire the tone of society. There is no harm in her knowing that it is n't such a blessing to get married. When first I got an idea that my brother had designs upon you, I thought of writing to you, to recommend you, in the strongest terms, not to listen to him. Then I thought it would be disloyal, and I hate anything of that kind. Besides, as I say, I was enchanted, for myself; and, after all, I am very selfish. By the way, you won't respect me, and we shall never be intimate. I should like it, but you won't. Some day, all the same, we shall be better friends than you will believe at first. My husband will come and see you, though, as you probably know, he is on no sort of terms with Osmond. He is very fond of going to see pretty women, but I am not afraid of you. In the first place, I don't care what he does. In the second, you won't care a straw for him; you will take his measure at a glance. Some day I will tell you all about him. Do you think my niece ought to go out of the room? Pansy, go and practice a little in my boudoir."

"Let her stay, please," said Isabel. "I would rather hear nothing that Pansy may not!"

Henry James, Jr.

CHANCE.

A LADY comes on the morning mist:
Lovely and terrible she, I wist;
Bands of iron on willful tresses,
Gold and topaz about her wrist.

Both day and dark her lips have kissed;
With prince and peasant she makes her tryst;
She soothes and stings, and beaks her jesses,
And flees, exulting, to whom she list.

FRENCH TRAGEDY.

MADemoiselle BERNHARDT's visit has proved to be an event of some mark in our dramatic annals. Unlike that of her greater predecessor in the Théâtre Français, it has been profitable from the beginning and throughout; and, after a widely extended tour through the West and North, she now returns to the East to gather, we may be sure, more dollars into the treasury of the theatrical adventurers to whose enterprise we owe the pleasure of seeing her. Their profits have been so considerable and so constant that the contrast in this respect to the visit of Rachel is very striking. It is difficult to believe that the greatest actress, the greatest histrionic artist, of modern times failed to attract remunerative audiences even in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, — failed to attract a succession of large audiences at comparatively low prices of admission. When Rachel first appeared in New York the price of the best seats, those in the balcony and the parterre, was three dollars, with which that of places in the less desirable parts of the house corresponded; but after a few performances it was found necessary to reduce these prices, and the seats in the parterre were sold at the box office for two dollars, with no advance to be paid to ticket speculators. Indeed, at this low rate she played night after night to houses hardly more than half full; and she had a like experience in other large towns. We are richer now than we were then; but this difference between the money results of these two notable dramatic ventures is not the consequence of our increase in wealth. In the very places which had for years filled their theatres and their opera-houses with large and eager audiences it was difficult to gather a thousand people thrice a week to see her a sight of whom was worth a voy-

age to Europe. The problem was not to find money for Rachel, but audiences. She couldn't have filled the Academy of Music in New York at twenty-five cents as a general price of admission. Her public might have been said to be "fit, though few," if they had always been the former. Nor does it seem that the remarkable succession of large audiences before whom Mademoiselle Bernhardt has appeared is due to an increased acquaintance with the French language and its dramatic literature. The rustling of the play books, as her hearers follow her performances, with one eye on the actress and one on the translation, forbids us to believe that any large proportion of them understand her much better than they would if she were speaking Russian. And as to the dramatic tastes of these audiences, the published accounts of the receipts at the various performances show a marked preference for the lightest and the thinnest dramas. Frou-Frou has always overtopped Phèdre. The great increase of the Bernhardt over the Rachel audience seems to be the consequence on the one hand of the Parisian habits acquired by a very large proportion of our people in their vast annual summer migrations to Paris during the last twenty-five years, and on the other to the large additions which have been made in that time to our foreign-born population. In all respects the Rachel performances were of a much higher order. The principal artist was a very much greater histrionic personage; the company by which she was supported was very much abler and more complete; and all the material adjuncts of the drama, costumes and what not, were much more attractive. Yet Rachel was a comparative failure pecuniarily in the United States, and Bernhardt has been "a great success."

The general public interest in the distinguished German-French-Hebrew actress, and the fact that she whose memory the artist of to-day revives and rivals made her reputation almost exclusively in the highest walks of the French drama, from which the other, however, does not withhold her feet, make a consideration of that drama at least not inopportune.

The most significant and the most striking fact which such a scrutiny reveals is that France, the country which is now more prolific in dramatic authors than any other, which now supplies the theatres of all other countries with at least the ground-work and the substance of the greater number of the plays performed in them, and which alone cultivates the art of Roscius to such a degree as to produce a school of highly trained actors, is the only civilized country, Russia perhaps excepted, — if Russia as a country may be called civilized, — which has no national drama. Among the people who have produced Corneille, Racine, and the greater Molière, Talma and Rachel, the drama is an exotic. French tragedy is Greek; French comedy, Spanish. Whatever is not Spanish in French comedy is not dramatic, although it may be comic; whatever is not Greek in French tragedy is neither tragic nor dramatic. Other civilized peoples, notably the English, have a drama which is strongly marked with national traits, which has been developed by the hands of genius from rude, indigenous germs, and which, although modified externally in its perfected strength, or in its decay by the influence of other schools, still retains its national form and spirit. But France, under the pernicious influence of its Academy, and of that sucking Academy the Hôtel Rambouillet, cast aside as barbarous the crude, chaotic plays of original and elemental substance which she, like other nations, once possessed, and which yet had within them the germs of a new and char-

acteristic dramatic literature, and deliberately assumed the position of an imitator.

The French drama is not a spontaneous growth; it is an artificial manufacture. The Hôtel Rambouillet and the Academy said, "Go to! let us make to ourselves a drama. In comedy we will form it upon the intrigue of the Spanish stage; in tragedy we will emulate the severe simplicity of the Greeks. It shall be very correct and proper according to the rules of art and *convenance*, if not very decent morally; certain words shall be allowed to the comic writers, and certain others to the tragic, and it shall be literary felony for either to use the other's language; and let us beware that the unities are rigidly observed." And they did so: and thus it is that in the French drama what is essential is foreign, and what is national is adventitious.

It is true that both the Hôtel and the Academy criticised severely the very plays which they were the means of calling into existence, and which often succeeded in spite of the condemnation of both. But those plays were none the less the fruits of an effort to conform to the decrees of those tribunals; which very naturally assumed the right and the function of deciding their degree of conformity to the standard which had been thus set up and which the dramatists accepted.

The progress of the English drama may be traced up through the rude Mysteries (which have now an existing semblance in the Oberammergau Passion Play), and the hardly less rude Moralities, to the first crude attempts at comedy and tragedy, and thence rapidly onward to the glory and perfection of Elizabeth's later years. Not to go further back, in Marlowe, and Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Chapman, and Massinger, and Middleton, and Shirley, and in their contemporaries, we find traits common to their works, and

to those anomalous things in which personified human vices and virtues, and God and Satan, and patriarchs, saints, and prophets, were brought upon the stage in company with personages of the time and the ever-present buffoon, who as Vice or Fool supplied the humor or the coarse sarcasm of the piece, and who has his lineal descendant and representative in Touchstone, in Dogberry, in the grave-digger in Hamlet, and in the heroic Fool in King Lear. Attempts have been made at various times to impinge classic forms upon the English drama, but in vain. Jonson essayed it, and, although lauded by scholars and critics, failed utterly. For more than a hundred and fifty years his classic plays have been positively unknown in English theatres; and who now would even read Sejanus except as a laborious literary task? The classic scion soon died and fell away, because it had no affinity with the sturdy stock, selfish and insolent, upon which it had been grafted. Even the compromise in Dryden's rhyming tragedies was more than we could bear; and as to the classic drama pure and simple, a manager would now be as likely to produce Norton and Sackville's tragedy, Gorbuduc, which was written twenty years before Shakespeare was born, and which Sir Philip Sidney commends as "full of stately speeches," and Pope admired for "propriety in the sentiments and dignity in the sentences," as Cato by Addison, who succeeded Shakespeare at the distance of a century, and who by his formal, dead-and-alive performance won the warm approval of the French critics that looked upon him of Avon as a barbarian. We have had no Academy and no Hôtel Rambouillet, or have had counterparts of the latter only to laugh at their decrees; and thus it is that among our literary riches we have a drama in which what is essential is of ourselves, and whatever is adventitious is foreign. That which lives upon the

English stage must show us the truth of nature through a medium of English common sense. Even the surpassing wit of the School for Scandal no longer serves to counterpoise its artificiality and the lack of real character in its personages. It is played, but as a dramatic curiosity, and for the opportunities it affords to one or two actors. Its days upon the stage are numbered; and with the whole school of which it is the crowning glory it will ere long disappear from the theatre,—if, indeed, we are to have a theatre which is more than burlesque and spectacle. Boucicault and other playwrights may make clever adaptations of clever French plays which obtain a momentary success, but only to die out of the public memory before their very eyes. To achieve immortality a generation long they must write comedies which are more than adaptations or imitations.

That this estimate of the difference between the French drama and that of other peoples,—our own, for example,—and of the cause of that difference, is correct, may be shown by a brief examination of the transition period of the drama in France, by which we shall see that the Academy and the *coterie* Rambouillet, or the educated and high-bred class of whose tastes and opinions they were the all-powerful exponents, crushed the nascent vitality of the French stage at that epoch, and perhaps forever.

Corneille, who, although not quite the great Corneille that Frenchmen fondly think him, had more dramatic genius than any man of his own or of the succeeding century, always excepting that glory of the French stage, the truly great Molière,—Corneille had written some comedies, by which he had attracted attention and even gained distinction, when the success of Mairêt's *Sophonisbe* suggested to the younger poet that it would be for him a good deed and a profitable to write a classical play; and he wrote *Medée*, which won for its au

thor something like renown. It was followed by the Cid, which soon filled France with his fame. The Academy, however, and the Hôtel Rambouillet, where wit and learning kept bad taste in countenance and tied genius up in leading-strings, criticised those plays, particularly the latter, very severely, not because they were dull, or characterless, or lacking in dramatic interest, but because they were not correct; they were not *selon les règles*; and it was not until Les Horaces and Cinna appeared that those tribunals admitted that real tragedy had been produced. The French classic drama had then taken form; its type had been created, or rather manufactured; and thenceforward dramatic authors knew what they had to do, or what fate they must expect.

What was it, we may therefore ask, that Corneille had done? How did he cause himself to be accepted then, and acknowledged since then, as the founder and the great Apollo of the French stage? He had merely settled down into imitating the Greek and Latin dramatists, as well as a Frenchman writing for the court of Louis XIV. and using the French language could imitate them. And strange to say, the best French critics, in announcing the advent of their great dramatic poet, unite with their eulogies a *naïf* confession that he was a mere imitator; nay, they seem to glory in his lack of originality in form and in spirit, and, strangest of all, his lack of Frenchness. "*Voici*," exclaims Voltaire, referring to the soliloquy in the fourth scene of the first act of *Medée*, — "*voici des vers qui annoncent Corneille!*" And in our own time Guizot says that they do even more: "*Ils annonçaient la tragédie; elle avait enfin apparut à Corneille, et ses traits, qu'encore grossièrement ébauchés, ne se peuvent plus méconnaître*," — a sufficiently comprehensive declaration of the French dramatic creed. But Voltaire adds, — sneering or boasting, who can say? — "*Ce monologue est tout entière*

imité de Senèque le tragique." And thus Corneille, guided by the Academy and the Hôtel Rambouillet, inaugurated tragedy in France by imitation. Indeed, the greater part of *Medée* is little more than a translation of Seneca's tragedy on the same subject (like Ben Jonson's long dead-and-buried classic dramas); and although Corneille soon ceased to produce mere French adaptations from the Latin or the Greek dramatists, both he and Racine, and also their successors, who sought merely to follow in their footsteps, aimed only, by their own confession, at composing tragedies as much like those of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca as they could make them; doing away with the chorus, indeed, but introducing those *personnages prototypiques* who, as Corneille himself admits, "*ne sont introduits que pour écouter la narration du sujet.*" Such are those hapless personages who come tagging in after the Theseus, the Pyrrhus, or the Orestes of the play, dressed in sad-colored robes, to listen, mostly in silent martyrdom, to the relation of the experience of their distinguished friends, and on the appearance of another person of quality retire, toady-like, to the background to eat humble-pie. Very dramatic personages they are, and very dramatic must be the tragedy of which they form a necessary part!

But the common sense of the world, which, be it ever remembered, is on all points as far as possible from affinity with the dominant opinion of a day, and which therefore rarely errs, has decided that imitations are inevitably feeble reductions of their originals; as the borrowed light of every satellite is cold and wan and lifeless. Never has this general truth had stronger confirmation in a particular instance than in the French classic drama. Corneille and Racine could imitate the conventional and the formal in the Greek drama, and use its materials; but they could do nothing more; nothing, at least, more admirable.

Æschylus and Sophocles lift us above the level of common life ; but while in creating their ideal drama they eliminated from it all that is homely, they were careful to preserve nothing which is not forever true. They show us heroes and demigods suffering the wrath of the superior divinities or the sterner doom of Fate. But their heroes are heroes because of some human trait exalted to sublimity ; the demigods are not monsters, but men as gods, knowing good and evil ; and we, bending our eyes intently upon the grand spectacle, can free our souls from the bondage of the mere material conditions of human life, and sit in wrapt and awe-ful admiration.

The great French tragedians, however, in imitating this ideal tragedy, succeeded only in showing us that which is neither human nor heroic. They are artificial without being stately ; their personages are pompous but not majestic, and lofty but not serene. They repress our sympathy without commanding our admiration ; and human nature, wearied and outraged, has but the alternative, — to yawn or to laugh.

One agent which French dramatists employed in debasing the ancient classic type of the drama was Love, which as a controlling power, if not as a dramatic motive, has no place in Greek tragedy. But it would not do to write tragedies for the court of the Grand Monarque, and have no love in them ; and therefore there is one continuous cry, *amour, amour, amour*, upon their classic stage. Think of the grand and single purpose of the men who show us the defiance of Prometheus, the woes of Œdipus, the sad devotion of Antigone, and the frenzy of Medea ; and then think, in tragedy written on their model, of bringing Cupid on the scene, — Cupid wearing a flowing peruke and red-heeled shoes, if nothing else !

How trivial the manliest of French dramatists could be, even when he was most nearly original, and of what a sus-

tained weakness he was capable, we can easily see by looking through Corneille's Horaces, the tragedy which is admitted to be one of his best three, and which La Harpe says is "*de tous les ouvrages de Corneille celui où il a du le plus à son génie. Ni les anciens ni les modernes ne lui ont rien fourni.*" Now whatever in this tragedy is not a bald relation of fact is a cold statement of psychological truth without dramatic purpose, or an equally undramatic exchange of "sentiments" between the speakers ; and all this is constantly put in the form of epigram and antithesis. The facts that Camille has a lover and Sabine a husband in one camp, and each a father and a brother in the other, are reiterated in wearisome antitheses about *fille* and *femme*, *père* and *époux*, *frère* and *amant*, six syllables being always devoted with a dexterous union, Rhadamanthine justice, and arithmetical accuracy, to each relationship. Here are a few instances : —

"Son sang dans une armée, et son amour dans l'autre."

"On peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux."

"Avec une allégresse aussi plaine et sincère,

Que j'ai épousai la sœur, je combattrai le frère."

"Près d'épouser la sœur, qu'il faut tuer le frère."

"En l'une je suis femme, en l'autre je suis fille."

"En l'une je suis fille, en l'autre je suis femme."

"Est-ce la mort d'un frère, ou celle d'un époux ?"

But it is not only the peculiar relations which Mademoiselle Camille and Madame Sabine bear to Monsieur Curia-ace and the Messieurs Horace (*père et fils*) that afford occasion for this antithetical and epigrammatic style of classic tragedy. For example, Mademoiselle Camille says, —

"Ce jour nous fut propice et funeste à la fois ;
Unissant nos maisons, il desunit nos voïs ;
Un même instant conclut notre hymen et la guerre
Fait naître notre espoir, et le jeta par terre."

Monsieur Curia-ace ingeniously remarks,

"Cependant tout est libre attendant qu'on les
nomme,
Rome est dans notre camp, et notre camp dans
Rome ;"

which jingle of words and see-saw of

thought all must admit bears the grand heroic stamp of the days of legendary Rome. So also does what he soon after adds : —

“La gloire en est pour vous, et la perte pour eux ;
Il nous fait immortelle, et les rend malheureux ;”

and again, in a moment or two : —

“Tu m’as commis ton sort, je t’en rendrai bon compte ;
Je vivrai sans reproche ou je pererai sans honte.”

Glancing down the page, we remark too the following specimens of the grand style of Corneille. Camille, speaking of her approaching marriage to Curiace (about which, by the bye, the French dramatist makes the dear creature “all in a twitter,” just like any Christian girl of nowadays), says, —

“Quand, pour comble de joie, il obtint de mon père
Que de ses chastes feux je serai le salaire.”

It is difficult to express in words the effect produced by the representation of one of the Curiatii asking the head of the Horatii for his daughter as “*le salaire*” of his “*chastes feux*” ! But Monsieur Curiace does say something to Monsieur Horace (*fil*s) upon the stage almost equal to this, enforced thereto by the proprieties of the French classic drama and the exigencies of rhyme : —

“Je vois que votre honneur demande tout mon sang,
Que tout le mien consist à vous percer le flanc.”

“*Percer le flanc*,” like Bardolph’s “accommodated,” is “a good phrase, a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.”

The consolation which Monsieur Horace, *père* (we really must be careful thus to distinguish these gentlemen from each other, for their age is the only point of unlikeness between them), offers to his daughter, upon the death of him of whose chaste flame she was to be *le salaire*, is another characteristic specimen of this grand style : —

“En la mort d’un amant vous ne perdez qu’un homme,
Dont la perte est aisée de réparer en Rome.”

True beyond possibility of doubt. Pity that there was not in French the adage, “There’s as good fish in the sea as ever was caught.” But think what, under such circumstances, Shakespeare, or Fletcher, or Massinger, might have made a father say !

Again, when Procule meets Horace, *jeune*, at the end of the fourth act, he says, —

“Vous deviez la traiter avec moins de rigueur.”

As “*la*” refers to Mademoiselle Camille, for whom Monsieur Horace has just *perce le flanc*, it will be generally admitted that Procule has reason, and that Madame Sabine, who comes in at the moment, very properly asks him, —

“A quoi s’arrête ici votre illustre colère ?”

His illustrious anger should have been arrested before, or allowed to go further ; although it must be admitted that he atones somewhat for his indiscretion by addressing to her immediately these consoling and complimentary words : —

“Seche tes pleurs, Sabine, ou les caches à ma vue,
Rends toi digne du nom de ma chaste moitié.”

When, upon such a trifling occasion as that of piercing the flank of a sister, a Roman addresses his wife as his better half, we may approximately guess under what great and subduing grief such a lofty personage might melt into the tenderness of calling her his rib.

These are examples, taken almost at hap-hazard, of Corneille’s diction in Les Horaces. We open Polyucte, and find Severe and Pauline parting after a scene of lofty sentiment, in the French style. Severe says, —

“Adieu, trop vertueux objet, et trop charmant ;”

and Pauline, not to be surpassed in compliment, yet preserving Severe’s model, rejoins, and rhymes : —

“Adieu, trop malheureux et trop parfait amant.”

Perhaps it must be admitted that this is better than “Adieu, too, too fascinating Julia ;” but when we consider the advantages of poetic diction, of writing

in the grand classic style, and of imitating the severe Greek drama, which Corneille had, we see why his verse is so neat and his sentiment so appropriate.

In these passages Corneille does not quite equal Racine in like specimens of the grand style, which the latter scatters from a full hand through *his* classic tragedies: such, for instance, as that in which Pyrrhus, when Andromaque comes before him, says (hear! for the son of Achilles speaks to the widow of Hector), —

“Me cherchiez-vous, Madame ?

Un espoir si charmant me serait-il permis ?”

But Pyrrhus is a bold fellow, as his father's son has a right to be, and soon he presumes to permit himself yet more charming hopes: —

“Je vous offre mon bras. Puis-je espérer encore
Que vous accepterez un cœur qui vous adore ?”

I do not hesitate to declare that neither Homer nor Æschylus ever wrote any thing like that. But when Achilles' son says: “*Je vous offre mon bras*,” are we quite sure of the sense in which he uses the last word? Would it surprise us to see “the rugged Pyrrhus” crook his elbow, offer his arm with a profound bow, and, *otant son chapeau*, gallant Madame Andromaque off the stage? It is often difficult to believe that Racine did not purposely, or at least consciously, write burlesque; but this doubt never occurs with regard to Corneille, who has a terse vigor of expression often enough to show that he meant his people to be in earnest.

And Corneille's French critics assure us that in Les Horaces there are grand passages. Of the personages, anon: let us first look at the two most vaunted and best known of these grand passages. The first Voltaire calls “*ce trait de plus grand sublime, cet mot auquel il n'en est aucun comparable dans toute l'antiquité*.” Now what is this which surpasses all that is to be found in the Prometheus, the Œdipus, and the two Iphigenias? It is Horace, *pere's*, reply to Julie's question

what Horace, *fil's*, would do against three, “*qu'il mourut*.” The second, which is lauded by the same writer, is the line —

“Faites votre devoir, et laissez faire aux dieux.”

As to the first (which is plainly the origin of the other *mot*, “the guard dies”), could any clever school-boy well up in his Viri Romæ and his Livy fail to make a Roman give such an answer to such a question? The other is merely the English commonplace, Do your duty and leave the rest to God. As to both, may we not ask in wonder, What must be the wealth of a dramatic literature of which these are the brightest jewels?

Next in importance to the undramatic form of the diction in French tragedy is the defect of a lack of character in the personages. This is so great as to amount to a lack of human interest. Neither Corneille nor Racine gave individuality to any one of his personages; and it is needless to say that where they failed there was no success on the part of their feeble imitators. They have Trojans, Greeks, Romans, Spaniards, and Frenchmen on their stage; but their Trojan differs from their Greek, their Spaniard from their Frenchman, their every one man from their every other, only in age and in rank. They all have the same feeling, the same manner, and use the same language. In this respect, indeed, even the *personnages prototypiques* and the servants do not differ from the kings and queens; and we learn the characters and even the very ages of the *dramatis personæ* only by description, or by the manner in which the actors make up for them on the stage. True, we know something of most of them historically or mythologically; but no thanks to the dramatist therefor. It is essential to dramatic art and distinctive of it that it shall *unfold* character, not describe it; that is the province of narration. Greek tragedy, conventional as its form was, did not neglect this requirement. Antigone and

Ismene, for instance, have not spoken a dozen sentences each before we see that the former is imaginative, generous, impulsive, unselfish, and devoted, while the latter is cold, calculating, correct, and prudent. They each have individuality of soul; and we feel that we might be sure how each would act under given circumstances. In the whole range of classic French tragedy there is hardly one personage of whom this is true. Camille, Hermione, Phèdre, Roxane, are not what they are of themselves. We connect with their names only vague and general notions of a Roman maiden, a good Grecian girl, a bad Grecian woman, and a barbarous Sultana. They are distinguished from each other only by their ages and their circumstances. Their being is all objective: subjectively they have no existence.

Of the national traits with which Corneille has been thought by some French critics to have endowed his personages, it is only to be said that these traits consist of nothing but what in dramatic art is called costume, which includes not only dress, but manners, habits of life, and such expressions as mark epoch and nationality. Thus, for instance, Shakespeare, who frequently, almost continually, errs in this respect, as all the great painters have erred, — and what matter? — violates costume in making Apemantus say grace before he eats at Timon's feast. But correctness in costume, like most of the points in regard to accuracy on which pedants afflict their souls, is the easily attained result of a little study and a great deal of care about small things; and personages that have no other merit, and not a spark of life within them, may be without fault in this respect, yet mere puppets correctly dressed, assuming the habits and using the language of a certain period; while others, Shakespeare's Greeks and Romans, for instance, or even Fletcher's, may violate costume, and yet be in their mental and moral traits our very ideal

of the men of their period. And thus it is that Corneille's classic personages, although they have the proper dresses on their backs, the proper words in their mouths, do the proper deeds and utter the proper sentiments, are spouting shams. He tried to make Romans in *Les Horaces*; and what is Horace, *filis*, but a big Frenchman with a bowie-knife, rolling his r's and his eyes through interminable Alexandrines? The difference between him and Curiace is merely that which is made by the facts of Livy's story: *mutatis mutandis*, one is but the other; "change places, and, handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"

Racine's people pass us by undistinguishable, a homogeneous crowd. To all of them may be applied the remark made by Corneille upon those in *Bajazet*, — that they were Frenchmen in foreign costume; a criticism which showed that the critic's censorship did not, like his charity, begin at home. As to the way in which such lay figures are made to have a semblance of life upon the stage, it is simply through the vital force and the art of the actor, who, conceiving the character and fully feeling the situation, acts almost irrespectively of the spoken words, except in so far as they suggest the character and the situation and the consequent emotion. The actors of Racine's dramas are called upon to do this constantly. His works are evidently the productions of a man of whom it might well be said, as it is said in his epitaph, written by Boileau, "*Il s'appliqua longtemps à composer des tragédies.*" But to the making of tragedies there goes something more than long application.

To these great and essential faults the French drama adds another, which, although adventitious, does more than any other to make French tragedy tedious and French comedy superficial. It makes the stage a place for *causerie*. The proverb that speech is silver but silence gold-

en is not of Gallic origin. Frenchmen think, with Bonnard, that —

“Le silence est l'esprit des sots ;”

but they forget that he added, —

“Et l'une des vertus du sage ;”

and it is not surprising that, cultivating the art of talking, and excelling in it, as Frenchmen do, they should have made the great mistake of supposing that the stage is the place for *causerie*. In French tragedy the personages come upon the stage and talk about what has happened or what will happen. What they say has rarely much to do with the progress of the action. In French comedy, if we read it, we find in it little more than clever talk or tongue-manceuvre of some sort ; if we see it, its dramatic interest depends entirely on the use which the actors make of the situations. In the best French comedies — those of Molière always excepted — the best scenes are but smart conversations between people who, in general, are going about their ordinary affairs in an ordinary way. All this is often very clever, but unless it is acted, — when the acting is not the writer's work, — what real dramatic value or purpose has it ? What phases of human nature does it turn to the light ? What emotion does it portray ? What character unfold ? None. It shows us groups of, generally, well-behaved people getting each other into intellectual corners, from which they must fight their way out by skill in tongue-fence. This has become the character of French comedy, which now follows its Spanish model only so far as that brings its personages into situations perilous to their happiness or their reputations, and from which they are to be extricated by their wit. And it is astonishing to see with what success a French dramatist will make a wife defend herself to her lover for having been found alone with her husband, or a maiden justify herself for consenting to marriage with a man whom she detests, that she may be free to en-

joy the companionship of another whom she loves.

The easy flow of French conversation, — which makes seeing French comedy like having our going into society done for us (as the Turk would have his dancing), — when it ceases to flow and sparkle irregularly, and swells into the solemn waves of Alexandrian verses, each like the other, rising six syllables, pausing an instant, and falling six into the trough of rhyme, becomes as dreary as a stage-prospect of an artificial ocean ; and we think, If this is poetry, how delightful must have been the life-long speech of Monsieur Jourdain ! And yet of such eternal talk in verse all French tragedies are made up. Even Phèdre's curse of CEnone, which Rachel made so terrible, is mostly didactic : —

“Je ne t'écoute plus. Va-t'en, monstre exécrable !
Va, laisse-moi le soin de mon sort déplorable.
Puisse le juste ciel dignement te payer !
Et puisse ton supplice à jamais effrayer
Tous ceux qui, comme toi, par de lâches adresses
Des princes malheureux nourrissent les faiblesses
Les poussent au penchant où leur cœur est enclin,
Et leur osent du crime aplanir le chemin !
Détestables flatteurs, présent le plus funeste
Qui puisse faire aux voïs la colère céleste.”

Those last six lines, which should be the flaming climax of the imprecation, are a very pertinent, cool, judicious, moral reflection, and have no place in a malediction ; which, however, Phèdre's reply to CEnone is not, except in the first four lines. The rest was evidently written to be recited with dignity to CEnone, but at the Grand Monarque. Rachel fused the whole speech into one consuming outburst of hate and horror ; but the fire of her genius, not that of Racine's, lighted the volcano.

I am able to say that this appreciation of French tragedy was that of Rachel herself. I knew her and talked with her about her art ; and one evening, when there was no one else by to listen, she spoke without reserve of the dullness of French tragedy, and its lack of character. She condemned it wholly ; and expressed her great regret that she did

not know Shakespeare until it was too late for her to study his plays, even to act them in translation; for she could not speak English. She spoke with enthusiastic admiration of Shakespeare, and almost with contempt of Corneille and Racine. And although she knew me as the author of Shakespeare's Scholar, which had just then been published, she was somewhat older than I was, and, being a woman, was really much older. Moreover, she was the great tragedian of the age, and I but a young dilettante

author; and therefore there is no reason to believe that this comparison and confession were in compliment to a man of English blood and speech, and a student of Shakespeare. I saw that she meant and felt all that she said. Others, indeed, shared with us this appreciation of the French drama; but I have never seen the reasons for it particularly set forth; and the light which her genius cast upon its dull formalities was by some who should have been sharper-eyed mistaken for its own.

Richard Grant White.

FRIENDS: A DUET.

XIV.

"If it could be — Oh, all in vain!
The restless trouble of my soul
Sets, like the great tide to the moon,
Toward your control."

RELiance herself did not talk, nor ask what was the matter. She knew that she was rather sick, but the indifference of her condition was on her young frame. It seemed equally easy to live or to die. Myrtle hung over her without one rebuke. Nobody mentioned Mr. Griggs or the temperance work. Nobody scolded her. And nobody knew that she had found out from Janet that he was doing well, and that it was all worth while. She yielded herself to the novelty of disease, and was ill with all her might for a while.

There were always flowers in the room during this illness; unobtrusive flowers, not too heavily-scented, — mignonnette, small rosebuds, pansies, — quiet things that did not assert themselves to invalid perceptions; only ivy leaves sometimes, and ferns often. No message came with these softly-appealing thoughts, and she did not ask whose they were.

As she grew better she found reasons for deferring a meeting with Nordhall. She could not have told why. An instinct or a presentiment possessed her. She feared him. She did not go down till days after she was able. She was not strong enough to understand how cruel she was.

But one day, finding herself out of excuses for playing the invalid any longer, she unexpectedly came down-stairs, and stayed all the afternoon. She had her first tea in the little library (which was warmest), where the ebony desk was, and the one window. Myrtle and Janet had brightened up the dull place. Cushions and color were in it, the open fire and the tea-tray on a crimson cloth, and Reliance lay on the old sofa, and looked about peacefully. After all, it was pleasant to be alive. She drank her tea, and felt of her own warm hand.

She was lying there all alone, for Myrtle had gone to her own supper, as Reliance preferred, — alone, and very quiet and forgetful of all the world, — when he (for he would be deferred no longer) came in. He had his hat in his hand, and flowers. He laid them both down for they shook. He came and

stood by the sofa. Neither could speak. She had not looked at him. She was afraid, and she knew she was afraid.

"But I saved my man!" she cried suddenly, lifting her eyes, as men bare the neck to the axe.

"You saved one man, — yes. You have almost killed another."

She felt, as she lay looking up at him, that this was simply true. The whole man looked shrunk and old; his cheek as thin, almost, as hers.

He stood leaning over her. It seemed to be enough for him to look at her. She covered her face with both her hands; not passionately, but with a deprecating motion, as if she appealed to him to spare her.

He did spare her, moved as he was. He stirred, walked about the room, found a vase for his flowers, occupied himself, and gave her time. Then he came back and sat down close beside her sofa, and without speaking lifted one of her hands, and laid it gently down again, with that air of relinquishing what was precious which he could not control when he touched her, because he did not know that he had it.

"It was a good while," he said at last, "not to be able to see you, — not to know" —

"Ah, but you know *now*!" she faltered.

"Yes, *I know now*," repeated Nordhall, with an emphasis which escaped her.

"And Dr. Bishop says" —

"*Dr. Bishop*" — began Nordhall, but choked his own words back.

"Have you been jealous of the poor doctor *again*?" she cried, breaking into an unexpected little laugh. This laugh changed the aspect of the scene, somewhat, for these two nervous, overwrought people. When she saw him smile, Reliance drew her breath, and began to be less afraid of him. With the perverseness of her sex, however, she struck out once more for her balance.

"We had some lovely talks, while I was getting better. You can't think how I enjoyed them."

"What did you talk about?"

He would not groan and he could not smile.

"Oh, protoplasm, and homœopathy, and — let me see! — bilious affections! All sorts of delightful things."

"Well, I can't help it," said Nordhall, in a patient way. "I can't help anything," he added, with the inanity or insanity of feeling too long a prisoner, now a beating rebel at his lips. "May I just sit and look at you?" he continued, after a gentle pause. "That is all I'll ask."

Now Reliance felt more afraid of his gentleness than she did of anything else. He might be jealous, he might be angry, he might be cross, or cold, or whatever he chose; she would rather he did not speak like this. Once again her eyes said, Spare me!

But this time he did not spare.

That little library was mercilessly bright. All the color, all the flame and flash and fever of it, deepened slowly in the habitually grave place, like conscious and cruel desires in a mind unused to them. Each coal in the grate became a watchful eye. The walls looked on, aware. It was as if the whole room were a lover. Reliance could have leaped from it.

"It's of no use," said Nordhall, suddenly overcome by the groan which he could not command. "I know I might have the grace to be still a little longer, — and you so feeble yet. But I can't do it. I can't stand it; I can't *bear* any more. It is of no use pretending any longer, Reliance Strong. It is not friendship, and I won't lie about it another living day. It is not friendship, and I know it. It is not friendship, and you shall know it, too!"

"But if I know it *is*? If I say it *is*?"

All her beauty seemed to yearn over

him, while it defied him. She pitied him, she was fond of him, she needed him (and oh, yes, she feared him !) ; but she warned, she would protect, she would save him.

"Don't go on ! Don't say any more to-night ! Wait and think " —

"I have done enough of that," said Nordhall, in a dull way. "I have loved you — I have *known* that I did — ever since we were in Bethlehem. I did not mean to tell you. I kept it to myself all winter. But when you got so sick," — the tempest of his feeling rose upon him now, — "and I could n't get to you ; it was not proper for me to go up, though you died there, — you at the head of the stairs and I at the foot — Good God ! there are no rights of any sort to this sham we've called friendship, — no rights, no place, no name, no power ! I trample on it, I disown the thing ! I will have none of its lies and traps ! I am *not* content to be your friend ! You are a woman and I am a man, and I love you ! "

The tempest of his passion was upon them ; Reliance bowed her head before it, — lower now beneath his silence than beneath his cry.

"O my darling !" he said softly, "I am sorry for you."

The noble fellow had forgotten at that moment that he suffered ; to witness her pain was his self-annihilation.

When she had come in some measure to herself, she said in a tone where pity and reproach went struggling, —

"You have forgotten John ! "

"*Forgotten* John ? Your husband has been dead a long while, Mrs. Strong. I've served for this hour with almost a seven years' silence. Don't be more cruel than you can help. *Forgotten* John ! "

"Oh, I did n't mean forgotten ! " she wailed incoherently. And then, for she was weak and sore bestead, and did not know what to do or what to say, but only what to think, and only to think that they were both miserable, she

buried her face in the pillows, and cried as if her heart would break.

He made no effort to check or comfort her. He was too conscious of needing strength to be able to expend any. He leaned back in his chair and watched her in a wretched way. All he could think was that he had ruined their happiness, and that he could not have helped it, and should do it again, and was glad he had. A dull delight in having the truth out possessed him.

"You'll hurt yourself, crying," he said at last, stolidly, "and it will be my fault. Everything will be my fault," he added, for she had not answered him.

"Oh, no ! Oh, no, no, no ! " Reliance came up from her tears like a flower from a storm, and was a woman again, and took the man into her management. "Oh, don't blame yourself so ! — I can't bear *that*. Don't talk about your fault."

"Whose fault shall I talk about ? Tell me ! "

"Mine — a little."

"I do not understand you."

"Oh, because I might — I ought — Dear Mr. Nordhall, I think perhaps I *ought* to have known ! I did n't ! " she added, in a quick, ringing, honest voice.

"I know you did n't. You *could* n't."

"I never had any other friend, — not a friend like you, I mean ; one I leaned on, and who helped me and was a comfort. I never had any other, except my husband," she said simply. "I did not know about such things. I thought a man and woman could be — could have — Oh, it is all over ! " she cried, with sudden piteousness. "I thought a friendship like ours was one of the noblest things I ever heard of. I thought you one of the noblest men ! "

Nordhall's whole soul quivered under this appeal, as the Alpine climber may quiver on the narrow ledge of ice to which one false step has hurled him. Height is above him, — cold, cruel, white, and lost. Depth is below him, — the

glacier's. He cannot climb. He will not fall. He clings to an icicle, which imperceptibly melts.

"And now you will think me one of the — no, not one of the worst!" he cried, with grand eyes. "You can never think I have not tried to spare you, tried to be what you needed, to be true in God's sight and yours — and your husband's. And I'm glad I told you what I have to-night, even though it makes you miserable (poor girl, poor girl!), and I would give my life to make you happy. At least it was *honest* to tell you. I never played a part about any matter before this winter. It has worn me out. The whole world might know every thought I have had about you, and yet I have felt guilty. I am glad it's over, — though it has spoiled everything, as you say."

They looked at one another compassionately. Each seemed to be appealing to the other for help neither knew how to give, or to withhold.

"Now the mischief is done," he said, "I want it done thoroughly. We will have no more concealment, nor half-thoughts, or after-thoughts, and doubts about this matter. Understand me, Mrs. Strong. I have not lightly yielded to — a light emotion. I have made it the purpose of my life for all these years to be loyal to my dead friend, and, if possible, to make his poor wife happy, — have I not? Answer me, dear! Have I, or have I not?"

"Oh, you have!"

"In this purpose I have failed at last. I am not a dead man, unfortunately. I am alive, and I love you."

"Poor fellow!" she said, as if she had been speaking not to him, but about him.

"I want you to understand," he went on, with gathering patience, "I want you to know, that I have fought against it till there's no more fight left in me. I am beaten. I never meant to love you in *that* way. I love you in just that way."

"Oh, hush! hush!"

"No," he said, firmly and gently, "I shall not hush. The time is past for that. You must hear me out."

"I cannot," she moaned; "I *cannot* hear you now."

"Why not now? When will there be a better time?"

"Oh, there need never be any time. I don't want to hear it at all. It is bad enough to understand it. It is bad enough to know that we can never be happy again. It is all spoiled. There is no way" —

"Yes," he interrupted hoarsely, — "there is a way" —

She raised her left hand with a gesture full of dignity, pathos, and entreaty. He respected it, like the gentleman he was.

"I have tired you," he said. "Forgive me, and let me go."

If she had anything to say, she had not said it. If she had need of him, the room was empty. The fire was falling. The great glow on the walls had sunk. The listening room turned a cold eye upon her. She felt unprotected and exposed. She felt as if the whole world were searching her heart to its lowest deep.

Well, it might; the whole round, wise world might know — and welcome to it! — everything there was to know. She had not coquetted with this good man; nor, what was quite as definite and important a moral fact, had she consciously coquetted with her own soul.

Myrtle came, and Janet, and Kaiser, who was suspicious and jealous to the last degree; and they fanned the dying fire, which fluttered and throbbed into flame. To Reliance, lying there, with her weak body and wild brain, this revival of color and warmth was incredibly strengthening. In her excitement, the fitful, moody room seemed to blossom about her like one of those June lilies that her husband used to love.

"Shall I play to you?" asked Myr-

tle, whose good nature always outweighed her perspicacity. Reliance hesitated, turning her feverish cheek towards this other woman, helplessly.

"I will sing," said Myrtle; "that will be better. You need diversion and rest."

Myrtle had one alto song. It was written for her by a German music-master she once had, and carefully adapted to her voice. (It was one of the undesirable traits of her sister-in-law that she never recovered from the conviction that there had been tender passages between Myrtle and that music-master.) Myrtle lowered the gas, and in the half-lit room, to a low, irregular melody, began:—

"We sail a sea without a shore,
I on the one side, thou on the other.
(Oh, for a breath of the pine and clover!)
What if the tempest crouch and roar?
Heart unto heart like a wave goes over.
For we love with a love that is more and more.
Child and mother,
Brother and brother,
Wife and lover,
Love as they may,
Love as they will,
We are not as they.
For the sea has no shore,
No shore, no shore,
(Oh, for a breath of the pine and the clover!)
And the breaker is never still.
Hands may not clasp, when the soul is a rover;
Only heart unto heart goes over."

XV.

"Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."
AS YOU LIKE IT.

It is not easy to say which of these two people felt more keenly, now, the form of bondage to which their acquaintance had reduced them.

The woman, perceiving their mutual subjection as clearly as the man, without the man's consciousness of either its danger or its delight, was more perplexed, and, in her way, no less pained.

It seemed to Reliance that the sun

stood still in mid-heaven of her little world. Nothing could happen after this. The worst was. All laws and precedents of action had failed her. A man who would not remain her friend, and must not become her lover, had no place in a woman's life. Yet he had taught and wrought upon that life till it clung to his own with a tenacity terribly like tenderness, and a dependence less dreadful only than that of love.

A selfish anger with him, for what he inflicted upon her, alternated sharply with her womanly pity for what she must inflict on him. At times, she thought she would write and bid him stay away from her forever. It seemed as if she could never look upon his face again.

For a few days she kept her room, and lost strength.

Nordhall had not called again.

On the fourth day, she began to think that he had perhaps accepted the finality of her treatment of himself, and simply forestalled any necessity upon her part for dispensing with his acquaintance. She remembered that he had undeniably the right to do this. She remembered that a man would sometimes stand upon his rights.

She got up that afternoon, dressed, and tried to go out; but drove only half a mile or so, said she was chilled through, came home, and crept to the library fire. After breathing warmth a little, she asked for her visitors' book, and pored over her list of poor people for a time. Mr. Griggs called while she was thus occupied. She received him for a few minutes, but it made her very faint to talk. She had to let the poor man go. She comforted herself by sending Myrtle to the Mission with him, with a view to discovering the exact merits of the last disagreement in the temperance society, which threatened to rend that warlike organization to its foundation; and then, when Myrtle was gone, she lay still and wondered when she would

be quite strong, and able to be of use to anybody again. She tried not to mind it. She would not have thought it could be so hard to live an unshared life. She would not have thought it had meant so much to her, all these years, that there was any one person more than any other to whom all that she did was of supreme importance because she did it, and every care, or wish, or thought of hers a matter of strong interest because it was her own. She would not have thought it could have required so much courage to begin all over again, quite alone, a lonely life at best, and now spoiled with a feeling that had no name, nor place, nor right in the world ; spent by a dependence cruel in proportion as it was falsely calculated, weakened by leaning against a support weaker than herself.

"Why do you cry?"

She drew one great breath, but did not uncover her face. She was lying crushed down among the pillows, almost as he had left her that last time. It was as if she and her mood had not advanced or altered all these days. But the man had undergone a change. His first accent vibrated with it.

"Tell me, Reliance, what do you cry for? There, — I will sit down and wait till you can speak."

"You need not wait, sir; I am *not* crying!"

"No? Well, never mind. I hoped you were. I should cry in your place."

"Cry, then, if you want to!" said she petulantly. "*I* got through with that the other evening."

She sat up against the crimson pillows, brilliant in her white shawls. There was splendid color on her cheeks. At first he could only sit and look at her. Then he remembered that he had not come there to admire her beauty, nor to dry her tears, relieve her solitude, endure her sweet caprices, submit to her velvet tyrannies. No more of that, now. Nordhall, too, had spent these four days

in reflection more compelling than emotion, and emotion clearer than reflection. His next step was as distinct to him as his next breath. All his moral atmosphere (he would have said) had cleared. He knew now, or he thought he knew, or he wished to think he knew, what it was right for him to do. Oh, she was a woman! Let her be as velvet as she would, — keep him back by the giant strength of gentleness. His love was iron. He was a man. Silken thread and metal fibre should have it out.

He drew a chair beside her, selecting the one he wanted with deliberate calm, and they resumed for a few moments almost the identical positions of that other evening. Reliance, however, sat up with more strength against the pillows, and after a short time slipped her feet from the lounge to the floor.

"You had better lie still," he said, with some authority. "You are still weak. Very well, then. If you won't, I will bring a cricket or something. I want you to be comfortable, for I am going to talk with you."

"I am quite comfortable, thank you," she said, stiffly. He paid no attention to this little gust, but brought the cricket, and she put her feet upon it, and he sat down again.

"I have been thinking," he began, as if they were resuming a conversation but a moment since interrupted by a slight accident, — "I have been thinking what we had better do."

"I don't see that there is anything to do," replied Reliance, drearily.

"On the contrary, something must be done. This cannot go on — as it is."

Her heart gave one bound ; then seemed to sink, and sink, and sink, as if it were a life leaping from a precipice.

"You *see* that, do you?"

"Why, of course I see" —

"Excuse me ; you do not see it. A woman is so blind at such a time. — *you* are, I mean. I don't know about other women. Confess you are a little glad

I don't! Yes, you are, poor girl! After all, you *do* care for me a little."

"I care more than a little," said Reliance, with quickening breath; "you know I care — have always cared — a great deal. . . . You are cruel to me!" she blazed, unexpectedly.

Perhaps she would not have said it if she had seen the expression that overswept his responsive face. Perhaps she would not have said it if she had not expected to be contradicted. He did not contradict her. He passed the outbreak by, as if it were the passion of a child; only gave a slight motion of the hand, as if he put something from him. The whole man now strode steadily to his purpose.

"What I want to say is this: We have tried Platonic friendship a long while, and must admit that we have made a failure of it. It means different things to both of us, but it means something to each. You will grant as much as this?"

She nodded, with melancholy eyes.

"It does n't work," went on the man simply, "and I want the right to see if something else cannot be made to. That is what I have come to say."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Nordhall."

"I think you *do*. Excuse me. But I will be plainer. We are neither of us very happy. Let us be patient with each other. Listen to me a minute, while I explain it all a little more clearly. There is this difference between us: you are sad because you want friendship; I am mad because I want *you*."

She did not cry out, nor protest, as he perhaps had expected. He leaned back in his chair, brought his lips together grimly, and watched her. It was a good while before she spoke, and then it was without indignation or excitement, in an inexpressibly sad and patient tone.

"It seems as if it must be, somehow, my fault that I can have come to this; that I can sit here and listen while you say such things. It is so *dreadful*!"

"I can't see why," said Nordhall.

"No, you can't; you are a man. Oh, I wish I had died before it came to this!" she added, desolately.

"You can't die," he said, with imperious brusqueness. "You've got to live. It is natural to live."

"It is not natural to be so miserable!"

"Then give me the right to try and make you happy."

"A woman can give that right but once." She had risen now, and spoke in a rich, resonant voice.

He had to look up to her as he pleaded with her: —

"Some women do, — think how many! Why, Reliance, it is no sin to be happy, a second time. Listen to me! I'm not as selfish as I seem. I know it would be better for you. *I know* I could make you happy!"

Her lip quivered like a rose-leaf blown by the wind; but her splendid eyes shone down without one shade. They blinded him, they were so clear.

"I tried to be loyal to John!" he cried. He felt compelled to defend himself, as if before an invisible and awful tribunal.

"We will not talk about my husband, if you please." She lifted her head, and turned from him, swaying slightly in the bright, warm air, as if she leaned against unseen support. "That is all over now. You did the best you could; I do not blame you. But I can never talk about him any more, with *you*."

He would have been of a far less delicate texture than he was, had he not experienced a slight shock of regret at this, and something akin to shame. His ardent face fell.

"I was comforted by your help and strength," proceeded Reliance, in that low, firm voice of hers, which he was familiar with when *she* had the mastery of their mutual mood. "I was grateful for your friendship all this while. Why should I not say it? I wanted you, — I want you for my friend."

"And I want you for my wife," he said doggedly. "Why should I not say *that*?"

With this, he sprang to his feet, and stood facing her poised height in a manly rage. She grew pale a little, but did not flinch. Only a breath of the sheltered, fire-lit air separated them. Twilight was stealing on. Out in the garden, the shadows on the snow had turned to a fixed and resolute blue. Nordhall stretched out his hands. He stood there like a cry of outraged and omnipotent nature, and she like an inexorable moral law. She shook her head.

"And yet," he cried, "you love me!"

"I am fond of you. That is not love."

"I will be content with your fondness!"

"*You* content with my — Now you are wandering. Now you are not sane. If I could wrong myself, Charles Nordhall, I would not so wrong you, in the sight of God!"

"God knows I should be a blessed man to be so wronged."

"It would be a wicked thing!"

"I am ready to bear the blame of such a wickedness."

"But *you* can't be right for *me*. Oh, don't let us talk so any longer! Don't torment me! Don't make it any harder . . . than it must be" . . .

She hid her face in both her hands upon the high top of the carved chair. Nordhall stood so near that he fancied he could hear the agitated beating of her heart. The imperfect light had lessened. Only a breath of darkness now stood sentinel between them. His arms leaned towards her yielding attitude, as the wave leans to the shore, the fire to the sun, the river to the sea. That which was natural seemed that which was right. God made it. What was a frail creature like this, that she should set a nature against a nature, create a right above a right?

"Oh, come!" he pleaded; "it is natural to be happy."

In the dividing dark, she raised her head.

"It is natural to be true!" she cried.

"Charles Nordhall, it is natural for a woman to be true. I beg you to leave me to myself. I ask you to respect what you cannot understand. I have only this one thing to guide me, . . . that I loved my husband. I do not love you like *that*. I am lonely; but loneliness is not love. I want to do the right and noble thing; it is not right to marry when one does not altogether love. That is not a good and beautiful marriage. I don't know about you men, but *we* are not like that. We should be sorry; there would be always something beyond, something lost. It seems to me as if I should do a wrong to all the world. I want to do . . . I am trying to be . . . the best and truest, right thing. It must be possible to find the right, — not to be mistaken. You should not hinder me. That is not noble in you."

His outstretched, empty arms fell back. Across that inch or two of dividing dark he could no more have touched her now than across the great gulf fixed. It seemed to him that if he did, he should touch a dead man's hand. She had awful protection.

He had to do something, for they heard Myrtle ringing at the great front door. He had to speak, and so he said, hoarsely and hurriedly, without extending his hand, —

"I'll do the best I can. I won't desert you because of this, if I can manage it. But don't exact too much of me."

"I have no right to exact anything," she interrupted, humbly.

"Don't *expect* too much of me, then. I'll see what I can do. But you're on a level I can't reach."

"I hope" — began the woman, with a little womanly wistfulness. She hoped he would reverence that level, and her for being there. She would have felt stronger to know that he did. But that was

not a thing to be said. She checked herself.

He did not finish her sentence for her, nor answer it. It was true that he solemnly revered her for the high, fine quality of her denial. It was true that he knew her to be a nobler woman than if she had "mistaken loneliness for love." It was true that he the more passionately worshiped her for the loyalty of soul which separated her from himself. But it was not in man nature to tell her so. If his idol had stepped from its pedestal, it would have crept into his arms.

He felt that her reply was final, and that it was for her, at least, the best solution of their difficulties. Just then, he could not have urged one small, selfish pang against a decision with which the strongest in himself took sides, despite the treason of his weakest. He bowed his head before it.

He wished he had been braver. He wished he had never told her. He was like one to whom the secret of select heroism has whispered itself, and then recoiled, leaving him with a sense of having betrayed a tender and terrible confidence.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A TASTE OF MAINE BIRCH.

THE traveler and camper-out in Maine, unless he penetrates its more northern portions, has less reason to remember it as a pine-tree State than a birch-tree State. The white-pine forests have melted away like snow in the spring and gone down stream, leaving only patches here and there in the more remote and inaccessible parts. The portion of the State I saw, the valley of the Kennebec and the woods about Moxie Lake, had been shorn of its pine timber more than forty years before, and is now covered with a thick growth of spruce and cedar and various deciduous trees. But the birch abounds. Indeed, when the pine goes out the birch comes in; the race of men succeeds the race of giants. This tree has great stay-at-home virtues. Let the sombre, aspiring, mysterious pine go; the birch has humble every-day uses. In Maine, the paper or canoe birch is turned to more account than any other tree. Uncle Nathan, our guide, said it was made especially for the camper-out; yes, and for the woodman and frontiersman generally. It is a magazine, a furnishing store set up in the

wilderness, whose goods are free to every comer. The whole equipment of the camp lies folded in it, and comes forth at the beck of the woodman's axe; tent, water-proof roof, boat, camp utensils, buckets, cups, plates, spoons, napkins, table-cloths, paper for letters or your journal, torches, candles, kindling wood, and fuel. The canoe birch yields you its vestments with the utmost liberality. Ask for its coat, and it gives you its waistcoat also. Its bark seems wrapped about it layer upon layer, and comes off with great ease. We saw many rude structures and cabins shingled and sided with it, and hay-stacks capped with it. Near a maple-sugar camp there was a large pile of birch-bark sap-buckets, — each bucket made of a piece of bark about a yard square, folded up as the tinman folds up a sheet of tin to make a square vessel, the corners bent around against the sides and held by a wooden pin. When, one day, we were overtaken by a shower in traveling through the woods, our guide quickly stripped large sheets of the bark from a near tree, and we had each a perfect umbrella as by

magic. When the rain was over, and we moved on, I wrapped mine about me like a large leather apron, and it shielded my clothes from the wet bushes. When we came to a spring, Uncle Nathan would have a birch-bark cup ready before any of us could get a tin one out of his knapsack, and I think water never tastes so sweet as from one of these bark cups. It is exactly the thing. It just fits the mouth, and it seems to give new virtues to the water. It makes me thirsty now when I think of it. In our camp at Moxie we made a large birch-bark box to keep the butter in; and the butter in this box, covered with some leafy boughs, I think improved in flavor day by day. Maine butter needs something to mollify and sweeten it a little, and I think birch bark will do it. In camp Uncle Nathan often drank his tea and coffee from a bark cup; the china closet in the birch-tree was always handy, and our vulgar tinware was generally a good deal mixed, and the kitchen-maid not at all particular about dish-washing. We all tried the oatmeal with the maple syrup in one of these dishes, and the stewed mountain cranberries, using a birch-bark spoon, and never found service better. Uncle Nathan declared he could boil potatoes in a bark kettle, and I did not doubt him. Instead of sending our soiled napkins and table-spreads to the wash, we rolled them up into candles and torches, and drew daily upon our stores in the forest for new ones.

But the great triumph of the birch is of course the bark canoe. When Uncle Nathan took us out under his little wood-shed, and showed us, or rather modestly permitted us to see, his nearly finished canoe, it was like a first glimpse of some new and unknown genius of the woods or streams. It sat there on the chips and shavings and fragments of bark like some shy, delicate creature just emerged from its hiding-place, or like some wild flower just opened. It was the first boat of the kind I had

ever seen, and it filled my eye completely. What wood-craft it indicated, and what a wild free life, sylvan life, it promised! It had such a fresh, aboriginal look as I had never before seen in any kind of handiwork. Its clear yellow-red color would have become the cheek of an Indian maiden. Then its supple curves and swells, its sinewy stays and thwarts, its bow-like contour, its tomahawk stem and stern rising quickly and sharply from its frame, were all vividly suggestive of the race from which it came. An old Indian had taught Uncle Nathan the art, and the soul of the ideal red man looked out of the boat before us. Uncle Nathan had spent two days ranging the mountains looking for a suitable tree, and had worked nearly a week on the craft. It was twelve feet long, and would seat and carry five men nicely. Three trees contribute to the making of a canoe beside the birch, namely, the white cedar for ribs and lining, the spruce for roots and fibres to sew its joints and bind its frame, and the pine for pitch or rosin to stop its seams and cracks. It is hand-made and home-made, or rather wood-made, in a sense that no other craft is, except a dug-out, and it suggests a taste and a refinement that few products of civilization realize. The design of a savage, it yet looks like the thought of a poet, and its grace and fitness haunt the imagination. I suppose its production was the inevitable result of the Indian's wants and surroundings, but that does not detract from its beauty. It is, indeed, one of the fairest flowers the thorny plant of necessity ever bore. Our canoe, as I have intimated, was not yet finished, when we first saw it, nor yet when we took it up, with its architect, upon our metaphorical backs and bore it to the woods. It lacked part of its cedar lining and the rosin upon its joints, and these were added after we reached our destination.

Though we were not indebted to the

birch-tree for our guide, Uncle Nathan, as he was known in all that country, yet he matched well these woodsey products and conveniences. The birch-tree had given him a large part of his tuition, and kneeling in his canoe and making it shoot noiselessly over the water with that subtle yet indescribably expressive and athletic play of the muscles of the back and shoulders, the boat and the man seemed born of the same spirit. He had been a hunter and trapper for over forty years; he had grown gray in the woods, had ripened and matured there, and everything about him was as if the spirit of the woods had had the ordering of it; his whole make-up was in a minor and subdued key, like the moss and the lichens, or like the protective coloring of the game, — everything but his quick sense and penetrative glance. He was as gentle and modest as a girl; his sensibilities were like plants that grow in the shade. The woods and the solitudes had touched him with their own softening and refining influence; had indeed shed upon his soil of life a rich deep leaf mould that was delightful, and that nursed, half concealed, the tenderest and wildest growths. There was grit enough back of and beneath it all, but he presented none of the rough and repelling traits of character of the conventional backwoodsman. In the spring he was a driver of logs on the Kennebec, usually having charge of a large gang of men; in the winter he was a solitary trapper and hunter in the forests.

Our first glimpse of Maine waters was Pleasant Pond, which we found by following a white, rapid, musical stream from the Kennebec three miles back into the mountains. Maine waters are for the most part dark-complexioned, Indian-colored streams, but Pleasant Pond is a pale-face among them both in name and nature. It is the only strictly silver lake I ever saw. Its waters seem almost artificially white and brilliant, though of remarkable transparency. I think I de-

tected minute shining motes held in suspension in it. As for the trout, they are veritable bars of silver until you have cut their flesh, when they are the reddest of gold. They have no crimson or other spots, and the straight lateral line is but a faint pencil mark. They appeared to be a species of lake trout peculiar to these waters, uniformly from ten to twelve inches in length. And these beautiful fish, at the time of our visit (last of August) at least, were to be taken only in deep water upon a hook baited with salt pork. And then you needed a letter of introduction to them. They were not to be tempted or cajoled by strangers. We did not succeed in raising a fish, although instructed how it was to be done, until one of the natives, a young and obliging farmer living hard by, came and lent his countenance to the enterprise. I sat in one end of the boat and he in the other, my pork was the same as his and I manœuvred it as directed, and yet those fish knew his hook from mine in sixty feet of water, and preferred it four times in five. Evidently, they did not bite because they were hungry, but solely for old acquaintance' sake.

Pleasant Pond is an irregular sheet of water, two miles or more in its greatest diameter, with high rugged mountains rising up from its western shore, and low rolling hills sweeping back from its eastern and northern, covered by a few sterile farms. I was never tired, when the wind was still, of floating along its margin and gazing down into its marvelously translucent depths. The bowlders and fragments of rocks were seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet strewn its floor, and apparently as free from any covering of sediment as when they were dropped there by the old glaciers æons ago. Our camp was amid a dense grove of second growth of white pine on the eastern shore, where, for one, I found a most admirable cradle in a little depression, outside of the tent,

carpeted with pine needles, in which to pass the night. The camper-out is always in luck if he can find, sheltered by the trees, a soft hole in the ground, even if he has a stone for a pillow. The earth must open its arms a little for us even in life, if we are to sleep well upon its bosom. I have often heard my grandfather, who was a soldier of the Revolution, tell with great gusto how he once bivouacked in a little hollow made by the overturning of a tree, and slept so soundly that he did not wake up till his cradle was half full of water from a passing shower.

What bird or other creature might represent the divinity of Pleasant Pond I do not know, but its demon, as of most northern inland waters, is the loon; and a very good demon he is too, suggesting something not so much malevolent, as arch, sardonic, ubiquitous, circumventing, with just a tinge of something inhuman and uncanny. His fiery red eyes gleaming forth from that jet-black head are full of meaning. Then his strange horse laughter by day and his weird, doleful cry at night, like that of a lost and wandering spirit, recall no other bird or beast. He suggests something *superavis* in his alertness and amazing quickness, cheating the shot and the bullet of the sportsman out of their aim. I know of but one other bird so quick, and that is the humming-bird, which I have never been able to kill with a gun. The loon laughs the shot-gun to scorn, and the obliging young farmer above referred to told me he had shot at them hundreds of times with his rifle, without effect, — they always dodged his bullet. We had in our party a breech-loading rifle, which weapon is perhaps an appreciable moment of time quicker than the ordinary muzzle loader, and this the poor loon could not or did not dodge. He had not timed himself to that species of firearms, and when, with his fellow, he swam about within rifle range of our camp, letting off volleys of his wild, iron-

ical *ha-ha*, he little suspected the dangerous gun that was matched against him. As the rifle cracked both loons made the gesture of diving, but only one of them disappeared beneath the water; and when he came to the surface in a few moments, a hundred or more yards away, and saw his companion did not follow, but was floating on the water where he had last seen him, he took the alarm and sped away in the distance. The bird I had killed was a magnificent specimen, and I looked him over with great interest. His glossy checkered coat, his banded neck, his snow-white breast, his powerful lance-shaped beak, his red eyes, his black, thin, slender, marvelously delicate feet and legs, issuing from his muscular thighs, and looking as if they had never touched the ground, his strong wings well forward, while his legs were quite at the apex, and the neat, elegant model of the entire bird, speed and quickness and strength stamped upon every feature, — all delighted and lingered in the eye. The loon appears like anything but a silly bird, unless you see him in some collection, or in the shop of the taxidermist, where he usually looks very tame and goose-like. Nature never meant the loon to stand up, or to use his feet and legs for other purposes than swimming. Indeed, he cannot stand except upon his tail in a perpendicular attitude, but in the collections he is poised upon his feet like a barn-yard fowl, all the wildness and grace and alertness gone out of him. My specimen sits upon a table as upon the surface of the water, his feet trailing behind him, his body low and appressed, his head elevated and slightly turned as if in the act of bringing that fiery eye to bear upon you, and vigilance and power stamped upon every lineament.

The loon is to the fishes what the hawk is to the birds; he swoops down to unknown depths upon them, and not even the wary trout can elude him. Uncle Nathan said he had seen the loon disappear, and in a moment come up with

a large trout, which he would cut in two with his strong beak, and swallow piece-meal. Neither the loon nor the otter can bolt a fish under the water; he must come to the surface to dispose of it. (I once saw a man eat a cake under water in London.) Our guide told me he had seen the parent loon swimming with a single young one upon its back. When closely pressed it dove, or "div" as he would have it, and left the young bird sitting upon the water. Then it too disappeared, and when the old one returned and called it came out from the shore. On the wing overhead, the loon looks not unlike a very large duck, but when it alights it plows into the water like a bombshell. It probably cannot take flight from the land, as the one Gilbert White saw and describes in his letters was picked up in a field, unable to launch itself into the air.

From Pleasant Pond we went seven miles through the woods to Moxie Lake, following an overgrown lumberman's "tote" road, our canoe and supplies, etc., hauled on a sled by the young farmer with his three-year old steers. I doubt if birch-bark ever made a rougher voyage than that. As I watched it above the bushes, the sled and the luggage being hidden, it appeared as if tossed in the wildest and most tempestuous sea. When the bushes closed above it I felt as if it had gone down, or been broken into a hundred pieces. Billows of rocks and logs, and chasms of creeks and spring runs, kept it rearing and pitching in the most frightful manner. The steers went at a spanking pace; indeed, it was a regular bovine gale; but their driver clung to their side amid the brush and bowlders with desperate tenacity, and seemed to manage them by signs and nudges, for he hardly uttered his orders aloud. But we got through without any serious mishap, passing Mosquito Creek and Mosquito Pond, and flanking Mosquito Mountain, but seeing no mosquitoes, and brought up at dusk at a lum-

berman's old hay-barn, standing in the midst of a lonely clearing on the shores of Moxie Lake.

Here we passed the night, and were lucky in having a good roof over our heads, for it rained heavily. After we were rolled in our blankets and variously disposed upon the haymow, Uncle Nathan lulled us to sleep by a long and characteristic yarn.

I had asked him, half jocosely, if he believed in "spooks;" but he took my question seriously, and without answering it directly, proceeded to tell us what he himself had known and witnessed. It was, by the way, extremely difficult either to surprise or to steal upon any of Uncle Nathan's private opinions and beliefs about matters and things. He was as shy of all debatable subjects as a fox is of a trap. He usually talked in a circle, just as he hunted moose and caribou, so as not to approach his point too rudely and suddenly. He would keep on the lee side of his interlocutor in spite of all one could do. He was thoroughly good and reliable, but the wild creatures of the woods, in pursuit of which he had spent so much of his life, had taught him a curious gentleness and indirection, and to keep himself in the background; he was careful that you should not scent his opinions upon any subject at all polemic, but he would tell you what he had seen and known. What he had seen and known about spooks was briefly this: In company with a neighbor he was passing the night with an old recluse who lived somewhere in these woods. Their host was an Englishman, who had the reputation of having murdered his wife some years before in another part of the country, and, deserted by his grown-up children, was eking out his days in poverty amid these solitudes. The three men were sleeping upon the floor, with Uncle Nathan next to a rude partition that divided the cabin into two rooms. At his head there was a door that opened into this other apart-

ment. Late at night, Uncle Nathan said, he awoke and turned over, and his mind was occupied with various things, when he heard somebody behind the partition. He reached over and felt that both of his companions were in their places beside him, and he was somewhat surprised. The person, or whatever it was, in the other room moved about heavily, and pulled the table from its place beside the wall to the middle of the floor. "I was not dreaming," said Uncle Nathan; "I felt of my eyes twice to make sure, and they were wide open." Presently the door opened; he was sensible of the draught upon his head, and a woman's form stepped heavily past him; he felt the "swirl" of her skirts as she went by. Then there was a loud noise in the room, as if some one had fallen their whole length upon the floor. "It jarred the house," said he, "and woke everybody up. I asked old Mr. — if he heard that noise. 'Yes,' said he, 'it was thunder.' But it was not thunder, I know that;" and then added, "I was no more afraid than I am this minute. I never was the least mite afraid in my life. And my eyes were wide open," he repeated; "I felt of them twice; but whether that was the spert of that man's murdered wife or not I cannot tell. They said she was an uncommon heavy woman." Uncle Nathan was a man of unusually quick and acute senses, and he did not doubt their evidence on this occasion any more than he did when they prompted him to level his rifle at a bear or a moose.

Moxie Lake lies much lower than Pleasant Pond, and its waters compared with those of the latter are as copper compared with silver. It is very irregular in shape; now narrowing to the dimensions of a slow moving grassy creek, then expanding into a broad deep basin with rocky shores, and commanding the noblest mountain scenery. It is rarely that the pond-lily and the speckled trout are found together, — the fish the

soul of the purest spring water, the flower the transfigured spirit of the dark mud and slime of sluggish summer streams and ponds; yet in Moxie they were both found in perfection. Our camp was amid the birches, poplars, and white cedars near the head of the lake, where the best fishing at this season was to be had. Moxie has a small oval head, rather shallow, but bumpy with rocks; a long, deep neck, full of springs, where the trout lie; and a very broad chest, with two islands tufted with pine-trees for breasts. We swam in the head, we fished in the neck, or in a small section of it, a space about the size of the Adam's apple, and we paddled across and around the broad expanse below. Our birch-bark was not finished and christened till we reached Moxie. The cedar lining was completed at Pleasant Pond, where we had the use of a *bateau*, but the rosin was not applied to the seams till we reached this lake. When I knelt down in it for the first time, and put its slender maple paddle into the water, it sprang away with such quickness and speed that it disturbed me in my seat. I had spurred a more restive and spirited steed than I was used to. In fact, I had never been in a craft that sustained so close a relation to my will, and was so responsive to my slightest wish. When I caught my first large trout from it, it sympathized a little too closely, and my enthusiasm started a leak, which, however, with a live coal and a piece of rosin, was quickly mended. You cannot perform much of a war-dance in a birch-bark; better wait till you get on dry land. Yet as a boat it is not so shy and "ticklish" as I had imagined. One needs to be on the alert, as becomes a sportsman and an angler, and in his dealings with it must charge himself with three things, — precision, moderation, and circumspection.

Trout weighing four and five pounds have been taken at Moxie, but none of that size came to our hand. I realized

the fondest hopes I had dared to indulge in when I hooked the first two-pounder of my life, and my extreme solicitude lest he get away I trust was pardonable. My friend, in relating the episode in camp, said I had implored him to row me down in the middle of the lake that I might have room to manœuvre my fish. But the slander has barely a grain of truth in it. The water near us showed several old stakes broken off just below the surface, and my fish was determined to wrap my leader about one of these stakes; it was only for the clear space a few yards further out that I prayed. It was not long after that my friend found himself in an anxious frame of mind. He hooked a large trout, which came home on him so suddenly that he had not time to reel up his line, and in his extremity he stretched his tall form into the air and lifted up his pole to an incredible height. He checked the trout before it got under the boat, but dare not come down an inch, and then began his amusing further elongation in reaching for his reel with one hand, while he carried it ten feet into the air with the other. A step ladder would perhaps have been more welcome to him just then than at any other moment during his life. But the trout was saved, though my friend's buttons and suspenders suffered.

We learned a new trick in fly fishing here, worth disclosing. It was not one day in four that the trout would take the fly on the surface. When the south wind was blowing and the clouds threatened rain, they would at times, notably about three o'clock, rise handsomely. But on all other occasions it was rarely that we could entice them up through the twelve or fifteen feet of water. Earlier in the season they are not so lazy and indifferent, but the August languor and drowsiness were now upon them. So we learned by a lucky accident to fish deep for them, even weighting our leaders with a shot, and

allowing the flies to sink nearly to the bottom. After a moment's pause we would draw them slowly up, and when half or two thirds of the way to the top the trout would strike, when the sport became lively enough. Most of our fish were taken in this way. There is nothing like the flash and the strike at the surface, and perhaps only the need of food will ever tempt the genuine angler into any more prosaic style of fishing; but if you must go below the surface, a shotted leader is the best thing to use.

Our camp fire at night served more purposes than one; from its embers and flickering shadows, Uncle Nathan read us many a tale of his life in the woods. They were the same old hunter's stories, except that they evidently had the merit of being strictly true, and hence were not very thrilling or marvelous. Uncle Nathan's tendency was rather to tone down and belittle his experiences than to exaggerate them. If he ever bragged at all (and I suspect he did just a little, when telling us how he outshot one of the famous riflemen of the American team, whom he was guiding through these woods), he did it in such a sly, roundabout way that it was hard to catch him at it. His passage with the rifleman referred to shows the difference between the practical off-hand skill of the hunter in the woods and the science of the long-range target hitter. Mr. Bull's Eye had heard that his guide was a capital shot and had seen some proof of it, and hence could not rest till he had had a trial of skill with him. Uncle Nathan, being the challenged party, had the right to name the distance and the conditions. A piece of white paper the size of a silver dollar was put upon a tree twelve rods off, the contestants to fire three shots each offhand. Uncle Nathan's first bullet barely missed the mark, but the other two were planted well into it. Then the great rifleman took his turn, and missed every time.

"By hemph!" said Uncle Nathan,

"I was sorry I shot so well, Mr. — took it so to heart; and I had used his own rifle, too. He did not get over it for a week."

But far more ignominious was the failure of Mr. Bull's Eye when he saw his first bear. They were paddling slowly and silently down Dead River, when the guide heard a slight noise in the bushes just behind a little bend. He whispered to the rifleman, who sat kneeling in the bow of the boat, to take his rifle. But instead of doing so he picked up his two-barreled shot-gun. As they turned the point, there stood a bear not twenty yards away, drinking from the stream. Uncle Nathan held the canoe, while the man who had come so far in quest of this very game was trying to lay down his shot-gun and pick up his rifle. "His hand moved like the hand of a clock," said Uncle Nathan, "and I could hardly keep my seat. I knew the bear would see us in a moment more, and run." Instead of laying his gun by his side, where it belonged, he reached it across in front of him, and laid it upon his rifle, and in trying to get the latter from under it a noise was made; the bear heard it, and raised his head. Still there was time, for as the bear sprang into the woods he stopped and looked back, — "as I knew he would," said the guide; yet the marksman was not ready. "By hemp! I could have shot three bears," exclaimed Uncle Nathan, "while he was getting that rifle to his face!"

Poor Mr. Bull's Eye was deeply humiliated. "Just the chance I had been looking for," he said, "and my wits suddenly left me."

As a hunter Uncle Nathan always took the game on its own terms, that of still-hunting. He even shot foxes in this way, going into the fields in the fall just at break of day, and watching for them about their mousing haunts. One morning, by these tactics, he shot a black fox; a fine specimen, he said, and a wild one,

for he stopped and looked and listened every few yards.

He had killed over two hundred moose, a large number of them at night on the lakes. His method was to go out in his canoe and conceal himself by some point or island, and wait till he heard the game. In the fall the moose comes into the water to eat the large fibrous roots of the pond-lilies. He splashes along till he finds a suitable spot, when he begins feeding, sometimes thrusting his head and neck several feet under water. The hunter listens, and when the moose lifts his head and the rills of water run from it, and he hears him "swash" the lily roots about to get off the mud, it is his time to start. Silently as a shadow he creeps up on the moose, who, by the way, it seems, never expects the approach of danger from the water side. If the hunter accidentally makes a noise the moose looks toward the shore for it. There is always a slight gleam on the water, Uncle Nathan says, even in the darkest night, and the dusky form of the moose can be distinctly seen upon it. When the hunter sees this darker shadow he lifts his gun to the sky and gets the range of its barrels, then lowers it till it covers the mark, and fires.

The largest moose Uncle Nathan ever killed is mounted in the State House at Augusta. He shot him while hunting in winter on snow-shoes. The moose was reposing upon the ground, with his head stretched out in front of him, as one may sometimes see a cow resting. The position was such that only a quartering shot through the animal's hip could reach its heart. Studying the problem carefully, and taking his own time, the hunter fired. The moose sprang into the air, turned, and came with tremendous strides straight toward him. "I knew he had not seen or scented me," said Uncle Nathan, "but, by hemp, I wished myself somewhere else just then; for I was lying right down in his path." But the

noble animal stopped a few yards short, and fell dead with a bullet hole through his heart.

When the moose yard in the winter, that is, restrict their wanderings to a well-defined section of the forest or mountain, trampling down the snow and beating paths in all directions, they browse off only the most dainty morsels first; when they go over the ground a second time they crop a little cleaner; the third time they sort still closer, till by and by nothing is left. Spruce, hemlock, poplar, the barks of various trees, everything within reach, is cropped close. When the hunter comes upon one of these yards the problem for him to settle is, Where are the moose? for it is absolutely necessary that he keep on the lee side of them. So he considers the lay of the land, the direction of the wind, the time of day, the depth of the snow, examines the spoor, the cropped twigs, and studies every hint and clew like a detective. Uncle Nathan said he could not explain to another how he did it, but he could usually tell in a few minutes in what direction to look for the game. His experience had ripened into a kind of intuition or winged reasoning that was above rules.

He said that most large game, deer, caribou, moose, bear, when started by the hunter and not much scared, were sure to stop and look back before disappearing from sight; he usually waited for this last and best chance to fire. He told us of a huge bear he had seen one morning while still-hunting foxes in the fields; the bear saw him, and got into the woods before he could get a good shot. In her course some distance up the mountain was a bald, open spot, and he felt sure when she crossed this spot she would pause and look behind her; and sure enough, like Lot's wife, her curiosity got the better of her; she stopped to have a final look, and her travels ended there and then.

Uncle Nathan had trapped and shot

a great many bears, and some of his experiences revealed an unusual degree of sagacity in this animal. One April, when the weather began to get warm and thawy, an old bear left her den in the rocks, and built a large, warm nest of grass, leaves, and the bark of the white cedar, under a tall balsam fir that stood in a low, sunny, open place amid the mountains. Hither she conducted her two cubs, and the family began life in what might be called their spring residence. The tree above them was for shelter, and for refuge for the cubs in case danger approached, as it soon did in the form of Uncle Nathan. He happened that way soon after the bear had moved. Seeing her track in the snow, he concluded to follow it. When the bear had passed, the snow had been soft and sposhy, and she had "slumped," he said, several inches. It was now hard and slippery. As he neared the tree the track turned and doubled, and tacked this way and that, and led through the worst brush and brambles to be found. This was a shrewd thought of the old bear; she could thus hear her enemy coming a long time before he drew very near. When Uncle Nathan finally reached the nest, he found it empty, but still warm. Then he began to circle about and look for the bear's foot-prints or nail-prints upon the frozen snow. Not finding them the first time, he took a larger circle, then a still larger; finally he made a long *détour*, and spent nearly an hour searching for some clew to the direction the bear had taken, but all to no purpose. Then he returned to the tree and scrutinized it. The foliage was very dense, but presently he made out one of the cubs near the top, standing up amid the branches, and peering down at him. Further search only revealed a mass of foliage apparently more dense than usual, but a bullet sent into it was followed by loud whimpering and crying, and the other baby bear came tumbling down. In

leaving the place, greatly puzzled as to what had become of the mother bear, Uncle Nathan followed another of her frozen tracks, and after about a quarter of a mile saw beside it, upon the snow, the fresh trail he had been in search of. In making her escape the bear had stepped exactly in her old tracks that were hard and icy, and had thus left no mark till she took to the snow again.

During his trapping expeditions into the woods in mid-winter, I was curious to know how Uncle Nathan passed the nights, as we were twice pinched with the cold at that season in our tent and blankets. It was no trouble to keep warm, he said, in the coldest weather. As night approached he would select a place for his camp on the side of a hill. With one of his snow-shoes he would shovel out the snow till the ground was reached, carrying the snow out in front, as we scrape the earth out of the side of a hill to level up a place for the house and yard. On this level place, which, however, was made to incline slightly toward the hill, his bed of boughs was made. On the ground he had uncovered he built his fire. His bed was thus on a level with the fire, and the heat could not thaw the snow under him and let him down, or the burning logs roll upon him. With a steep ascent behind it the fire burned better, and the wind was not so apt to drive the smoke and blaze in upon him. Then, with the long curving branches of the spruce stuck thickly around three sides of the bed, and curving over and uniting their tops above it, a shelter was formed that would keep out the cold and the snow, and that would catch and retain the warmth of the fire. Rolled in his blanket in such a nest Uncle Nathan had passed hundreds of the most frigid winter nights.

One day we made an excursion of three miles through the woods to Bald Mountain, following a dim trail. We saw, as we filed silently along, plenty of signs of caribou, deer, and bear, but

were not blessed with a sight of either of the animals themselves. I noticed that Uncle Nathan, in looking through the woods, did not hold his head as we did, but thrust it slightly forward, and peered under the branches like a deer, or other wild creature.

The summit of Bald Mountain was the most impressive mountain top I had ever seen, mainly, perhaps, because it was one enormous crown of nearly naked granite. The rock had that gray, elemental, eternal look which granite alone has. One seemed to be face to face with the gods of the fore-world. Like an atom, like a breath of to-day, we were suddenly confronted by abysmal geologic time, the eternities past and the eternities to come. The enormous cleavage of the rocks, the appalling cracks and fissures, the rent boulders, the smitten granite floors, gave one a new sense of the power of heat and frost. In one place we noticed several deep parallel grooves made by the old glaciers. In the depressions on the summit there was a hard, black, peaty-like soil that looked indescribably ancient and unfamiliar. Out of this mould, that might have come from the moon, or the inter-planetary spaces, were growing mountain cranberries and blueberries, or huckleberries. We were soon so absorbed in gathering the latter that we were quite oblivious of the grandeurs about us. It is these blueberries that attract the bears. In eating them, Uncle Nathan said, they take the bushes in their mouths, and by an upward movement strip them clean of both leaves and berries. We were constantly on the lookout for the bears, but failed to see any. Yet a few days afterward, when two of our party returned here and encamped upon the mountain, they saw five during their stay, but failed to get a good shot. The rifle was in the wrong place each time. The man with the shot-gun saw an old bear and two cubs lift themselves from behind a rock and twist their noses

around for his scent, and then shrink away. They were too far off for his buckshot. I must not forget the superb view that lay before us, a wilderness of woods and waters stretching away to the horizon on every hand. Nearly a dozen lakes and ponds could be seen, and in a clearer atmosphere the foot of Moosehead Lake would have been visible. The highest and most striking mountain to be seen was Mount Bigelow, rising above Dead River, far to the west, and its two sharp peaks notching the horizon like enormous saw teeth. We walked around and viewed curiously a huge bowlder on the top of the mountain that had been split in two vertically, and one of the halves moved a few feet out of its bed. It looked recent and familiar, but suggested gods instead of men. The force that moved the rock had plainly come from the north. I thought of a similar bowlder I had seen not long before on the highest point of the Shaungunk Mountains, in New York, one side of which is propped up with a large stone, as wall-builders prop up a rock to wrap a chain around it. The rock seems poised lightly, and has but a few points of bearing. In this instance, too, the power had come from the north.

The prettiest botanical specimen my trip yielded was a little plant that bears the ugly name of horned bladderwort (*Utricularia cornuta*), and which I found growing in marshy places along the shores of Moxie Lake. It has a slender, naked stem nearly a foot high, crowned by two or more large deep yellow flowers, — flowers the shape of little bonnets or hoods. One almost expected to see tiny faces looking out of them. This illusion is heightened by the horn or spur of the flower, which projects from the hood like a long tapering chin, — some masker's device. Then the cape behind, — what a smart upward curve it has, as if spurned by the fairy shoulders it was meant to cover! But perhaps the most

notable thing about the flower was its fragrance, — the richest and strongest perfume I have ever found in a wild flower. This our botanist, Gray, does not mention, as if one should describe the lark and forget its song. The fragrance suggested that of white clover, but was more rank and spicy.

The woods about Moxie Lake were literally carpeted with Linnæa. I had never seen it in such profusion. In early summer, the period of its bloom, what a charming spectacle the mossy flowers of these remote woods must present! The flowers are purple rose-color, nodding and fragrant. Another very abundant plant in these woods was the *Clintonia borealis*. Uncle Nathan said it was called "bear's corn," though he did not know why. The only noticeable flower by the Maine roadsides at this season that is not common in other parts of the country is the harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*). Its bright blue bell-shaped corolla shone out from amid the dry grass and weeds all along the route. It was one of the most delicate roadside flowers I had ever seen.

The only new bird I saw in Maine was the Pileated woodpecker or black "log cock," called by Uncle Nathan "wood cock." I had never before seen or heard this bird, and its loud cackle in the woods about Moxie was a new sound to me. It is the wildest and largest of our Northern woodpeckers, and the rarest. Its voice and the sound of its hammer are heard only in the depths of the Northern woods. It is about as large as a crow, and nearly as black.

We stayed a week at Moxie, or until we became surfeited with its trout, and had killed the last merganser duck that lingered about our end of the lake. The trout that had accumulated on our hands we had kept alive in a large champagne basket submerged in the lake, and the morning we broke camp the basket was towed to the shore and opened; and after we had feasted our eyes upon the

superb spectacle, every trout, twelve or fifteen in number, some of them two-pounders, was allowed to swim back into the lake. They went leisurely, in couples and in trios, and were soon kicking up

their heels in their old haunts. I expect that the divinity who presides over Moxie will see to it that every one of those trout, doubled in weight, come to our basket in the future.

John Burroughs.

WHITTIER'S KING'S MISSIVE, AND OTHER RECENT POETRY.

ONE test for determining the precise quality of a poetic genius as respects endurance is to observe the choice of development that it makes in maturity, and especially in the latest years of life. Some poets, it is true, do not perceptibly alter their early bent in the matter of expression; but there is among others a tendency either towards increased complexity, or towards a more and more reserved simplicity. Longfellow and Whittier have always held to the clear and simple utterance which makes poetry the meek handmaid of daily life; but in their latest work, as was observable in the *Ultima Thule*, and now appears in *The King's Missive*,¹ they seem to limit themselves more than ever, if that be possible, to a style so gentle, subdued, and transparent that one thinks involuntarily of some kindly patriarch addressing children in a strain of sweet and quiet reflection. Here, indeed, in Mr. Whittier's new volume, is a charming poem which is exactly that,—the poem called *A Name*; a pensive monologue on the poet's Christian name of *Greenleaf*, inscribed to a young kinsman or namesake.

"A life not void of pure intent,
With small desert of praise or blame,
The love I felt, the good I meant,
I leave thee with my name."

Something of this touching gentleness and pensive retrospection pervades the whole of the little book. *The Voyage*

of the *Jettie*—a pretty piece of improvisation—is made into an allegory of departing life, by one who at evening time recalls "the morning gladness." *Abram Morrison* is an old man's boyish recollection; *The Minister's Daughter* brings sweetly before us the influence of a child's love on her father's stern doctrine. Then there is an echo of the antislavery crusade in the memorial lines on *Garrison*; and in three noble sonnets on *Bayard Taylor* the poet pays reverence to another departed friend. These lines on *Taylor* reach the sublime:—

"Let the home voices greet him in the far,
Strange land that holds him; let the messages
Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas
And unmapped vastness of his unknown star!
Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse
Of perishable fame,

Shall reach our traveler, softening the surprise
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!"

Yet how simple, dependent, trustful a yearning of human love they embody! *The Dead Feast of the Kol-Folk* reflects in another form, with its pathetic invocation of the dead, "Come home," return and rest, and warm yourselves and eat rice with us. The mind of deepest insight always looks forward, even when thinking of the past and the lost; and when age comes, that forward gaze penetrates more and more into the world beyond ours. Consonant with this mood are the religious sonnets and the brief inscriptions and Oriental maxims which Mr. Whittier has added to his collection. Perhaps the most artistic

¹ *The King's Missive and Other Poems.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

piece in the book is the Dead-Feast just referred to; but *The King's Missive* is certainly one of the most spirited of the author's New England narratives, sung in that informal, lilting verse which he knows how to use with effect, and likely to endure a good deal longer than the memory of a recent controversy as to the historic value of the poem. In the elegy on Daniel Webster, *The Lost Occasion*, Mr. Whittier, bringing late mercy to the grave of the statesman, attains to a dignity of sympathy and mourning very impressive. Altogether, the volume, small as it is, illustrates peculiarly well the different motives of the poet's life, continuing the various notes he has sounded hitherto; and in reading it one is struck with the persistence of a poetic faculty, which, never straining itself to a painful subtlety, always avoiding overrichness of expression, preserves its early force along the accustomed range.

The contrast is sharp, and not wholly pleasing, when we turn from these soft cadences to the elaborate metres, the dazzling adjectives, the antithetic phrases and violent extremes, of Mr. Swinburne. His latest productions¹ display all the mannerisms of the work by which he first became known; and these are, if anything, intensified, while the novelty of his tone and the appearance of passion which he once maintained are faded. In the long and verbose *Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor*, there are sonorous lines, like these:—

"When with stretched clouds like wings
The god-like giant, softening, spread
A shadow of stormy shelter round the new-born
head."

But the eloquence of eulogy is exhausted, and if one may say so reëxhausted, in cloying superlatives. Landor is called

"The mightiest heart since Milton's leapt,
The gentlest since the gentlest heart of Shake-
speare slept."

A weak rhyme, by the way, this conjunction of "'s leapt" and "slept;"

¹ *Studies in Song.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: R. Worthington. 1880.

the syllables being virtually identical. So, in the outburst called *After Nine Years*, Mazzini is thus apostrophized:—

"Thou wast as very Christ, — not he
Degraded into Deity,
But the man crowned with suffering days.
God only," etc.

Nor can Mr. Swinburne contemplate the glory of the sun without becoming a pagan, a fire-worshiper. *Off Shore* is purely a hymn in abject praise of the supreme luminary, which Mr. Swinburne, to use his own phrase, "degrades into Deity," calling it—

"The Saviour and healer and singer, the living
and visible God;"

and the conclusion of *By the North Sea* sounds the same chord. All this is in keeping with the extravagance which leads him, in the prefatory note to the *Grand Chorus of Birds* from Aristophanes, to call that comedian "the half-divine humorist, in whose incomparable genius" were fused the highest qualities of Rabelais and Shelley. (This translation, by the way, following the original metre, whatever its merits as an approximate reproduction, is not a successful English poem.) What most impresses us, throughout, is Mr. Swinburne's straining for effect; his desire to astound by excess; and the melancholy result, as of a man who, feeling his powers limited or failing, breaks into furies of mouthing and gesticulation, to prove that he is still efficient. A certain music there is in these poems, largely mechanical and jingling though it be, and traces of beauty here and there appear; but surely, in the pride of his technical resources, the author grows careless when he writes so dry and bald a measure as this:—

"Could love make worthy things of worthless,
My song were worth an ear."

It occurs in *Six Years Old*, which just misses being a sweet and flower-like poem, and misses it by Mr. Swinburne's mournful inability to be pure, unaffected,

and child-like, even when writing to a child.

Mr. Charles De Kay is a writer distinctly of another school than that in which our older poets rank. Without being an imitator, by any means, he seems naturally to ally himself with Swinburne and Morris, and to some extent with Browning also; though he certainly is not *like* them. It is partly in the choice of theme, partly in his eager and full response to sensuous beauty, that he recalls the first two; and in occasional turns of phrase or uncouth constructions that he makes one think, at instants, of Browning.

"The good old times were blester"

is a rather cumbrous device for supplying a rhyme to "Esther," in a preceding line; one of those after-thoughts, careless expedients, in which Browning indulges so often. But these remarks, intended merely to suggest points in which Mr. De Kay stands quite apart from the traditions of Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier, for instance, do him injustice if taken to imply a want of originality. His *Vision of Nimrod*¹ warrants quite a different conclusion. Indeed, it shows him to be original, forcible, and eloquent, with strong qualities of passion, and a gift for beautiful description. Here is a fine incidental burst of enthusiasm, a description of spring, which is full of feeling, and in quality fresh and vigorous:—

"Know you how Spring ascends the mountain-valleys

In fragrant dances on the line of snows,
Enrobed in wind half-cool, half-warm, that dallies
With vineyards now, and now by snow peak
blows?

When vernal hills are green with dainty guesses,

With hope, with promise of delicious pain,
And sun from udders of the glacier presses

The foamy milk, life to the thirsty plain, —

Know you the zest that fills
Spring in the hills?"

The legend which Mr. De Kay has

woven about Nimrod is a singular and powerful one, — a curious study in imagination. As the author says, the kernel of the tale is not to be found in books. He has attempted to penetrate into and describe the condition of the ancient monarch, to depict him amid the gorgeousness of his triumphant reign, and then to show the half-deified king as one of the actors in a struggle of passion and intellect centring upon Esther, a priestess of the sun. The situation is set forth with much detail; clearly, richly, and with a firm hold that moves the story finely to its climax. The imagination shown is abundant, and the book contains passages of great beauty. It is very questionable, however, whether the deed of Nimrod in overcoming the chastity of the priestess forms a fit culmination — judged by the canons of the truest art (which also involves moral meaning, a sequence and conclusion of ideas) — for so elaborate a study. The story really ends at that point; there being an introduction and conclusion which have little to do with it, and the object of which it is not easy to discover. Mr. De Kay hints that there is more to come; but his poem is already too long for its theme, and the incompleteness of the design gives the whole the look of a bulky fragment. Diffuseness is one of the grave faults of *The Vision of Nimrod*, and with this, related to it, there are lapses into inadequate and prosaic phraseology, in parts.

The poems of Robert K. Weeks, both those published before his death and those issued posthumously, have been collected in a single volume,² bound with some originality, and delightfully printed. They are without question worthy of this friendly care. Few men have attained so early as Mr. Weeks a purity of style, a chaste, lovely, and reserved beauty of verse, like

¹ *The Vision of Nimrod*. By CHARLES DE KAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. 1881.

² *Poems*. By ROBERT K. WEEKS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881.

those which meet us in these pages. He was not a writer of marked originality, in general; but there is one poem in his book very striking in its fresh imagination; we mean *Medusa*.

"No sound was in the frosty air,
No light below the skies;
I looked above, and unaware
Looked in *Medusa's* eyes:

"The eyes that neither laugh nor weep,
That neither hope nor fear;
That neither watch, nor dream, nor sleep,
Nor sympathize nor sneer.

"O love that will not be forgot!
O love that leaves alone!
O love that blinds, and blesses not!
O love that turns to stone!"

His affection for nature manifests itself in numerous pieces devoted to the silent play of her beauties and changes, — short pieces, dreamy in feeling, and not always sufficing as to purport, but containing exquisite touches; and in his ballad of *Gudrun* and *Song for Lexington* he revealed a singular firmness of line, as one may say, together with much skill in suggestion. So far as he went, he was a master; he seldom attempted anything without giving it a certain completeness and reposeful grace. In this way he becomes an interesting study to lovers of poetry, who will find it curious to compare his gray tone, his conservative dignity, with the more opulent coloring, the rolling chords and ingenious novelties, of Mr. De Kay.

When a popular novelist is able to send forth a book containing some two hundred and seventy rhymed effusions, no one of which enjoys very high reputation, it is safe to conclude that verse is not the author's fittest vehicle. This is precisely what we conclude, in looking over the collection of her metrical pieces, which the author of *John Halifax* has made.¹ Nevertheless, there will be found, among these, some evidences of a poetic

¹ *Thirty Years: Poems New and Old.* By the Author of *John Halifax*, Gentleman, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

tendency, and many more evidences of a nature that has been peculiarly open to the varied events and emotions of a lifetime, and has responded to them with natural eloquence, some passion, and much piety. The most graceful thing in the book — a brief, musical lyric, dewy with sunlit tears — is prosaically entitled, *A Silly Song*; and this accords with a certain comfortable English-matronly common-sense pervading the pages. A number of the contributions are meant for children; and others concern family and personal matters known only to the author. Sometimes they are mere playful rhymes, of no great value; for she has not been self-critical in her selection. But as the general public is not composed of literary artists, what may be called "the law of average appreciation" will make this volume of Mrs. Mulock-Craik's welcome in many households where Whittier's poetry is also read. The planes of art on which the two writers stand are by no means the same, and the basis of varied interests in Whittier is of course much broader, — not so personal; but people will be content with the sincerity and heart in *Thirty Years*, and will hardly notice the difference.

"In this lyric I have endeavored to represent the very stupid and comfortless doctrine of the Greeks with regard to the state of human souls after death." Such is the cheerfully self-confident, but not very inviting explanation, which Prof. John Stuart Blackie appends to his verses on *The Wail of an Idol*, in a newly issued second edition of some of his poems.² These *Lays and Legends* are a part of an earlier volume, now weeded in such manner as to make the group consist of seventeen ballads and other compositions interpreting Greek myths or philosophies. To each the author prefixes one or more quotations

² *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece.* By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. William Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1880.

in Greek, and he furnishes, besides, brief scholarly notes referring to his own and other prose writings on the subjects treated. Professor Blackie never loses the erudite point of view in the poetic. These labored stanzas are little more than rhymed commentaries on special points in the Greek mythology. What inspiration can be found in lines like those at the close of his Prometheus?

"And whoso rests
From labor let him rest from life.
To live 's to strive; and in the strife
To move the rock, to stir the clod,
Man makes himself a god."

Yet they give a fair example of Mr. Blackie's work; mechanical, unmelodious, and based on dogmatism as it is throughout. "Stupid and comfortless" — the words which he applies to the Greek doctrine referred to above — recur as befitting his own effusions. But all that it suffices our present purpose to note is the danger which a man who is not a poet runs, in adopting the plain vocabulary and straightforward style which, in hands like Whittier's and Longfellow's, yields such happy results. Mr. Blackie might have been less tedious (though not substantially better) had he surrendered to the influences of what his Scotch school terms "spasmodic" poetry. William Gibson, "Commander, United States Navy," has done this to some extent, in a little volume recently issued;¹ and although his talent is essentially feeble, he conceals the fact partially under an occasional richness of verbiage and a flow of harmonious lines.

It would be hard to say just what direction Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's development is taking. In his latest volume,² the closing poem — *The Mutiny of the Chains* — continues the strain of those wild Australian legends which gave such novel interest to this poet's first publications; but the force of the strain is here

somewhat diminished. The title poem, on the other hand, is an elaborate study in blank verse, — verse at times so melodious as to have the effect of rhyme, — the scope of which, for want of a better word, we might define as "psychological." But even here, where finish is sought, the fourth line from the beginning is redundant: —

"Inert amid a million stones, responds to this."

In many of the pieces will be found similar evidences of hasty work. But Mr. O'Reilly deliberately adopts formlessness in *Muley Malek*, *From the Earth*, *a Cry*, and *A Song for the Soldiers*. The second of these — which is the voice of the mob, of the suffering millions who

"Grind forever in gloom, that the privileged few
may live" —

is more fittingly cast in such rough mould; but no good end is served by its adoption in the other cases. Moreover, Mr. O'Reilly, while plainly following in the wake of Walt Whitman, does not convey through his irregular lines the sense of a long billow-like rhythm which Whitman manages to get into his best fragments. His attempts in this direction are rough draughts of poems, and have not that inner harmony controlling apparent lawlessness which alone can give to any piece of writing high poetic worth. Of underlying passion and intense, though not always deep, conception there is an uncommon stock in these pages. On the other hand, Mr. O'Reilly gives us a few charming lyrics and lays, like *Jacqueminots*, which is throbbing with lover's ardor, or the amusing fable which he calls *The Temple of Friendship*; and scattered through the book are sundry bright and brief ebullitions of wit, or fancy, or reflection, which disclose in the author a singular talent for minute perfection of statement.

¹ *Poems of Many Years and Many Places.* By WILLIAM GIBSON, Commander, United States Navy. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1881.

² *The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems.* By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

"The Infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks."

This volume, then, presents Mr. O'Reilly in two lights, and it is scarcely possible to say which shows him most truly. A man of strong feeling and

possessing the poetic talent he appears, in either, though not always doing his gift justice. But the present volume marks a transitional state in his progress, which, unless he should allow his productions to mature more deeply hereafter, will not lead to increased merit of achievement.

FIVE AMERICAN NOVELS.

Is it by chance only that of the five recent American novels which seem most worthy of notice, four have to do wholly, or in part, with foreign life? Must Americans live in Rome, or St. Petersburg, or an English village, to catch the eye of an artist? Does Europe make the only true background for a picture of American life and character? Are contrasts to be found only by looking back and forth across the Atlantic? Has the Pacific no rights which an author is bound to respect? Is there springing up a literature of two worlds, for which a special chapter of international law will be required? We ask questions for other people to answer; but before they answer let them read the books upon our list, and then tell us whether, after all, running to and fro and increasing of knowledge does not have its petty as well as its great side.

We are invited, to begin with, to a story of life By the Tiber.¹ Well, Rome is by the Tiber, and one may conjure a whole world of antiquity and art and hoary ecclesiasticism by naming Rome to himself. Hawthorne gave a singular revelation of the spiritual contrasts inhering in the residence of Americans in Rome, and one catches in The Marble Faun the fine shadows cast by the Old World on the New; there was

a poem, moreover, involved in the whole frame-work of his tale. But what have we here? We have the American colony in Rome, a glimpse of Italian life, high and low; and the impression left upon the reader cannot be expressed more concisely than by the author herself, when she says that it was "a society which has, perhaps, a lower tone than any other in the world." There is scarcely a relief in the book to one wearying round of petty intrigue and ignoble jealousy. The story is of an American girl, a writer, who so far reveals her individuality as to remark, in passing, that her book, when it came back from America, had a pretty conceit of four-leaved clover on the cover, and whose life is rendered wretched by contact with prying, mean people, until finally, after incarceration in an insane asylum, she gets released only to go to heaven. We are warned not to take the book as a disclosure of personal experience, but almost its only excuse for being must be found in such a reason. If it is only fiction, then it is fiction with a very paltry *motif*. There are clever passages and sometimes episodes of beauty, but one reads half the book before he discovers any story, and the other half to find that it is not a story at all, but a miserable narrative. A fine power is squandered on a trivial theme, and the chief value of the book must be found in its tract character. It might

¹ *By the Tiber*. By the Author of Signor Mondardini's Niece. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

be put into the hands of young people who are feverish for artist-life in Rome.

One may go farther and fare worse so far as writing goes, but better for his own comfort of mind. The *Tsar's Window*¹ is one of the No Name Series, and may be taken by the reader, according to his taste, as a light-headed book of travel, or a faintly-instructive novel. In either case he will be likely to be more entertained by the amateurishness of the book than impressed by its skill. It records in the form of a journal, which forgets to be a journal, aided by a few letters, the experience in sight-seeing and love of an American party residing or traveling in Russia. Both processes go on at once, so that no time is lost. The author pretends to be a little in doubt about the lovers in the book, but there is only the most amiable kind of misunderstanding, and the reader ambles along the pages with no fear of being thrown, and with plenty of time to examine the landscape, architecture, and groups of people passed on the road. We venture the safe guess that the author is a lively talker and letter writer, and we wish all her readers the good luck to take up this book after having read *By the Tiber*, and before coming to the next book on our list.

For *A Lazy Man's Work*² has not the potent charm of amateur work, while it shares with a good many American novels the demerit of being written by an untrained mind; untrained, we mean, in the art of novel-writing. It often happens, as in this book, that there are pages of life-likeness and incidental situations of interest, while the backbone of the book is weak. This novel has characters and a plot; the people walk and dress and play with a certain accuracy, and behave themselves in the main

with due regard to the habits of ladies and gentlemen; but the author has conceived a plot turning upon a suspicion of poisoning, which is not evolved from the characters, nor natural to their mutual relations. It follows that there is a certain insanity of action and sanity of individual behavior which are grotesquely combined. The reader finds the sensational part of the book preposterous and out of keeping with the generally commonplace nature of the persons to whom he is introduced. It is as if the author had the characters, and felt rightly that she could not make their ordinary life interesting, so imported into their society a wholly foreign element. The result is a masquerade, and in choosing a title she happily hit upon one characteristic of the book. There is a lazy man in it, and he figures in the scenes; but the story is not at all the product of his work, unless one accepts a very far-fetched interpretation.

A Lazy Man's Work, though found in a series which, with one other exception, is devoted to reprints, does not travel beyond the country; the company which it keeps reminds us how much more workman-like the average English novel is apt to be than the average American. We come back in *A Fair Barbarian*³ to another of the crosses in literature. Mrs. Burnett is English born and bred, we believe, having personal acquaintance with social life on both sides of the Atlantic. She is also American by willing adoption, and in this story somewhat aggressively American in her choice of subject and treatment. The fair barbarian is the daughter of a bonanza king, who suddenly lights in a slow, old-fashioned English village, modeled apparently as much upon Cranford as upon actual places, and astonishes the natives by her graceful audacity. Mrs.

¹ *The Tsar's Window*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

² *A Lazy Man's Work*. By FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 122.]

³ *A Fair Barbarian*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

Burnett would have us believe that the fair Octavia, with her free Western ideas, was also a consummate little lady, not only well dressed and graceful, but exquisitely refined in all the habits of her mind. It is pleasant to believe all this. It is delightful to know that Octavia with her lightsomeness exposes the crass, insular English gentry; that out of the feverish life of a Western mining town is sent forth a delicate image of self-reliant innocence to put to shame the careful selections of an old civilization. Have we not our little revenge? Have we not a triumphant answer to the social sneer, Who knows an American lady?

It is scarcely worth while to analyze very closely a half-idle story like this, but we may just venture the doubt if Octavia's biographer is not also her attorney, and under no obligation to disclose all of her client's character. Certainly, as we read, the suspicion steals over us that in actual life a flower growing from so thin a soil as that furnished by Miss Bassett's surroundings may have but a short life and a quickly exhausted fragrance. A pure, refined womanhood is not, thank Heaven, confined to old and formal society; it may blossom in the most unexpected field; yet, as a typical product, it is found most perfect beside the still waters and in the green pastures.

The slightness of Mrs. Burnett's book, which has been tossed off, apparently, in a pretty, defiant way, will be missed by the reader who takes up the last book on our list, *A Nameless Nobleman*.¹ If we have seemed to set little value on the American literary discovery of Europe, let us make some amends by recognizing the honest intention of this book, which makes a more solid use of the two continents. The *Nameless Nobleman* is a French baron, whom fortune has cast upon these shores after he had been estranged from his native country by the faithlessness of a young girl, who had

fallen into the snare of court life when he was ready to offer her a pure, unselfish love. Chance brings him in a bruised condition to the door of a Falmouth cottage, and he is nursed in secrecy by the daughter of the house, whom he learns to love and contrives to marry by the aid of his companion, a French abbé. They are separated immediately, and meet only after some years, when he claims his bride and carries her off to Boston. On the way he halts at Plymouth, where as a surgeon he had lately been of service, and he is invited by the grave townsmen to remain as country doctor. He accepts, and the rest of his days are spent there. His old life is never revealed to his wife, who calls him by the name she had overheard from the abbé of Le Baron, and that name he accepts for his own.

The contrasts involved in the persons and situations are strong and capable of an artistic expression which has not been missed. There is besides an added element in the restless movements of the abbé, who comes and goes in various disguises, but always in an intriguing spirit of devotion to mother church; in the passion of the first love which flames up now and then; and in the complications caused by the opposition of religious faiths. The actual historical basis of this romance is slight. There was an unknown Frenchman who took the name of Le Baron and married a Mary Wilder and settled in Plymouth at the time of this story, — that is, near the close of the seventeenth century; but the author has found her materials where all romance is found. In the interest of her plot, indeed, she draws a little too much upon the credulity of her readers when she builds a most secret mission of the Romish church in some back street in Boston, but her use of the circumstance and character of the time does not generally overpass historic fact, except as there is imparted a warmer glow to the life than historians would have us per-

¹ *A Nameless Nobleman*. [Round Robin Series.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

ceive. We suspect that a self-restraint has been imposed by the very severity of the materials used in composition, and the result is all the more agreeable. Once in a while there is a fluttering about the flame of a passionate intrigue, but only to shoot a dash of red into the

gray texture. The work is careful, well proportioned, and sincere. We wish readers for the book; it will be a pity if this excursion into the field of American historical romance should serve only to discourage writers from undertaking what at its best is very good literature.

CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

IN these *Reminiscences*¹ are etched the lineaments of many persons, obscure or notable, particularly of the author's relatives, and of Irving, Jeffrey, Southey, and Wordsworth. Occasionally, as comment on these sketches, sparse literary criticism is furnished, and at intervals a random flash or two of the old fire flares out; but the volume has most interest as a fragmentary autobiography, and most value in furthering our acquaintance with Carlyle. It is an old man who is talking, depressed with calamity (the moaning *ay de mi!* too constant, too painful), garrulous, but with the secure and confiding garrulity of long fire-side converse. The cumbersome detail, however, is not useless, especially that concerning his diversely branching genealogy; it is no new thing to indicate the debt of his genius to a Scotch extraction, but this avuncular anecdotage marks out the obligation sharply, and registers him as born in the savage and brawling border-land, lately reclaimed to civility and orderliness, — his father, as he writes, "of the second race of religious men in Annandale." But his father did more than transmit to him a hardy strain of blood: special traits in the taciturn, fearless, toiling, half-loved, half-feared, farmer-mason — his gift of lively, picturesque portraiture, his in-

tensity of isolated emotion, his sombre veneration — are recognizably the son's inheritance; and spiritual fraternity shines unmistakably in this, which was one of his last sayings to his still obscure, though man-grown child: "Man, it's surely a pity that thou shouldst sit yonder with nothing but the eye of Omniscience to see thee, and thou with such a gift to speak!" A noble type of peasantry, worth recording in this loving sketch of him; worth reflection, too, were there space here for more than Carlyle's self.

The ineffaceable impression left by these records as a whole is of the habitual solitude in which Carlyle dwelt, and of the fierceness, almost ferocity, of the struggle that went on in it. Not merely in youth, — "life tinted with hues of imprisonment and impossibility, hope practically not there, only obstinacy and a grim steadfastness to strive without hope as with;" not merely in the apprenticeship time, — "nightly working at the thing [Schiller] in a serious, sad, and totally solitary way;" but throughout active life at least, the delirious depression of spirit and intensity of effort, from which youthful genius, uncertain of its own faculty and of the world's opportunity, is seldom relieved, haunted him. He seized upon

¹ *Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle*. Edited by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

The Same. Library and Franklin Square Editions. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

his work with a tenacity well-nigh savage, and his work held him like a spell of evil. During the French Revolution period, for example, he describes himself as taking his daily afternoon walk, "always heavy laden, grim of mood, sometimes with a feeling (not rebellious or impious toward God Most High), but otherwise too similar to Satan's stepping the burning marl. Once or twice, among the flood of equipages at Hyde Park corner, I recollect sternly thinking, 'Yes; and perhaps none of you could do what I am at.' But generally my feeling was, 'I shall finish this book, throw it at your feet, buy a rifle and spade, and withdraw to the transatlantic wilderness, far from human beggaries and basenesses.'" For three years "that grim book" held him "in a fever blaze;" at the end he stood leaning against a mile-stone, with his face toward Annan, whither he had gone to soothe his "wild excitation of nerves," his purpose to write the book, though he should die, accomplished. "Words cannot utter the wild and ghastly expressiveness of that scene to me; it seemed as if Hades itself and the gloomy realms of death and eternity were looking out on me through those poor old familiar objects."

The thirteen years of Friedrich were not different: "a desperate dead-lift pull all that time; my whole strength devoted to it; alone, withdrawn from all the world, and desperate of ever getting through (not to speak of 'succeeding'); left solitary 'with the nightmares' (as I sometimes expressed it); 'hugging unclean creatures' (Prussian blockheadism) 'to my bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them!'" In such a fashion, with no repose in the idea, no ease in the utterance, he struggled on alone, except for the constant attendance of "the desperate hope," until he got some response to his questionings; not winning it by any gracious Prospero serenity, but rather

extorting the secret by putting his own life upon the rack.

The answer, however, was sufficient for himself, and has proved helpful to others. The ideal of conduct and formula of excellence he reached made him indifferent to the world's verdict upon his life or his works. If the world judged not by his standards, its judgments were hollow. At first he had not been so wholly careless; but the "conscript fathers" of literature were silent. From the six copies of "poor Sartor" sent to six Edinburgh literary friends he got "no smallest whisper, even of receipt,—a thing which," he grimly adds, "has silently and insensibly led me never since to send any copy of a book to Edinburgh, or, indeed, to Scotland at all, except in unliterary cases." He was thus forced to a self-reliance not difficult for his nature; and so, when Thackeray praised him in the Times, "one other poor judge voting," he thought, "but what is he or such as he?" The only true criticism for him, respecting that French Revolution spectacle-drama, was his own to his wife: "What they will do with this book none knows, my Jeannie, lass; but they have not had for a two hundred years any book that came more truly from a man's very heart, and so let them trample it under foot and hoof as they see best!" His final feeling towards his works and their value to the world is shown by this remark on the Friedrich: "It has now become κόπρος to me, insignificant as the dung of a thousand centuries ago. I did get through, thank God! Let it now wander into the belly of oblivion forever!"

The world's standards were not for him; nevertheless, his standards were for all the world. His equanimity in applying them would resemble that of the careless gods, were his humor not so undeniably atrabiliar, in consequence of which a greater number of fools, bores, and blockheads are here set down

by name than would have been found in one of his own little German courts. This pinning of flies in a posthumous work, with a constant "See! this is a fly!" — why, even the sentimental "Get thee gone, poor devil!" is better stuff. As each nonentity pops into the field of vision and collapses, there comes into the mind "Jeannie's" old grandfather, and how he made each new acquaintance stand up to be measured, inches being infallibly indicative of worth, and one falls to thinking of the futility of all standards that disregard specific faculty and opportunity even in the humblest. Nor is the mensuration flawless when these tests are applied to the celebrities whom our author knew. To borrow his description of Wordsworth's delineations, these men are seen "only as through the reversed telescope, and reduced to the size of a mouse and its nest, or little more." This, of De Quincey, is one of the best of such pictures: "One of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all. When he sate, you would have taken him, by candle-light, for the beautifullest little child, blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said, '*Eccovi*, — this child has been in hell.'" Etched work, as has been observed above; the acid has bitten in; the chief result is an *effect*. Take this of Leigh Hunt, for a pleasanter sort: "Dark complexion, copious, clean, strong, black hair, beautifully shaped head, fine, beaming, serious hazel eyes; seriousness and intellect the main expression of the face. He would lean on his elbow against the mantel-piece (fine, clean, elastic figure, too, he had, five feet ten or more), and look round him nearly in silence before taking leave for the night; 'as if I were a Lar,' said he once, 'or permanent household god here' (such his polite, aerial-like way)." Were all these sketches as admirable, there could be only thankfulness for

such naturalness, force, veracity; but when his mind estimates while his eye sees, when he mixes judgment with his drawing, — in Coleridge, Mill, Lamb, — there is blur and error, ending often lamely and impotently in grotesque results. In singular contrast with this inability of Carlyle to distribute exact justice to men, either nobodies or notorieties, is his appreciation of those nearest to him: his father, whose natural endowment, he thinks, possibly greater than Robert Burns's, and his wife, who exceeded, it seemed to him, "all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *coterie* of celebrated scribbling women that have strutted over the world in my time, if all boiled down and distilled to essence." In his exceeding solitariness it seemed so; for what with his fever and battle, the sufficiency to him of the solution he gave the sphinx riddle, his trust in his standards of work done and thrusting itself on the senses, life lost to his eye its true relief; all fine and various proportions vanished in exaggerations and diminutions. In what further and worse obscurities he was involved when he passed from the individual to the mass of humanity, in *Latter-Day Pamphlets* and the like, these records show little sign, except for an outbreak about the "beautiful nigger agony" and a quaver over "poor Davis." Poor Davis! much good may it do the Mississippi planter with the "drip-pin' red" hands, for such a man will never again use like language of him.

To draw this brief note upon Carlyle to a close, it is clear that our impression of his life is a painful one; but it does not differ, we believe, in any important respect, from that of his loyal disciples in these last years. He taught us much, but at the end he stood in a tragic isolation from the men in whom the fire of his thought burned most clearly. He denounced their aims, he put their hopes from him; the trend of the new civilization, with its democracies, its philan-

thropies, its prosperities, was, it seemed to him, downward to the pit, and he sang his *Tiresiad* to the last. These autobiographic fragments, however, do something to disclose, though darkly, a unity that explains the *dénoûment* of his career. So to speak, his own nature imprisoned him, his own effort obstructed him, his own development dwarfed him. "A haggard existence, that of his," said he to Southey of Shelley. His own existence was grim and

gaunt, a wrestling with far other than the angel of the Lord; with dark spirits, indeed, "as of a man [it is his own account] shrouded since youthhood in continual gloom and grimness, set too nakedly versus the devil and all men." His struggle was heroic, and fruitful of spiritual good to men beyond all others of his generation; however defective in joy, in humanity, in repose, his life now takes its place among the noblest of English men of letters.

THE RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE.¹

ONE would say that the writings of Charles Dickens were not the quarter in which to look for theories of art. It was the one domain which, perhaps through lack of natural bias, he most carefully avoided. Yet there is a whimsical interest in noting that he constitutes himself, in his novel of *Hard Times*, almost the only champion who has ever appeared in opposition to the most cherished views of the present time and the fundamental principle of the whole Gothic period, — the constructive or rational system of decoration. He identifies it, it may be remembered, with all the rigid harshness of his personage, Gradgrind, a mere bloodless epitome of "facts." He shows us Gradgrind, at the school examination, asking, "Boys and girls, would you paper a room with a paper containing representations of horses? No. And why not? Because you never see horses running along the walls of a room in reality. Girl number twenty! If you had a floor to carpet, would you choose a carpet representing flowers? Would you put down tables and chairs on them, and have people trampling over them with their heavy boots?" Girl number

twenty makes a timid defense that it would do them no harm; they would be the likeness of something very pretty and agreeable, and she could imagine — "Aha! that is just the point," exclaims Thomas Gradgrind. "Facts! facts! facts! You never should imagine anything whatsoever."

The Renaissance system, to speak of it seriously, and by no means with derogatory intent, offers in practice the theory of girl number twenty, and no other. It had something very pretty and agreeable in the way of decoration to present; and if this were not strictly logical in its origin and manner of application, logic was a very crusty and ascetic quality, and had better be given the go-by at once. The Renaissance system was ministering to the pleasure of a gay and smiling world, which had ceased to quake under constant theological terrors, and proposed to enjoy its actual, mortal days, brief though they were. It did not wish to be too reasonable. There was an intense pleasure taken, in all departments of life, in the fragments of classic antiquity lately discovered, and hardly a possibility of get-

¹ *La Renaissance en France.* Par LÉON PALUSTRE. Dessins et Gravures sous la Direction de

EUGÈNE SADOUX. Paris: A. Quantin. 1879-1880. [New York: J. W. Bouton.]

ting too much of them. The times were tired of straight lines and sharp corners of every sort. The Renaissance was permitted to have brackets acanthus-leaf-shaped, ostensibly capable of supporting nothing but themselves; festoons of fruits and flowers, realistically modeled; and dormer windows in the shape of helmets or corselets of armor. All temperance of lines was lost, at length, in one revel of windings, fantastic scrolls, and columniations, as in the eccentric Rococo period, which produced its own reaction in the modern Gothic revival.

The true Gothic, and perhaps one may fairly say the rational, system ornaments the lines and features which grow out of the actual necessities of the construction. The Renaissance erects its building, and applies and incrusts ornamentation upon it which is apt to be quite independent of the construction. There is a certain perversity in liking the Renaissance. It has produced no great apologists, no enthusiasts, in print; and has against it, on the other hand, no end of writers, — to mention only the very able Viollet le Duc and Ruskin, who have scathed it with the fiercest denunciations, and left it hardly a leg to stand upon. Yet like it we do, very distinctly. There is little to be said in its favor; it controverts received principles at some part of even the most successful examples; but it is apparently, in its comfortable level lines, its air of contented worldliness and open luxury, an object in itself. It survives denunciation easily. One has but to cast his eye about a little, indeed, upon the Colonial and Queen Anne, the Elizabethan, Francis I., and Henri II., mansions going up in our principal cities, after the latest fashion, to observe that the Gothic revival is waning in its turn, and Renaissance ideas obtaining again an extraordinary ascendancy.

The work before us, which is mentioned as one of the most expensive of

the century, and comes with the features of superb vellum paper, rubricated initials, head and tail pieces, prodigious margins, and illustrations consisting of profuse etchings of extraordinary excellence, cannot fail in some of its aspects to satisfy the lover of fine architecture, whatever his prejudices. The complete work is to be issued in thirty parts, each containing five large, full-page (small folio size) etchings, and ten to fifteen others in the text. These parts are to be devoted, in space more or less according to their importance, to the old provinces of monarchical France. The three parts up to this time issued comprise Flanders, Artois, and Picardy; the modern department of Oise, of the Ile de France, and Aisne, of the same province. The etchings, in these opening numbers, are almost beyond compare, for the kind of subjects. They are lovely in the extreme. Eugène Sadoux is himself a master hand, and has obtained from his aids, in preparing these beautiful designs, an excellence not inferior to his own.

Were it not that M. Palustre is no doubt entitled to the credit of selecting and verifying the examples displayed, which are of an unhackneyed sort and taken from the best period, we should much incline to reverse the names in their order of importance on the title-page, and speak of the work as *The Renaissance in France*, by M. Sadoux, with text by M. Palustre; and, even as it is, it must depend for its success upon the charming illustrations. The letter-press is by no means comparable to them in merit. There is no general introduction to the subject, which must be noted as a serious lack; no mention of the specific differences or manifestations of development in the separate provinces. The writer plunges at once, in the very first pages, into a dry, technical treatment of a selected edifice in one of his departments, and even into the driest detail of this, the verification of a date.

This is his ruling proclivity throughout. The persistence with which he devotes his attention to some possible quibbling expert, and goes on, page after page, to determine whether it was in 1534 or 1554 that a certain bit of carving was made, or whether or not it is likely that there were three architects of the name of Jean Vast, while we wait, in vain generally, for either critical appreciation or historical commentary of the more enlarged sort, becomes irritating. The letterpress — of no superabundant quantity, by reason of the large type and generous margins — is too valuable to

be wasted in petty controversy, which does not become a splendid work of this kind. There should have been some such author as Taine to write to the etchings of Sadoux. He would have given us, with his warm fancy, a keener sense of the beauty of the monuments, — unconstructive in the sense of the logicians and purists though they be, — and, without neglecting the side of art, perhaps a trait of character or two of the sulking Constable de Bourbon, who, in his seasons of disgrace at court, occupied his time in building the stately châteaux of Ecouen and Chantilly.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WE have long known that there was nothing new under the sun, but only recently have we been taught that there is nothing old, either; or rather that no human element is old compared with the æons by which Mother Nature reckons her birthdays. Hence, Adam and the patriarchs existed, as one might say, but yesterday, though it is a yesterday that has become somewhat vague and obliterated by the march of subsequent events. It is also true that we cannot apply the words "old" and "new" to any philosophy or theory of life, except in regard to peculiar manifestations of these at certain epochs in the history of the world. Especially are we accustomed to consider the doctrine of woman's equality with man as something of comparatively recent growth. But here we are all wrong. It is old, — old as — not perhaps as the hills, but older than the Sowsis, or the Golden Age, or the book of Genesis; older, in fact, than Eve, having been first brought to light in the Garden of Eden by Eve's predecessor, Lilith, who gave Adam so much trouble with her opinions that he finally

caused her to be expelled from his abode, to make way for the society of the more docile Eve.

Poor Lilith was assigned to the devil as his bride; but that is no more in the way of persecution than has been accorded since by the intelligence and enterprise of man to those who have followed in her footsteps. Lilith, in fact, as is often said of great geniuses, lived at too early a period to be appreciated. She was a martyr to her convictions; and because she maintained that her position as a woman was in no wise inferior to that of Adam as a man, he dismissed her from Paradise, and the ancient and respectable rabbins who have told her story quietly consigned her to the devil. But the glory of vindicating her remains to posterity. There are other legends to be told, besides those commonly extant, concerning Lilith, two or three of which will, we hope, not be uninteresting; for they seem to us curiously significant in consideration of some of the problems agitating our own day. The first is as follows: —

It came to pass that one day Adam

and Lilith were walking near the borders of the garden, and they heard exceeding shrill cries, as of birds in pain or terror. They looked about them to see what caused the sounds, and beheld a large and a small bird in fierce conflict. They shortly perceived that the smaller bird was defending its nest. The piteous sight moved Lilith's heart, and she was about to run forward to rescue the little creature and restore it to the nest, but Adam restrained her.

"Why hold me back?" said Lilith. "Dost thou not behold the cruelty and injustice of that quarrel? Shall not the little bird enjoy the fruit of its own labor? It has toiled to build the nest for itself and its young, and now why should we allow a wicked enemy to devastate what was wrought so patiently and well?"

"Lilith," answered Adam sternly, "why wilt thou always give way to thine untutored impulses? What dost thou know of justice and injustice, save as I shall see fit to teach thee? The world belongs to the strong. Those who are too weak to maintain themselves must of necessity suffer; and it is well it should be so, for they cumber the ground. What a man will do battle for and win, that is his right. So let me hear no more of thy doctrine."

"But, Adam," persisted Lilith, "is it not a blessed thing for us who are stronger than all to assist others? And is it not better to help the weak bird, who does battle for what is his own as bravely as the other, who is but a robber? Wouldst thou not rather give thy aid to those who have need of it than to those who can take care of themselves?"

At this Adam was exceeding wrathful. "By my posterity, Lilith," said he, — "and I sorely doubt whether thou art found worthy to share its glory with me, — thy language almost moveth me to chasten thee! Who art thou, that presumest to answer me again? Shall I not have peace and submission in mine own borders? Go now and curb thy froward

tongue, or it shall be the worse for thee."

"I will go," said Lilith, "though I warn thee that I cannot agree with thee in this matter; and why I should be submissive unto thee I cannot tell, since I was created at the same time that thou wast, and from the same clay." And Lilith departed into another part of the garden, leaving Adam in great wrath; but she secretly rejoiced that she had had the last speech, for she was not altogether without weakness.

In the mean time, the large bird had slain the smaller one, and scattered his feathers to the four winds. Also it had broken the eggs, and carried the nest away for its young to peck at in sport.

A short time after this, as Adam was passing through a brook in the garden, he cut his foot against a sharp pebble in the bed of the stream. He cried to Lilith to help him; and she came and bound up the wound with soft leaves and healing herbs, of which she had learned the use. As she stanching the blood, she said, "How wonderful is the making of our flesh! How greatly would I like to know whence cometh the red fluid in our bodies, and what causeth it to flow when we are hurt, and what is the formation of the hard substances that support our frames!"

"Lilith," said Adam, not over-wrathfully, for she had not then finished binding up his wound, "why must thou always be wanting to know things? Rest content with the duties that have been given thee, nor seek to learn matters thou hast not the mind to comprehend aright. I shall tell thee of all these things when it is good for thee to know them."

"If thou wouldst tell me now," said Lilith demurely, "then I should know still better how to treat thy hurts. I should also know what is healthful for my children, and how to keep them from doing what would be evil and harmful to them."

"Thou babblest like a fool, Lilith!" answered Adam. "Shall I not be here to watch over them as well as thou? Is it likely I should permit them to do aught to their disadvantage? If it were best for us to know what is inside our bodies, we should have been made so that we could see therein. But thou art never content with what appertains to thee." This he spoke with anger, for Lilith had finished binding his foot, and the pain was much abated.

"Nevertheless, tell me somewhat now," said Lilith, "or peradventure I shall think thou dost not know."

"Lilith!" cried Adam, with a loud voice. "Thy stiff-necked behavior has caused me to be angry with thee many times, but never so much as now! How darest thou presume to tell me what I know and what I do not know! Get thee from my sight instantly, and think thyself exceeding fortunate that I do not thrust thee from the garden altogether, as I well foresee I shall some day be compelled to do, if thou changest not thy conduct marvelously!"

And Lilith went forth smiling to herself, for she well perceived that Adam knew no more of the matter than she herself.

At last there came a day when an angel descended into the garden, and met Adam and Lilith with a gracious and heavenly smile.

"I have come to visit thee," said he, "and to tell thee of things it is good to know."

"Thou art welcome, my lord," said Adam. "Haste thee, Lilith, and prepare a feast, so that my lord may have wherewithal to refresh himself. We will in to the garden in the mean time, and discourse upon themes too high for thee to have any interest in."

"I will indeed hasten," answered Lilith, making a courteous obeisance to the angel, who looked at her kindly; "but I beseech my lord to remember that there are many things I, too, long

to understand. I am, perchance, not so poor of intellect as thou thinkest, and though I am ignorant I would fain be wise."

"Thou art right, Lilith," said the angel, regarding her with favor, though Adam scowled and was full of wrath; "but do not be afraid. There is so much to learn that thou and Adam could not of any possibility comprehend more than the smallest iota of it all if thou wert to live thousands of years. Therefore, prepare the feast, and fear not afterwards to ask of me all that is in thy mind to learn."

Then Lilith was exceeding joyful, and prepared a marvelous banquet of fruit and roots cut in dainty devices, and laid out in glorious fashion, to give the angel delight; for she thought it a noble thing to serve in this manner, and took much pleasure in it.

When all was ready she called them. And the angel praised her skill, but Adam said nothing, for his heart was full of bitterness, and he reflected that Lilith had done what was her duty to do, and no more. And at the banquet they held very high and wonderful discourse, and the angel told Lilith of many marvelous things, so that she was greatly uplifted thereby. And Lilith showed herself passing quick of apprehension, and extremely desirous of gaining knowledge; so that the angel delighted in her, and held much converse with her, till the hour came when he should depart.

But after he had left Adam and Lilith alone, Adam turned upon his wife with rage. "This shall be the end," said he, "of all thy misbehavior and thy forward and stubborn pride. Is it not enough that I have borne with thee so far, but that thou must display thy folly before my lord, the angel, causing him to talk to thee of presumptuous matters wherein thou shouldst have held thy vain tongue? Also I wished myself to converse, but thou filled the time with thy chatter. But never shalt thou do this

thing again ; for I will drive thee forth from the garden, and a new companion shall be given unto me, who will know what is obedience and what is fitting to her, as thou hast never known."

So Adam drove Lilith forth from the garden, and troubled himself no more concerning her.

And Eve was made in her stead.

— The London Spectator, in a review of Mr. James's *Washington Square*, makes some general criticisms that are sound and some that seem to me strained. It points to the fact that Mr. James "is always more or less embarrassed by what he very likely regards as the artificial necessity of making a whole." The unsatisfactoriness of tales which appear to have no real conclusion is something that all readers must feel. The short story may very properly concern itself with no more than a bit out of the middle of a life history ; but we expect more in the novel, with its larger scope, and ask of the author that he shall at least furnish our imagination with material out of which to construct the future fate of the hero and heroine after the curtain has dropped between them and us. In *The American* Mr. James certainly seems to reply to this our natural and reasonable request that it would be superfluous for him to give us any hints as to the probable course of life or condition of soul of his hero. After taking Newman through an experience that must have powerfully and permanently affected him, the author gives not the slightest indication of what he did with his altered life, and leaves the fancy to wander helplessly among conjectures too various to choose from. As this novel is rightly called by the Spectator Mr. James's most powerful book, it is the greater pity that this complaint of its final unsatisfactoriness can be legitimately brought against it. The Spectator, however, makes this charge a too sweeping one. I cannot see that the stricture applies to any other of the novels prop-

er that preceded *Washington Square*. The Spectator asks wherefore we are not told why it is that Catherine Sloper's "dead, dull weight of sorrow did not sour her." The answer is given in the character itself, so carefully put before us ; a temper like that of this poor heroine never does sour under any circumstances, and one pictures her future life easily enough, without much aid from the author.

"Mr. James strikes us as in nothing less humane than in the indifference with which he treats his characters after he has brought them through such melancholy shifts in their lot as he generally provides for them," the Spectator continues complainingly. There are two methods of telling a tale, one of which is finely and strikingly exemplified in *Tourgenef's* tales, where the author "effaces himself" completely, allowing no judgments of his to intrude ; where we look upon the picture presented as we do upon life, with no commentator at hand to interfere with the simplicity of the impression. It cannot be denied that this mode of relation is a highly effective one, and that the picture as such gains in force and life-likeness. But the other method is very possibly the more "humane," and the author's commentary may be useful provided it be not too voluminous. There are novels — Mr. Trollope's, shall we say ? — which we might enjoy more if we were favored with less of the author's company through the progress of the story. Even the great Thackeray is tedious at times ; not in the easy, colloquial style of the narrative itself, which is always delightful, but in the interjected pages of moralizing, which we could so readily spare when once we have become familiar with the constant tone of them.

To say of Mr. James that he cares nothing for the "moral equities of life" is to make a hard accusation on insufficient grounds. If his sympathy with the moral equities is not so often nor

so warmly expressed as it might be, it seems to me always clearly enough indicated not to be misunderstood. And to say that if he "would only become suddenly aware of the real existence of a moral world" his tales would increase in interest is certainly a perversion of judgment upon him. What is the interest of Roderick Hudson if not an ethical one? There are two kinds of moral teaching: that which is direct and of purpose, as in George Eliot's novels, and that which is only indirectly moral, as the spectacle of life itself is. If an author presents us with true pictures of moral human character and life, he gives us the pregnant text from which we may draw our own moral application; and though he may not lift us above ourselves and give us insight into a world of higher spiritual thought and endeavor, as the great writer just referred to undoubtedly does, yet in his lighter way the undidactic novelist may benefit us, too. I have sometimes fancied that Mr. James suspects himself of an inclination to be too moral, and that it is out of a somewhat exaggerated care to guard against the artistic blunder of preaching that he occasionally makes the opposite mistake of seeming too little concerned about the moral equities.

What we do miss in Mr. James's books is humor, a quality which is to be found, undoubtedly, in the most humane writers, and which is the saving grace of some who have not the tenth of Mr. James's literary strength and skill.

— That there is not a little pleasure in finding notes in our brother's eye, although we may be aware of the presence of very large beams in our own, few will deny; and particularly is this so when this same brother has been successful in showing us the presence of the beams.

I must confess, then, to a bit of wicked gratification, on reading Mr. Grant White's *Recollections*, in the *March Atlantic*, to find that Homer had nodded.

In support of his opinion that the Church of England is a great conservative force, and chiefly valued as such, Mr. White quotes from her catechism the answer to the question, "What is thy duty towards thy neighbor?" and gives us the answer:—

"My duty to my neighbor is . . . to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; . . . and to learn and labor truly to get mine own living and to do my duty in that state of life *to which it has pleased God to call me.*"

Mr. White then goes on to tell of his difficulty as a boy in reconciling these words, especially those in italics, with the constant striving to better one's condition seen even in the religious world around him. We are afraid that Mr. White's "spiritual pastors" neglected the training of their flock, or else this particular lamb early learned to stray away from "catechising." We have consulted various English and American Prayer Books, but in none of them can we find our "duty" as quoted by Mr. White. "To do my duty in that state of life to which *it shall please* God to call me" the catechism of the English Church of to-day, as well as of her American daughter, teaches, and in Prayer Books of many years ago we find no difference.

Mr. White should have remembered that the catechism was drawn up for no one class in society, but for "all sorts and conditions of men," and to be learned by *all* who are brought to the bishop; and that its sentences have been so wisely framed that they can be and are taught alike to the royal children at Marlborough House and the charity children at the Temple.

— About that last town-crier in America having been in Newport, R. I., in 1878, as stated in the Club in the May number,—that is all a mistake. At the Sherburne House, on the island of

Nantucket, for the last four years, one of our amusements in our summer sojourns there has been to hear the town-crier. Last summer (1880) a second one had been added for the season, apparently because the amount of business required it. All our knowledge of daily events, of the coming concerts, and the auctions, and the returning Nantucketers who had reached New Bedford after a sea voyage, came with the ringing of the bell of the crier and his announcement. He would be heard nearly all day in some part of the town; and if you wished to know the news you could stroll off in the direction of the sound, and learn what the latest novelty was. It is one of the boasts of the islanders that this "institution" has been maintained there, with many others equally quaint. But as the natives speak of the rest of America as "the continent," and do not really concede that their island is not a world by itself, perhaps Mr. White and the writer in the May Contributors' Club can claim that my town-

crier is not in America proper, but out at sea.

— I send you a poetical translation of that perfect epitaph of Martial's, — the one on the little girl Erotion. My version is quite literal, I think, yet free enough to express the fullness of meaning that the old Latin poet has compressed into his terse, pregnant lines. I have tried especially to render to the full the sentiment of the last two lines, which are, in both translation and original, the soul of the whole epitaph.

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

(Martialis, Liber V. xxxiv.)

To you, my parents, I my child intrust,
The while I place beside your graves her dust;
Let not my darling fear the dreadful shade,
Nor Cerberus' fierce jaws.

Her death, delayed
As many days, had seen her life extend
Through six cold winters. Now 't is at an end.
Between ye two, gray patrons, let her play,
And hush my name, in childhood's prattling way.

Let not the sod too stiffly stretch its girth
Above those tender limbs, erstwhile so free;
Press lightly on her form, dear Mother Earth,
Her little footsteps lightly fell on thee.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. The Statues in the Block gives the title to the volume of poems by John Boyle O'Reilly, in which it stands first. A little of the author's personal history may be read between the lines, but it will not be only for this that the book will be read. (Roberts.) — Mr. Franklin E. Denton, of Chardon, Ohio, sends us two poems, Kallotron and Autumn-Day Musings. They are quickly read, though one may linger over some lines, as in the partial description of a poet: —

"His eyes, large, eloquent and glowing orbs,
Were haloed with unutterable light;
For 'neath his marble cupola of mind
A genius great peered thro' the windows wild."
— The fourteenth volume of Mr. Hudson's Harvard Shakespeare contains Julius Caesar and Hamlet. (Ginn & Heath.) — Gondaline's Lesson and other Poems, by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, is sent us by C. Kegan Paul & Co., London. There is a fatal facility about the poems. — Buds, by Miss C. E. Ricker (Boston: Goodwin & Drisko), is the title

of a thin volume of verses. — Giorgio and other Poems, by Stuart Sterne (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), follows the narrative poem of Angelo, published a few years since.

History and Antiquities. Mr. Rushton M. Dorman has written a volume on The Origin of Primitive Superstitions, and their development into the worship of spirits and the doctrine of spiritual agency among the aborigines of America. (Lippincott.) The book is a contribution to the comparative study of myths, with a reference to the progressive character of spiritual manifestations. It is, however, not only a collection of pertinent facts, but an argument in support of a theory. — The Origin of Nations, by George Rawlinson (Scribners), is an inquiry into early civilizations and ethnic affinities, with a purpose to substantiate the views supposed to be derived from the biblical narrative. — The Harpers have begun the issue of the Memoirs of Prince Metternich, and have sent out two volumes in the Franklin Square Library. The same work is issued in library style by Charles

Scribner's Sons.—Dr. Henry Cabot Lodge's *A Short History of the English Colonies in America* (Harpers) is based on the author's course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and aims at a view of the colonies not so exclusively political as that given by most general histories.

Biography. A second series of Great Singers, by George T. Ferris, uniform with the first, has been published in Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. The range is from Malibran to Titiens, and excludes living singers, except where these have retired from the stage. Grisi, Alboni, Lind, Schröder-Devrient, are included, and the sketches are compact, but animated. — Mr. Froude's *Cæsar* has been reprinted by the Harpers, in the interest of poor scholars, in two cheap editions. — *The Life of George the Fourth*, including his Letters and Opinions, with a view of the men, manners, and politics of his reign, by Percy Fitzgerald, has been issued by the Harpers in one volume 8vo, and in two numbers of the Franklin Square Library. The work will be found to justify Thackeray's silhouette, and the minute detail with which this picture is drawn gives one a sense of thankfulness that a wit and literary artist has made it unnecessary for the busy man to linger before it. — *Divine Guidance* is the title which Gail Hamilton gives to her Memorial of Allen W. Dodge, her kinsman. Much of the work is drawn from Mr. Dodge's own journals and letters, and some of the interest follows from Mr. Dodge's attitude on religious questions, since he went over from the popular to the unpopular side in New England, and did it with excellent grace. (Appleton.) — Mrs. Mary Swift Lamson's *Life and Education of Laura Dewey Bridgman*, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, has been issued in a new edition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The phenomenal character of Miss Bridgman's life renders any light thrown upon it of value, and Mrs. Lamson, as her teacher for many years, had exceptional advantages for describing her pupil.

Education and Text-Books. The ninth number of *The Reading Club and Handy Speaker* has been edited by George M. Baker. It contains selections, chiefly in verse, and including serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic subjects. The elocutionary rather than the literary test has been applied. (Lee & Shepard.) — Mr. Henry B. Buckham, Principal of the State Normal School in Buffalo, has prepared the first of a series of *Handbooks for Young Teachers* (Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen), intended to give hints and suggestions which occur to an experienced teacher. The points are made quickly and in a spirit of common sense. — *Advanced Readings and Recitations* is a combination of Reader and Speaker, by Austin B. Fletcher, Professor of Oratory in Brown University and Boston University School of Law, intended for use in advanced classes in colleges, as the editor says. It would seem as if by the time students had reached college classes the selection might be made by themselves. (Lee & Shepard.) — *Common Schools of Cincinnati* is a bulky pamphlet issued by the Board of Education of that city, and containing the an-

nual report and a hand-book of the schools. It is immensely statistical. — We would call attention to the continued enterprise by which Education, an international magazine (New England Publishing Co., Boston), is made to serve as a medium for thought and discussion upon the whole range of the subject. — The essays which Mr. Hudson has been printing in his current edition of *Shakespeare* have been collected into a little volume entitled *English in School*, a Series of Essays (Ginn & Heath), and it is much to be desired that readers who have missed his school Shakespeare should get this volume, and see how many shrewd things he has to say on the important subject of teaching English literature. — *Outlines of Elocution and Comprehensive Manual of Principles*, by G. Walter Dale (Danville, Indiana: Normal Teacher Publishing House), is an appalling book; if the student ever masters the Dale style, and adjusts his vocal mechanism according to the inscrutable Dale methods, he has still before him a hopeless mixture of good and bad selections to practice upon.

Social Science. Ireland continues to invite the attention of students and writers. The riddle is attacked in four recent volumes published by Macmillan: *The Life's Work in Ireland of a Landlord who Tried to do his Duty*, by W. Bence Jones, a series of papers combining experience and reflection; *Disturbed Ireland*, being the letters written during the winter of 1880-81, by Bernard H. Becker, special commissioner of the Daily News; *The Irish Land Laws*, by Alexander G. Richey, who aims to present these in untechnical and popular form; and *New Views on Ireland, or Irish Land, Grievances, Remedies*, by Charles Russell, of which the second edition followed quickly on the first. — Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., has written a paper for Harper's Magazine in defense of the current life-insurance business, under the title *Life Insurance does Assure*, which has been published in pamphlet form by E. P. Coby & Co., New York. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) has been published *Social Etiquette and Home Culture*, the Glass of Fashion, which purports to be a universal hand-book of social etiquette for ladies and gentlemen; and as it is furnished with a full index any one who is conscious of his defect in some small particular, as in the care of his nails, or in the skill of matching guests, may use it as a book of reference. — The Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life-Saving Service (Government Printing Office), besides its array of statistics, has an amount of thrilling narrative, which if copyrighted and published would help pay the national debt. — The third number of the Civil Service Reform Association publications (Putnams) is Mr. Dorman B. Eaton's *The Spoils System and Civil Service Reform in the Custom-House and Post-Office at New York*. It is a history and an argument.

Fiction. Lady Clara de Vere is a story by Spielhagen, in Appleton's New Handy-Volume series, and strikes one as a discovery of a Germanic England. — Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's two tales, *Azarian* and *The Amber Gods*, have been

reissued by Holt in the Leisure Hour Series. Many will be glad to renew their early impressions. Never was New England more tropically regarded. — His Little Mother gives the title to a volume of short tales and sketches, of which it is the first, by the author of John Halifax, — it is sufficiently known by this time what Mr. Halifax's occupation was. Among the sketches is one of Sydney Dobell. The Harpers publish the book both in cloth and in the Franklin Square Library. — We should be glad if we could place here Buried Alive, or Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia, by Fedor Dostoyeffsky, translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo. (Holt.) The introductory explanation of the work partakes of the hackneyed devices of novelists, and yet the earnestness of the writer seems born of positive experience. It is doubtless based upon life in that vast prison house, which is Russia's contribution to imaginative history. — Every month now seems to bring a new book by Henry Gréville, — at least the translation of one; this time it is Xenie's Inheritance, translated by Laura E. Kendall. (Peterson.) — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) recent issues have been The Glen of Silver Birches, by E. Owens Blackburne, a novel of the Irish peasant and the English landlord; The Wards of Plotinus, by Mrs. John Hunt, an attempt at historical romance in the line of Kingsley's Hypatia and Dr. Ware's Zenobia, and dedicated to Dean Stanley; Into the Shade, and other Stories, by Mary Cecil Hay, author of Old Myddelton's Money, a score of short tales; From Exile, by James Payn, a most industrious novelist; Miss Williamson's Divagations, by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (Miss Thackeray), and we cannot pretend to know what they were. — Meta Wallace, or the Seen and the Unseen, by Agnes D. Randolph, (Boston: Congregational Publishing Society), is a Sunday-school book of objectionable type, artificial and unwholesome, professing religion and teaching worldliness. — The Woman in Black (Peterson) is further described as the story of a handsome and ambitious woman; it is called also a companion to the Woman in White, but the Man in Red is its real companion. — Shadows of Shasta is Mr. Joaquin Miller's latest piece of story-telling. It was born, he says in his indignant introduction, of the wrongs done the Indian; it is, however, carried to its conclusion upon the wild horses of the author's imagination. (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.) — Knights of To-Day, or Love and Science, by Charles Barnard (Scribners), is a collection of seven tales ingeniously built upon "all the modern improvements."

Literature. In the series of English Men of Letters, the most recent volume is Saintsbury's Dryden. (Harpers.) A better subject for a purely literary sketch could scarcely be found. — Mr. John Burroughs's latest volume is entitled Pepacton (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), that being the special title of the first of eight essays which make the book, — essays which will be read again and again. The subjects are all drawn from the observation of a genuine lover of nature, who has a fine sense of the value of brevity of expression.

Philosophy and Religion. A History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred, by Charles B. Waite (Chicago: C. V. Waite), is distinctively a history of the doctrines, and of the books in which these doctrines were formulated. The result reached by the author excludes the immaculate conception, the miracles of Christ, and his material resurrection. — The work on Christian Institutions, by Dean Stanley, to which we referred last month, has been issued also by Harper & Brothers, in what they style a popular edition. — The Rev. Henry Cowles is a learned and patient Bible student, who, in his work on Matthew and Mark (Appleton), completes a series of sixteen volumes of comment on the Bible. The entirely modest yet confident bearing of this expositor wins the attention of readers. — Rabbi Jeshua, an Eastern story (Holt), is a thinly disguised sketch of the Saviour, in which the writer, professing to rescue the historical character from the fictions of later romancers, really drives it back into limits which are rendered impossible by the very fact of the writing of this book. In other words, Christianity is the answer to this piece of trivial satire. — Rev. James Freeman Clarke has attacked the same subject in a somewhat different manner. His The Legend of Thomas Didymus, the Jewish skeptic (Lee & Shepard), professes to occupy a middle ground between a rationalistic and a theological view of the Saviour. He conceives the supernatural to be an integral part of the gospel narrative, and explains what he can by reference to natural law; what he cannot understand he would leave unexplained, but not therefore inexplicable. The doubts are not the doubts of Thomas, but of the nineteenth century. — The Student's Dream (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) is a modest little venture in philosophy, by a beginner who has been reading Herbert Spencer carefully. He describes his book farther as "a horoscope of mental growth, containing a metaphysical discovery."

Fine Arts. The Magazine of Art (Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co.) appears in its enlarged form as a liberally illustrated publication of about fifty pages. The special articles are followed by a few pages of art notes, discussing current events in the art circles abroad. The April number contains articles on The Dulwich Gallery, Wood-Carving, Italian Modern Sepulchral Art, Symbolism in Art, Léon Bonnat (with a portrait of the artist), A Roman Majolica Manufactory, Architectural Sculpture, The Story of an Artist's Struggle, The Ideal in Ancient Painting, The Story of an Old Picture, The Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition.

Travel and Geography. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who has been interested in colonization schemes, both in this country and in Palestine, has written a work on The Land of Gilead, with Excursions in the Lebanon (Appleton), which grew out of his personal experience there. The book is thus a book both of travel and of economic exploration. — Turkish Life in War Time, by Henry O. Dwight (Scribners), contains the well-digested observations and reflections of a Tribune correspondent during the progress of the late Eastern war.

THE Editor and Publishers of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY here record with sorrow the death of JAMES THOMAS FIELDS, one of the early publishers of this magazine, and its editor from 1862 to 1871. To his tact and ability in both these positions the magazine is greatly indebted for the place it occupies in American periodical literature. So much seems proper to state at the present moment. The eminent services which MR. FIELDS rendered to men of letters in his own country and in England are not to be so briefly acknowledged.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words, that men repeat
At parting in the street.
Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay
Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,
Being released from earth, should still retain
A sense of earthly pain;
It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,
Who loved us here, should on the farther shore
Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,
That death is a beginning, not an end,
We cry to them, and send
Farewells, that better might be called predictions,
Being fore-shadowings of the future, thrown
Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was said,
Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
Until we meet again!
